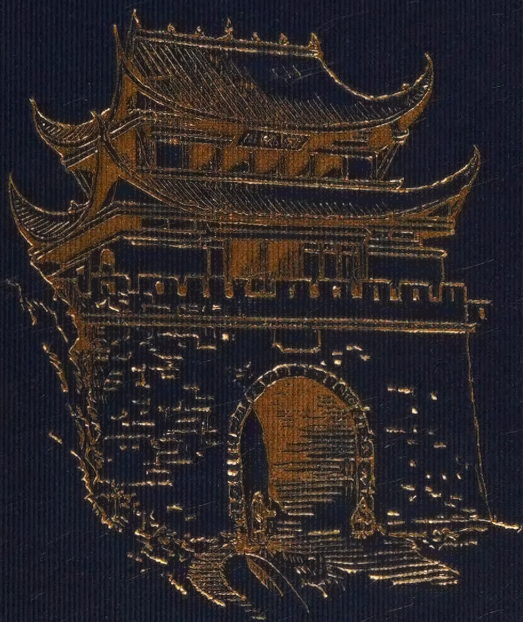


THE YANGTZE VALLEY AND BEYOND



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Frontispiece

TIBETAN LAMAS MASKED FOR A RELIGIOUS DANCE

THE YANGTZE VALLEY AND BEYOND

AN ACCOUNT OF JOURNEYS IN CHINA, CHIEFLY
IN THE PROVINCE OF SZE CHUAN AND AMONG
THE MAN-TZE OF THE SOMO TERRITORY

Isabella Lucy Bird Bishop

BY

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXV.—PAONING FU AND SIN-TIEN-TZE . . .	1
XXVI.—SIN-TIEN-TZE TO TZE-TUNG HSIEN . . .	15
XXVII.—TZE-TUNG HSIEN TO KUAN HSIEN . . .	44
XXVIII.—KUAN HSIEN AND CHENG TU . . .	70
XXIX.—KUAN HSIEN TO SIN-WEN-PING . . .	97
XXX.—SIN-WEN-PING TO LI-FAN TING . . .	115
XXXI.—LI-FAN TING TO TSA-KU-LAO . . .	146
XXXII.—THE “BEYOND”	156
XXXIII.—THE MAN-TZE, I-REN, OR SHAN-SHANG- REN	207
XXXIV.—FROM SOMO TO CHENG TU FU . . .	223
XXXV.—DOWNWARD BOUND	231
XXXVI.—LUCHOW TO CHUNG-KING FU . . .	248
XXXVII.—THE JOURNEY’S END	262
XXXVIII.—THE OPIUM POPPY AND ITS USE . . .	280
XXXIX.—NOTES ON PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN CHINA	300
CONCLUDING REMARKS	322
ITINERARY	349
APPENDICES	351
INDEX	355



LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
TIBETAN LAMAS MASKED FOR A RELIGIOUS DANCE (LAL SINGH) <i>Frontispiece</i>	
TEMPLE OF GOD OF LITERATURE, PAONING FU . . .	3
THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP CASSELS, D.D., PAONING FU .	7
CHINESE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH, PAONING FU	9
C.I.M. SANITARIUM, SIN-TIEN-TZE	13
ENTRANCE TO A MARKET-PLACE	17
AUTHOR'S ARRIVAL AT A CHINESE INN	25
AN OX MILL	30
A HAND MILL	31
THE TA-LU	35
WATER MILL, CHENG TU PLAIN	45
WOMAN REELING SILK	49
BRIDGE AT MIEN-CHUH	53
THE REV. J. HEYWOOD HORSBURGH, M.A., IN TRAVEL- LING DRESS	55
TREADMILL FIELD-PUMP (CAPTAIN GILL)	63
WOODEN BRIDGE, KUAN HSIEN	67
ROOF OF ERH-WANG TEMPLE	75
OIL BASKETS AND WOODEN PURSE	77
BARROW TRAFFIC, CHENG TU PLAIN	79
POPPY FIELD IN BLOSSOM	83

	PAGE
THE WHITE OPIUM POPPY (F. S. MAYERS)	85
THE AUTHOR IN MANCHU DRESS (MOFFAT, EDINBURGH)	89
DIVINITY IN WEN-SHU-YUAN TEMPLE, CHENG TU .	95
ENTRANCE TO GROUNDS OF CITY TEMPLE, KUAN HSIEN	99
DOUBLE ROOFED BRIDGE	107
TIBETAN ROPE BRIDGE (CAPTAIN GILL)	110
HAND SLIDES FOR TIBETAN ROPE BRIDGE . . .	113
HUMAN PACK SADDLE FOR TIMBER	117
BAMBOO SUSPENSION BRIDGE, WEICHOU	125
ANCIENT TOWERS AT KANPO	131
KAN-CHI	137
ROCK TEMPLE, LI-FAN TING	141
VILLAGE OF WEI-GUA	149
STREET OF TSA-KU-LAO	153
A SUGAR-LOAF MOUNTAIN, SIAO HO	157
REVOLVING PRAYER CYLINDERS	160
BRIDLE TRACK BY THE SIAO HO	165
VIEW FROM CHUANG FANG	169
CASTLE AT CHU-TI	172
HEADMAN'S HOUSE, CHU-TI	174
ALTAR OF INCENSE ON MAN-TZE ROOF	175
SICK UNTO DEATH	177
LAMA-SERAI AND HEADMAN'S HOUSE, MIA-KO .	179
ELEPHANTIASIS (DR. CHRISTIE)	189
CHINESE OFFICER AND SPEARMEN, MIA-KO . .	193
VILLAGE OF RONG-KIA	198
CANYON OF THE RONG-KIA	201
SQUARE TOWER, SOMO	202
DISTANT VIEW OF SOMO	205
A MAN-TZE VILLAGE	209
SOMO CASTLE (BACK VIEW)	213

List of Illustrations

vii

	PAGE
ENTRANCE AND JUDGMENT-SEAT, SOMO CASTLE . . .	221
HESHUI HUNTER, AND NOTCHED TIMBERS . . .	224
A HESHUI FAMILY, KU-ERH-KIO . . .	227
A DRAGON BRIDGE . . .	229
VILLAGE ON THE MIN . . .	233
WEST GATE, CHIA-LING FU . . .	237
FRIEZE IN ROCK DWELLING, MIN RIVER . . .	241
BOAT ON THE MIN (DR. CAUSLAND) . . .	241
SUBURB OF SUI FU . . .	243
TSIANG NGAN HSIEN, WITH ENTRANCE TO ROCK DWELLING . . .	245
TOWN ON THE YANGTZE . . .	246
PAGODA NEAR LUCHOW . . .	251
WALL OF CHUNG-KING, WITH GATE TOWERS . . .	255
SZE CHUAN METHOD OF CARRYING <i>CASH</i> AND BABIES	257
FISHING VILLAGE, UPPER YANGTZE . . .	259
THE AUTHOR'S <i>WU-PAN</i> . . .	263
CHUNG-KING SOLDIERS, CUSTOMS GUARD . . .	265
GALA HEAD-DRESS, "DOG-FACED" WOMAN (DR. KIN- NEAR) . . .	269
THE AUTHOR'S LAST <i>WU-PAN</i> . . .	272
"STONE PRECIOUS CASTLE," SHI-PAO-CHAI . . .	275



THE YANGTZE VALLEY AND BEYOND



THE YANGTZE VALLEY

CHAPTER XXV

PAONING FU AND SIN-TIEN-TZE

PAONING FU, where I spent a week, is, in spring at least, a very attractive city. There is a pleasant sleepiness about it. Trade is neither so active nor so self-asserting as usual. There is obviously a leisured class with time to enjoy itself. Large fortunes are not made ; 45,000 taels is looked upon as wealth, and there are no millionaires to overshadow the small traders. Junks of eighteen tons and over can ascend to Paoning during much of the year. There is a considerable coal trade on the Tung River, and the city being in the centre of an important silk region, there is a degree of activity about the silk trade. There are such small industries as dyeing cottons, making wine and vinegar, and the export of pigs' bristles and hides, but nothing is pursued very energetically. Among the population

of about 20,000 there are a small number of Mohammedans, and wherever they exist beef and milk are attainable luxuries. In Paoning they cure and spice an excellent salt beef, which I found an agreeable variation from fowls on my further journey.

Officially, Paoning Fu is an important city, having a *taotai*, a prefect, and a *hsien*, and many of its beautiful "suburban villas" are the residences of retired and expectant mandarins. Its suburbs are quite charming, and its suburban roads are densely shaded by large mulberry trees and the *Aleurites cordata*. Farther outside are several fine temples in large grounds, and the public library. Paoning proper, with the *yamen* and other official residences, streets of shops, and private dwellings with large wooded gardens, is surrounded by a wall twenty feet high, in good repair, with a flagged walk, ten feet broad, on the top of it. From this the aspect of the city was idealised by a coloured mist of pink and white—peach, plum, apricot, and cherry blossom, flecked with crimson from the double flowers of hardy, decorative peach trees. There are four fine but dilapidated gateways.

One of the gates was securely shut, and all persons who desired to enter or leave the city on that side were compelled to make a long *détour*. This closing of the north gate against the God of



TEMPLE OF GOD OF LITERATURE, PAONING FU

Rain is by a ceremonial act of the mandarin. Rain was in excess, and this was a significant hint to the rain god. Elsewhere I had seen the south gates of cities closed in drought against the God of Fire, who can only enter a city from that quarter. Fires are much dreaded during drought, when the timbers of houses are baked into a condition of perilous inflammability.

Outside the walls of Paoning Fu, which supply a delightful walk, are fine clean turf banks, and a turfed trench or moat, and fine trees; and the river front on the west side is truly grand, a terrace twenty-five feet broad being supported by a noble stone wall in twenty-five tiers, with broad stone staircases descending from the terrace to the river, short green turf, clean white sand, and clear green water below.

The finest of the suburban temples is dedicated to Went-zu, the God of Pestilence. I visited this with Mr. Williams. It was not possible to get any point of view on the level, for a photograph, and the chair-bearers suggested my taking one from the stage of an open temple theatre opposite, and brought a ladder to help me up with. In going back, a man of the literary class attacked Mr. Williams for this, and the next day the servants of the missionary ladies begged them not to go

outside their house, for nothing was talked of in the streets and tea-houses but this "outrage," and the probable indignation of the gods, and the people were saying they would "kill all the foreigners." Mr. Williams said that he had never heard such cries of "foreign devil," and "foreign dog," as at that time, and that it is observed that these cries and the hatred which prompts them increase the longer foreigners remain in a city.

Paoning, so far as its population goes, is unfriendly to foreigners, and the mission houses were wrecked a year previously, and the missionaries, some of whom were married women with young children, escaped to the *yamen*, where they received shelter and protection for some time, the mandarins then and since having shown much friendliness and desire for their safety. It is a complex situation on both sides.

Paoning is a great centre of China Inland Mission work. The directors of this body, which is undenominational, endeavour so far as is possible to group the missionaries of each ecclesiastical body together, and in this part of SZE CHUAN they all belong to the Church of England. Outside of the "sphere of interest" of the C.I.M. the Church Missionary Society has several mission stations, chiefly to the north and west of Paoning, and alto-

gether in that region there are about sixty Anglican missionaries, several of them being university men, working on much the same lines.

Dr. Cassels, who was one of the pioneers, and formerly well known as an athlete at Cambridge, had recently been consecrated bishop, and came from the splendours of his consecration in Westminster Abbey to take up the old, simple, hard-working life, to wear a queue and Chinese dress, and be simply the "chief pastor." The native Christians gave him a cordial reception on his return, and presented him with the hat of a Master of Arts and high boots, which make a very seemly addition to the English episcopal dress, giving it the propriety which is necessary in Chinese eyes, and in mine the picturesque aspect of one of the marauding prelates of the Middle Ages, the good bishop having a burly, athletic physique! Since his return, several of the lay missionaries have been ordained deacons.

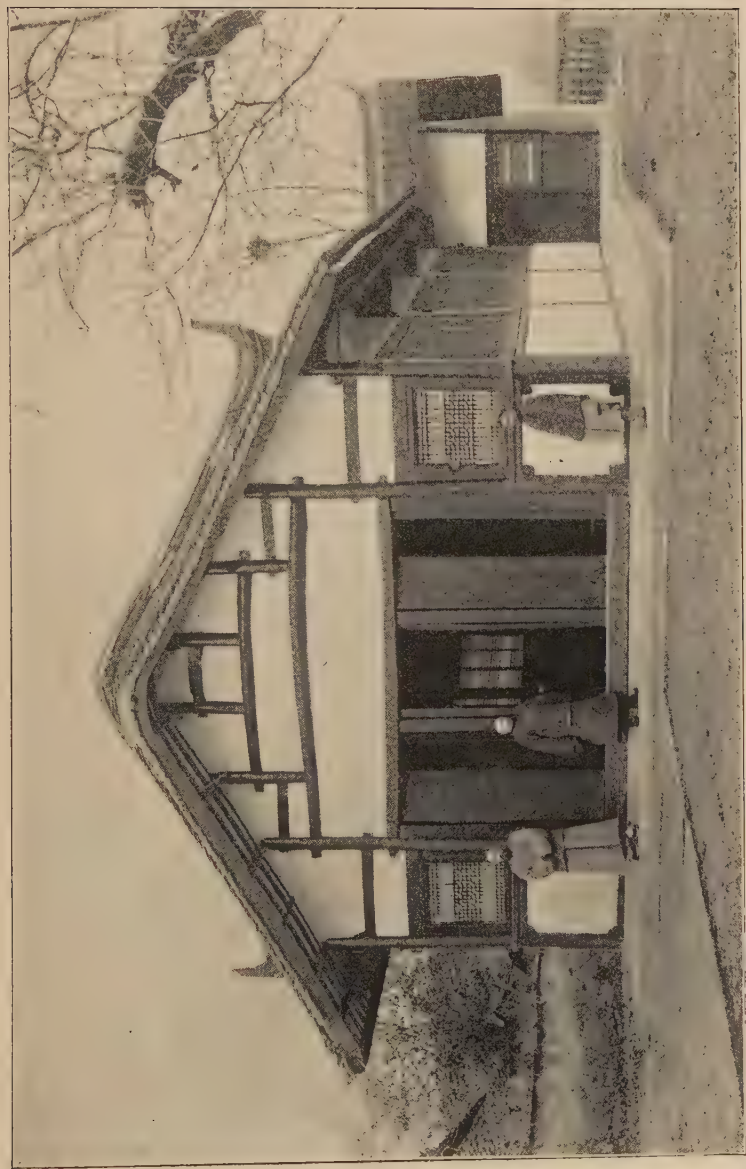
The church, or cathedral, of which an illustration is given, was built almost entirely with Chinese money and gifts. It is Chinese in style, the chancel windows are "glazed" with coloured paper to simulate stained glass, and it is seated for two hundred. The persons represented as standing outside are Bishop Cassels, Mr. Williams, and the Chinese



THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP CASSELS, D.D., PAONING FU

churchwarden. There are both churchwardens and sidesmen.

I witnessed a Chinese service at which nineteen persons of both sexes who had been confirmed on the previous Sunday received the Holy Communion. At matins, which followed, the church was crammed, and crowds stood outside, where they could both see and hear, this publicity contrasting with the Roman practice. The understanding that all should be silent during worship was adhered to. A Christian, formerly a Mohammedan of some means, and another, who had been a Taoist, read the lessons. The Bible, an Oriental book both in imagery and thought, is enjoyed and understood by Orientals, but I doubt much if it will be possible or even desirable to perpetuate the Prayer Book as it stands. It is so absolutely and intensely Western in its style, conceptions, metaphysics, and language of adoration, and, I think, is partly unintelligible as a manual of devotion. It contains any number of words which not only (as is to be expected) have no equivalents in the Eastern languages, but the ideas they express are unthinkable by the Eastern mind. Already many Eastern Christians are claiming an "Oriental Christ, not a Christ disguised in Western garb"—it may be that they will claim, too, a form of worship which shall



CHINESE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH, PAONING FU

be Oriental both in thought and expression, instead of one which represents to them in their most sacred moments an exotic creed.

The China Inland Mission has some very humble Chinese houses built round two compounds, in which two married couples, three bachelors, and, in the bishop's house, two ladies were living, and at some distance off there is a ladies' house, then occupied by five ladies. There are several guest-halls for Chinese visitors, class- and schoolrooms, porters' and servants' rooms. The furniture is all Chinese, and the whitewashed walls are decorated with Chinese scrolls chiefly.

I never saw houses so destitute of privacy, or with such ceaseless coming and going. Life there simply means work, and work spells happiness apparently, for the workers were all cheerful, and even jolly. Studying Chinese, preaching, teaching, advising, helping, guiding, arranging, receiving, sending forth, doctoring, nursing, and befriending make the mission compounds absolute hives of industry. It was a great drawback that medical help was nearly 300 miles off, and that the one trained nurse in the two missions was not ubiquitous. Much needless suffering and risk to life were the results. Happily, in one of the beautiful suburbs, a noble Chinese mansion, a palace in size and solidity, was for sale for

an old song, the half of which was purchased, and after undergoing alterations was opened a few months after my visit with a mandarin's procession and great ceremony as the "Henrietta Bird Memorial Hospital"—the men's department under Dr. Pruen, a physician of ten years' Chinese experience, and the women's under Miss Gowers, who also had considerable experience. The other half and a separate courtyard adjoining have been bought for a dwelling for the bishop, where he may carry on his work with fewer interruptions.

The ladies of this mission lead what I should think very hard lives, owing to their painful deference to Chinese etiquette, and their great desire to avoid doing anything which can give offence. As for instance, they never walk out without an elderly Chinese woman with them, or are carried except in closed chairs.

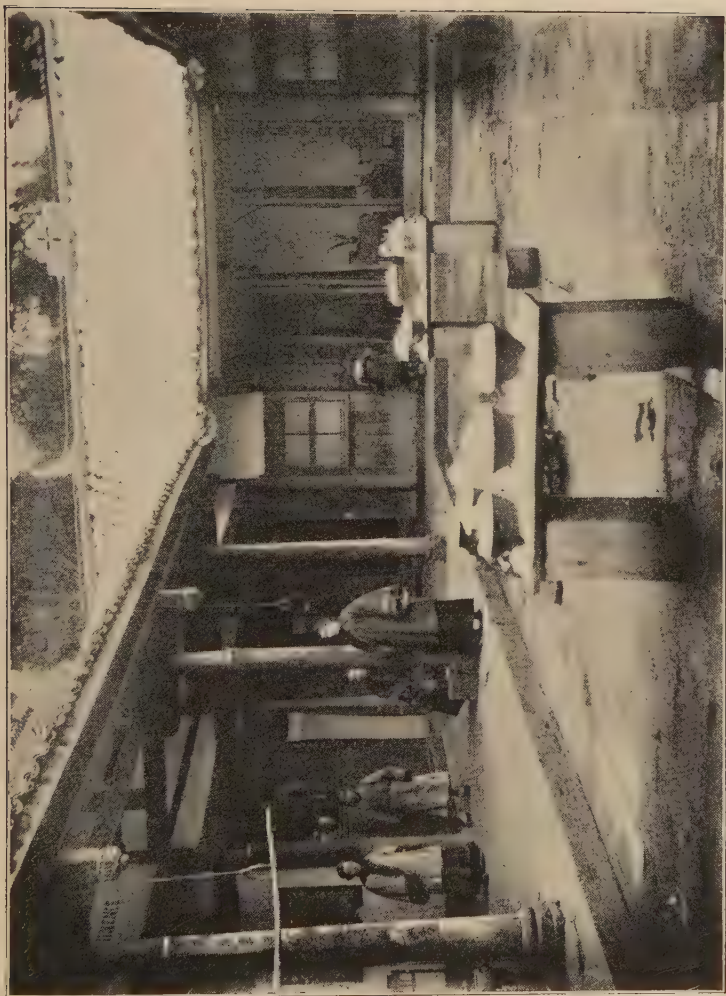
I left this hive of industry, and devoted lives, and glowing hospitalities with Mr. and Mrs. Williams and their children for a few days at Sin-tien-tze, where the China Inland Mission has obtained a large farmhouse for a sanitarium and centre of country work at a height of 2870 feet. Paoning is only 1520. This, in lat. $31^{\circ} 55'$, was my farthest point north on my SZE CHUAN journey.

Shortly after leaving Paoning the road mounts

the northern hills, and keeps along a high barren ridge, or *liang-tsu*, for 130 *li*, the air becoming more bracing and delicious every hour. I have observed that in Western China an altitude of 3000 feet is equivalent, in the dryness and bracing qualities of the air, to 7000 feet in Japan.

We stayed for a night in a large, rambling inn in a market-place when it was not market day, and were quiet. Long flights of stairs conduct travellers to the top of the ridge, which is often less than ten feet broad, and falls down in natural rock-supported terraces to the valleys below. At the close of the second day's journey the cultivation nearly ceased, the hills were bare and rocky, the road a mere straggle; and where two or three ridges meet, on turning a corner round a pine-clothed knoll, we came upon a large, lonely house, with a dead, blank wall round it, and were heartily welcomed by its inmates, three ladies, who for some time past have conducted a mission to the scattered houses and hamlets of the neighbourhood with remarkable success.

A great gateway gives admission successively into two courts with their surrounding rooms. The common "sitting-room," or, to use an Americanism, "living-room," is extremely tasteful and pretty—pre-eminently a "lady's room," furnished with bamboo tables, chairs, a lounge, and foot-stools, and a



folding screen covered with blue cotton, on which Christmas cards are prettily arranged. Blue cotton table-cloths, embroidered in white silk, covered the tables. The floor was matted. Chinese red scrolls hung on the whitewashed walls; there were books and flowering plants; and the room combined daintiness with solid comfort. Doors, with elaborate fretwork filled in with tissue paper, take the place of windows. The woodwork of all the rooms is varnished.

I expressed admiration and some wonderment that "at such a distance" (possibly from civilisation) such pretty furniture could be procured. It may be that my hostess thought she read in my remark some hint at "missionary luxury," for she very kindly offered to enlighten me as to the cost of furnishing in Western China. The substantial and good-looking chairs cost fourpence each, the lounge two-and-sixpence, and the rest in proportion; the whole coming to a trifle under nineteen shillings, and all was produced in the neighbourhood, material and labour costing almost nothing. During my five days' visit the weather became bitterly cold, and snow fell for the greater part of two days, but did not lie. No efforts brought the temperature of my room up to 40° , which was low for the 21st March, in lat. $31^{\circ} 55'$.



CHAPTER XXVI

SIN-TIEN-TZE TO TZE-TUNG HSIEN

ON this second long journey, involving a distance of three hundred and thirty miles, I was persuaded into a slightly more luxurious style of travelling, *i.e.*, I took an additional man, well acquainted with the province and its ways, who went on first, towards evening, cleaned out a room, and had hot water ready for tea. I got new oiled sheeting and an apron for the chair, and with some unleavened bread, curry for three days, a supply of Paoning smoked beef and some chocolate for lunch, I felt myself in luxury. Yet, with eight men, my expenses were only seven shillings per day.

At Sin-tien-tze I had to quit my companions, who are as full of brightness, intelligence, and culture as they are of goodness. Mr. Williams walked with me through thawing snow the first eight miles to the great market-place of Shang-wa-li-tze, where, not being market day, the only living creature was a deformed cat. I had excellent

cooking, and we made long journeys, accomplishing thirty miles on some days. The snow soon disappeared, and though the roads were slimy, straw shoes, grippers, and the cold, keen air enabled me to walk a good deal, which was very pleasant.

At the first midday halt there was considerable confusion, for a young married woman had committed suicide with opium, and was lying apparently dead. In great fear of something—I know not what—the villagers appealed to me for remedies, which I succeeded in forcing down her throat, and also put plasters of hot vinegar and cayenne pepper behind her ears. I was proceeding to put them on the soles of her feet, but there were no soles, only a crumple of deformed toes, a cleft, and a heel. Then I tried for the calves of the legs, but there were no calves, only a bone, a few muscles, and a great bag of crinkled skin. I was more fortunate in finding that she had a back to her neck! I was told that it was a quarrel with her mother-in-law which had driven her to suicide. I had a bad quarter of an hour before she became conscious, for, had she died, the opium would have been acquitted, and the blame would have been laid on the foreigner. When she came sufficiently to herself to be herself, she was demented with rage, and

tore and scratched everybody near her. I did not think that her husband was interested in her recovery.



ENTRANCE TO A MARKET-PLACE

An idea, though possibly only a local one, is, that when a person commits suicide by opium, the spirit is refused entrance at the gate of Hades, because it has not completed its natural term of life, and it

seeks, by inducing another to do the same, to transfer its crime to that person.

The relations showed me the courtesy of offering me food, which I reluctantly ate out of coarse, unglazed basins : a strip or two of fat pork, some bean curd floating in grey sauce, some black beans tasting like rotten cheese, some small onions pickled dark brown, some rice mixed with chopped cabbage, and some chopped capsicum.

I had previously eaten bean curd, and old eggs which are an expensive delicacy, and formed part of a Chinese dinner given to me at the English Legation at Seoul. At the next village I saw the process of preparation. Ducks' eggs alone are used, and they must be quite fresh. They are steeped in a solution of lime, with the addition of salt. The lime penetrates the shell and turns the white into a dark, bottle-green jelly, while the yolk becomes hard and nearly black. After this the egg is wrapped up in clay, which is dried by gentle heat. It will then keep a year or more. Such eggs are very good, indeed they are one of the few Chinese delicacies which I can eat with equanimity. The variety of food eaten by all classes in China is amazing. It would require four or five pages to put down what I have myself seen in the eating-houses and food shops on this journey.

After leaving Sin-tien-tze, I entered a richer and more prosperous region, with a very productive soil, much mineral wealth, and important industries both in towns and villages; and the food shops reflected the prosperity. There was fresh pork everywhere. Every village seemed to have killed a pig that morning. In most places bread made of wheaten flour was to be got in the form of dumplings, leavened, but steamed, not baked. These make good toast. Bean curd is everywhere also, and is universally liked. It is pure white, as if made with milk, and resembles in insipidity unflavoured *blanc mange*, made with Carrageen moss. There is scarcely a hamlet in which it is not sold. The beans are ground between two millstones, the upper one having a hole in the centre. Into this the beans are poured along with water, and the thick white cream which results from the grinding is caught in a trough below. Plenty of gypsum and some salt are added, the cream is boiled, the froth is thrown away, and the residue, after undergoing considerable squeezing in a cloth, is poured into flat, deep trays to set; when cold it is cut up into bricks. Every traveller in China, Japan, and Korea makes acquaintance with this preparation. Beans are enormously used, fresh, and made into patties, and preserved in equal

parts of brine and syrup, when they taste like hazel nuts.

Patties, or pies, are universal, and the itinerant pieman frequents all markets and places where men congregate. Vegetable patties of beans, chopped cucumbers, vegetable eggs, and sweet potato are much liked, and so are patties of pork, and salt fish, and frog, but the last are somewhat of a luxury. Then there are cakes of wheaten flour containing chopped and fried onion, or a spoonful of treacle, and cakes of ground millet, with sugar-candy or scorched millet on the top, and the same pieman often sells bags of popcorn, melon seeds, and pieces of sugar-cane.

Water-melon seeds ought rather to be classed with amusements than with food. As in Persia, they are enormously used ; it is difficult to write consumed. They descend to the poorest class, but chiefly on holidays. Their use implies leisure and sociability. I never saw a man eating them alone, except on a journey. They are a national custom. Where our men would enjoy themselves drinking wine or spirits, the Chinese play with melon seeds. Eating them seems a masculine amusement, and the higher a Chinese is in rank the more melon seeds he consumes. One dare not speculate on what the consumption of the Son of Heaven must

be. Doubtless they serve the useful purpose of helping to supply the system with fatty matter.

In some parts of SZE CHUAN water-melons appear to be grown entirely for their seeds. I have seen the cooling, delicious pulp thrown on the road, while the seeds are carefully preserved, and, as in Tibet, the proprietors of apricot orchards allowed me to eat as many apricots as I liked, provided that I returned them the stones, so I have been allowed to eat melons, if I returned the seeds. Huc writes that on the rivers "huge junks may be seen loaded entirely" with these "deplorable utilities." I do not pretend to such a remarkable vision, but at good inns I have seen parties of six or eight well-dressed merchants, with carefully tended, pointed finger nails an inch long, spending three or four hours in cracking melon seeds, plate after plate rapidly disappearing. Piles of shells of melon seeds some inches high often greeted me in inn rooms. Every wayside restaurant sells them. Groups of children sit apathetically in village streets eating them. They are served before, with, and after every meal, with tea and wine, and at all social gatherings. Men crack and eat them while they are bargaining or discussing business, or are travelling in sedan chairs. And the dexterity and rapidity with which they extract the small kernel from

the tough shell is worthy of squirrels and apes. This consumption of melon seeds is a feature of the whole empire, and I really believe is, as a pleasure, second only to "foreign smoke."

Our ideas as to Chinese food are, on the whole, considerably astray. It is true that the rich spend much in pampering their appetites, that the foolish extravagance of providing meats, fruits, and vegetables out of season at "dinner parties" prevails among them as among us, and that such delicacies as canine cutlets and hams, cat fricassees, birds'-nest soup—a luxury so costly that it makes its appearance on foreign tables—stewed *holothuria*, and fricassees of snails, worms, or snakes are to be seen at ceremonious feasts. I have been myself in dog and cat restaurants in Canton, but they are only frequented by the extravagant.

I think, in addition to the enormous variety in Chinese articles of diet, multiplied a hundred-fold by culinary art, the food is wholesome and well cooked, and that the cooking is cleanly, steaming being a very favourite method. Cleanly cooking and wholesome and excellent meals are often produced in dark and unsavoury surroundings, and those foreigners who travel much in the interior learn to find Chinese food palatable. My chief objection to it is the amount of vegetable oil used, and the

prevalent flavour of garlic. The bulb well applied is an excellent condiment, but it is startling to meet with it in unexpected places, and everywhere.

Rice, wheat, Italian millet, and maize are the grains chiefly eaten; but rice is the staff of life, and is regarded as absolutely indispensable. But it is not eaten by itself, even by the poorest, but mixed with fried cabbage, or with such dainty relishes as rotten beans, or putrid mustard, or soy, or Chili sauce. Among common expressions, to "take a meal" is "to eat rice," and the salutation equivalent to "How do you do?" is literally "Have you eaten rice?"¹

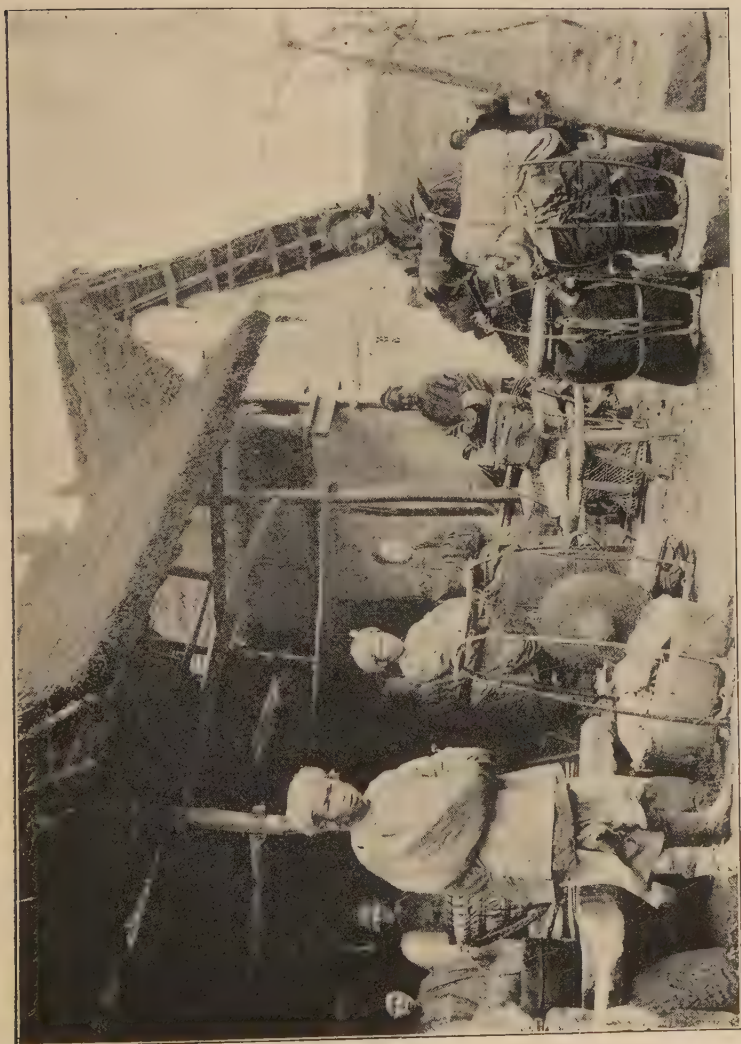
The Chinese list of culinary vegetables about quadruples ours, and with the exception of rice they are the great result of garden cultivation and heavy manuring, some of the root crops receiving individually at stated intervals a supply of liquid manure. Cucumbers, melons, and radishes weighing a pound each, are produced in enormous quantities. More than twenty sorts of peas and beans are cultivated—one monstrous bean being eaten with its soft, squashy pod. Leaves are important articles of diet, beginning with the opium leaf. There are pig weed (*Chenopodium*), sow thistle (*Sonchus*), ginger, radishes, mustard, clover,

¹ Dr. WELLS WILLIAMS, *Middle Kingdom*.

shepherd's purse, succory, sweet basil, lettuce, celery, dandelion, spinach, purslane, artemisia, amaranthus, tacca, and numberless others which have no English names. In addition to carrots, turnips, parsnips, Jerusalem artichokes, sweet potatoes, enormously used, and "Irish potatoes," increasingly grown, they have aquatic edible roots, among others the big root of the *Nelumbium*, water-caltrops, and water-chestnuts.

Onions, garlic, leeks, scallions, and chives are consumed both by rich and poor, and it is seldom possible to be out of their odour. Cabbage, broccoli, kale, colewort, and cress are eaten enormously, both fresh and preserved, as well as musk- and water-melons, pumpkins, squashes, gourds, tomatoes, and brinjals, besides many eccentric pods, of the names of which I have not a notion. One of the most delicious of all Chinese vegetables is the young shoot of the bamboo, which looks like huge asparagus, and is eaten boiled. The Chinese consume enormous quantities of pickled cabbage and onions, as well as candied roots and fruits, and others preserved in syrup. Even the common potato is dignified by this treatment.

In the absence of butter and oily foods, the use of much oil in cooking is a physical necessity, but the European palate would require a long



AUTHOR'S ARRIVAL AT A CHINESE INN

education before it could enjoy the strong flavours of some of the vegetable oils, such as castor oil, sesamum, and ground nut. Lard and pork fat are used also.

Very little land in the Yangtze Valley is used for the rearing of animals for food. Pork is the principal meat used, and I suppose that every family possesses a pig. Beef is rarely obtainable, except where there are Mohammedans. I never saw mutton west of Ichang, or, indeed, sheep till I reached the mountains. Pork, fowls, geese, and ducks really represent animal food over much of SZE CHUAN. If young cats and dogs are bred for the table they are fed on rice. Locusts, grasshoppers, silkworms and grubs are eaten, being fried till they are crisp. In some cities human milk is sold for the diet of aged persons, great faith being placed in its nutritive qualities.

Undoubtedly much of the grain, especially millet, which is grown between Sin-tien-tze and Mien-chuh is used for the distillation of spirits. There are no vines in SZE CHUAN, so what we call wine is unknown. There are water-white spirits distilled from both millet and barley, and a sort of beer like the Japanese *sake* made from rice, from which spirits can be distilled. I never saw a drunken man in fifteen months of Chinese travelling, or

heard mirth of which strong drink was the inspiration. Men take spirits in very small quantities, and almost invariably with their food. They never drink anything cold, which safeguards them from the worst results of the abominably contaminated water. They drink plain hot water, the water in which rice has been boiled, tea, and decoctions of various leaves.

I have dwelt so long upon food, because for two hours of every day I had nothing to do but study it, and inferior cooking as well, for several months, and saw infinite varieties of food in the different parts of the province at different seasons during my long journey. On the whole, except in times of scarcity, the Chinese is a fairly well-fed person.

The journey of March 23d was along the top of a ridge over rocky ground, and along limestone terraces incapable of cultivation. There were no villages, and few houses, but we passed through two market-places of large size. The country as seen from the ridge, is all low, undulating ranges, sprouting up now and then into conical protuberances, till suddenly, from an altitude of 2300 feet, there is a view of a narrow valley and an extraordinary bend of the Chia-ling. Then comes an abrupt and difficult descent of 800 feet, on ledges of rock and steep flights of broken stairs, and at

its foot the small town of Mao-erh-tiao, with a very fine temple lately restored. Boats of twenty tons, salt laden, were lying in the clear, blue-green water along the bank. It was a delightful day's journey, the sky very blue, the air dry and as keen as a knife, and I reached a fairly good inn where the curiosity was not overpowering. The coolies were, if possible, cheerier and better than those from whom I had reluctantly parted, and as they were not opium-smokers they were able to feed themselves well, and thought nothing of travelling thirty miles a day at a good pace.

Other halcyon days followed, of keen air, light without heat, and country which, if not actually pretty, led one continually to believe that it was about to become so. The plumed bamboo and orange and pommeloe groves had vanished, and on the high altitudes which the road pursues, which are very barren and rocky, there was almost no cultivation, and on one day's journey of twenty-three miles we only met four people, and passed eight houses and a small market-place.

Whenever the elevation was lower, as at times where the road runs along the edges of limestone cliffs, there are deep valleys well wooded and cultivated, but the upland soil is very poor and bears scanty crops. What is called a road is only a

narrow footpath, winding along the edges of wheat-fields, through rocky clefts or ferny defiles, so narrow that the chair continually bumped both sides, or under cedars or other big trees, over the tops of which trailing red and white roses have grown, sending down streamers, then in the pink flush of their spring leafage, over the road. This beautiful climber, which grows with prodigious rapidity, also flourishes in Korea.

There were pretty little bits, sweet, restful, rural scenes, great breezy sweeps, and freedom; no calling of "foreign devil" and "foreign dog." The people were quite disposed to be friendly. On arriving one afternoon at a specially lofty hamlet, having learnt much caution as to the use of my camera, I asked if I might "make a picture" of a mill worked by a blindfolded buffalo-cow, as we had not any such mills in my country, and they were quite willing, and stopped the cow at the exact place I indicated. They were friendly enough to take me to another mill, at which two women grind, turning the upper stone by means of poles working in holes. The Chinese use a great deal of wheat flour; it can be purchased at all markets and large villages, and I never used any other. It is not a good colour, and owing to some defect in the millstones one is apt to be surprised by grits.

After seeing the mills I showed the people a number of my photographs taken *en route*, to show them that I was not doing anything evil or hurtful, but they said, though quite good-naturedly, that it was "foreign magic."



AN OX MILL

At the same hamlet I got a room in a new inn which, though on the road-level on one side, was two storeys above a winding stream and some undulating agricultural country on the other. On that side it actually had a window and a view. The boards were new, and though the chinks were wide and the air which entered was keen, I congratulated

myself heartily on such unusually pleasant surroundings. This was premature. When the bustle of unpacking was over, noises all too familiar made



A HAND MILL

me look through the chinks of the floor, and I saw that I was over a pig-sty the size of my room, inhabited by nine large, black sows.

It was the only night of my journey on which I had no sleep, and my servant, who had the next

room to mine, said that he did not sleep after eleven, for the groaning, grunting, routing, and quarrelling were incessant. I had shared a room with pigs twice on the journey, but they were quiet by comparison. Looking through my floor at daylight, I saw that eighteen young pigs had been added to the family. This sleepless night was a bad preparation for an early start, and a long and very cold day's journey.

The road leaves Tien-kia-miao, a remarkably clean and attractive village, by a level bridge on twelve stone piers, and soon rises again to barren altitudes, looking down on well-cultivated valleys wooded with cedars. Along every rocky path men were crowding with their wares to a neighbouring market, bamboo hats and baskets, sugarcane, fowls, and straw shoes being the principal wares. It was some time since I had seen any foreign cottons exposed for sale in these markets.

The soil of the region I had traversed for a fortnight, except in the basin of Paoning, is poor and unfitted for rice, and the people are chiefly hard-working peasant farmers and coolies. Without having any mission from associated or dissociated Chambers of Commerce, my interest in the subject led me to make continual inquiries into the local trade and the requirements of the people, and

something as to the latter was to be learned in conversation with the women.

Apart from the general question of weight and make, the general verdict was that the widths of our cottons are wrong, and that widths above fifteen inches cut to waste in making Chinese clothing. Another complaint was that our goods, put up as they are in wrappers intended to impose on "semi-civilised" people, constantly make a display of colours which in China are "unlucky." Another was that the printed cottons, besides offending in this respect, are coarse in pattern, colouring, and style, more fitted for outside barbarians than for the refined tastes of a civilised people! If these, which may appear minor matters, were attended to, there is probably an opening for both our white and printed cottons among the *middle and upper classes of Western China*. But I am not a convert to the roseate views which many people take of the enormous potentialities for our trade in SZE CHUAN if the means of communication are improved by steam on the Yangtze and other methods. It is not that our cottons are too dear, but that the great majority of the people don't want them at any price. That is, that the strong, heavy, native cottons woven by hand, wear four times as long, and even when they are reduced to rags serve

several useful purposes. A coolie will not buy a material which will only last a year, when, for the same price or less, he can get one which will last three, or even four years.

Coolies dispense with all clothing but cotton drawers in summer, and these must be strong to resist hard wear ; and they say that our cottons are too cold for winter. This is obvious, for a yard of Chinese homespun cotton cloth, fifteen inches wide, weighs over twice as much as a yard of British calico over thirty inches wide, and resists the wear and tear of hard manual labour and the oftentimes profuse perspiration of the labourer. More than two millions sterling worth of raw cotton and Sha-shih heavy homespun cottons are supposed to be imported into SZE CHUAN annually, just because the wear requires, and must continue to require, the heavy make. Later, in Sin-tu Hsien, a prosperous town of 15,000 inhabitants, twelve miles north of Cheng-tu, I saw some Japanese cotton goods, fifteen inches wide, made on looms, which the alert cotton-spinners of Osaka had adapted for the Korean market, and which were of an equally heavy make with the Sha-shih goods, and scarcely to be distinguished from homespun cloth. The shopkeeper highly approved of these goods, and said that if he could get them there would be a



THE TA-LU

large demand for them. Possibly British "work-house sheeting" of the same width might meet with similar approbation.

At the hamlet of Lu-fang, where I was stopped by an official with a card from the district mandarin, who kept me waiting an hour while he copied my passport on a stone and provided fresh runners, the by-road by which I had journeyed for some days joined the Ta-lu, the great Imperial road from Peking to Cheng-tu. I travelled along this westwards to Mien-chow. A thousand years ago it must have been a noble work. It is nominally sixteen feet wide, the actual flagged roadway measuring eight feet. The bridges are built solidly of stone. The ascents and descents are made by stone stairs. More than a millennium ago an emperor planted cedars at measured distances on both sides, the beautiful red-stemmed, weeping cedar of the province. Many of these have attained great size, several which I measured being from fourteen to sixteen feet in circumference five feet from the ground, and they actually darken the road.

The first ascent from Lu-fang under their solemn shade is truly grand, nearly equalling the cryptomeria avenues which lead up to the shrines of Nikko, Japan. Each tree bears the Imperial seal,

and the district magistrates count them annually. Many have fallen, many have hollow trunks, and there are great breaks without any at all. Still, where they do exist, the effect is magnificent. This road, like much else in China, is badly out of repair, many of its great flagstones having disappeared altogether. There was a great deal of traffic on it, and not a few saddle horses and mules were tripping easily up and down its stone staircases. It was quite cheerful to be once more on a travelled highway abounding in large villages and towns, with good inns and much prosperity.

These were days of delightful travelling without any drawbacks. The weather was beautiful, the air sharp, and the people well-behaved. There was no fatigue or annoyance, the accommodation was fair, and there was literally nothing to complain of; the travelling was fit for a Sybarite. The soil is rich, and enormous quantities of opium were grown; indeed, in some long valleys there was no other crop. Wu-lien, where I slept one night, is the cleanest and prettiest little Chinese town that I saw—prettily situated, with a widish main street, good inns, fair shops, and singular cleanliness, and the people were very mannerly. It has a level stone bridge, supported on twelve stone piers decorated with finely carved dragons' heads.

On the road from Wu-lien to the large town of Tze-tung Hsien there is some very pretty country, rich in agricultural wealth, and growing much opium, which unfortunately in good years pays better than any other crop, and is easy of transit. Wheat, which was only two or three inches above the ground on the high ridges, was bursting into ear in the valleys, and peas and beans were in their fragrant beauty. There was much pink and white mistiness of peach and plum, and yellow fluffiness of mimosa, and the people were astir and alert, performing spring pilgrimages to popular shrines, men and women in separate companies.

There are two very fine and ancient temples of brown cedar to the gods of Literature and War in a cedar wood on the road, with most picturesque hilly surroundings, a lovely spot, and the tides of pilgrimage set strongly towards them. The God of War there as elsewhere is very attractive to women, as may be seen any day in his great temple in the native city of Shanghai. Perpetual incense burns on these altars, and the priests claim the round-numbered antiquity of two thousand years for the temples.

There were very many companies of from ten to thirty well-dressed women on the road, some of whom had hobbled on their crippled-looking feet

for fifteen miles, and were going back the same day; and many large bands of men, each led by a man with a gong, carrying a small table with incense sticks burning on it, the procession followed by another coolie loaded with red candles, large and small, with thick paper wicks, incense sticks, and red perforated paper for the God of War. His temple was crowded, and dense clouds of incense rolled from the open front into the atmosphere of heavenly blue. The God of Literature is chiefly worshipped by the *litterati*, and there were only a few sedan chairs with their occupants and attendants at his splendid shrine.

The Ta-lu failed to keep up its reputation. Its great flags were tilted up or down, in mud-holes, or had disappeared; its noble avenue was spasmodic and often non-existent, for miles, leading to the prophecy that it would disappear altogether, as it did. But the vanished grandeur was made up for by the extraordinary traffic—baggage coolies, chair-bearers, sedan chairs, passengers on foot and on horseback, varied at times by marriage and funeral processions, or batches of criminals tied together by their queues, being led to justice. Of the numbers of weight-carrying coolies, divested of the upper garment, on the road, there were very few free from hard tumours or callosities on both

shoulders, and many of them have deep, cracked wounds in their heels. A man carries a load five miles before he earns a bowl of rice.

At intervals there were small huts, each sporting a military flag, and with halberds or lances with silk pennons leaning up against them. Sometimes these were in a village, but occasionally the flag, which is very showy, having a pennon end, and seen afar off, was only supported by a heap of stones on the roadside. There were no soldiers in uniform, but possibly the two or three peasants lying by every flag were men in mufti. Sometimes boys were carrying firearms of an ancient type, bows and arrows, or heavy swords. The people said that the flags were to frighten the rebels, and that the men were watching for them, but the region seemed in a state of profound peace.

The peasants' coffins on the road were those of the poorest class, and were carried at a run, merely wrapped up in blue cotton. A mandarin's coffin on its way to Mien-chow was draped with blue kilted silk, tasselled at the four corners, and was carried by twenty men in red tasselled hats, slung on a heavy beam, with a boldly carved dragon, an emblem of official position, at both ends. The coffin was surmounted (as were those of the peasants) by a tethered live cock. A cheap coffin costs

from five to ten dollars, and from that up to two thousand. There is much trade done on the Chia-ling in coffin wood and coffins. I saw many junks loaded with both.

At one place in China, where there was no inn, I slept in a room with a coffin which had been unburied for five years, because the geomancers had not decided on a lucky site or date for the interment, and for the whole time incense had been burned before it morning and evening. Of course, if there is a family burial-place the services of the geomancer are seldom required except for the date of burial.

The coffin of the mandarin on the Ta-lu was not on its way to interment, therefore the usual procession was dispensed with, but nearer Tze-tung Hsien we met a large funeral, for which we had to leave the road.¹ On this occasion the corpse of a well-to-do merchant, unburied for a year, was being borne to the grave.

In order to prevent any disagreeable consequences from interment being delayed for months or years, the coffin-boards are three or four inches thick, the body is covered with quicklime, or is laid on a bed of lime or cotton, and afterwards the

¹ Funeral ceremonies and superstitions are given in detail in *The Middle Kingdom*, vol. ii., p. 244.

edges of the lid are closed with cement, and if the body is to remain in a dwelling-house, the whole is made air-tight by being covered with Ning-po varnish. A coffin is sometimes retained in a house by a defaulting tenant, to prevent an ejectment for rent, and it is occasionally attached by creditors, in order to compel the relations to raise money to release it. So strong is the feeling in China regarding suitable burial, that a son, if he has no other means, will sell himself into slavery to provide the expenses, and burial clubs and charitable societies for providing the destitute with seemly funerals are numerous.

On this occasion, a band of music came first, then the monstrous coffin on a bier carried by at least forty men in red coats and scarves, covered by a canopy embroidered in gold thread, on which was tethered a living fowl. Behind came the ancestral tablet in a sedan chair, the sacrifice, and some red tablets, on which were inscribed in gold the offices held by the deceased, followed by the male mourners dressed in white. The eldest son, apparently sinking with grief, though it was a year old, was supported by two men. Women and children followed, wailing at intervals. A man preceded the whole, strewing paper money on the ground to buy the good-will of such malignant or predatory spirits as might be loafing around.

One man was loaded with crackers, another carried the libations which were to be poured out, and the rear of the procession, which was ten minutes in passing, was brought up by a great concourse of friends and neighbours, and a great number of bamboo and paper models, admirably executed and many of them life-size, of horses with handsome saddles and trappings, mules carrying burdens, sedan chairs, houses, rich clothing, beds, tables, chairs, and all that the spirit can be supposed to want in the shadowy world to which it has gone. These, with a quantity of tinsel money, are burned at the grave, the tablet and sacrifice are carried back, the former to be placed in the ancestral hall, the latter to be feasted on or given to the poor. The ceremonies of the interment, as my readers are aware, only initiate the long years of ceremonial with which the dead are honoured in China.



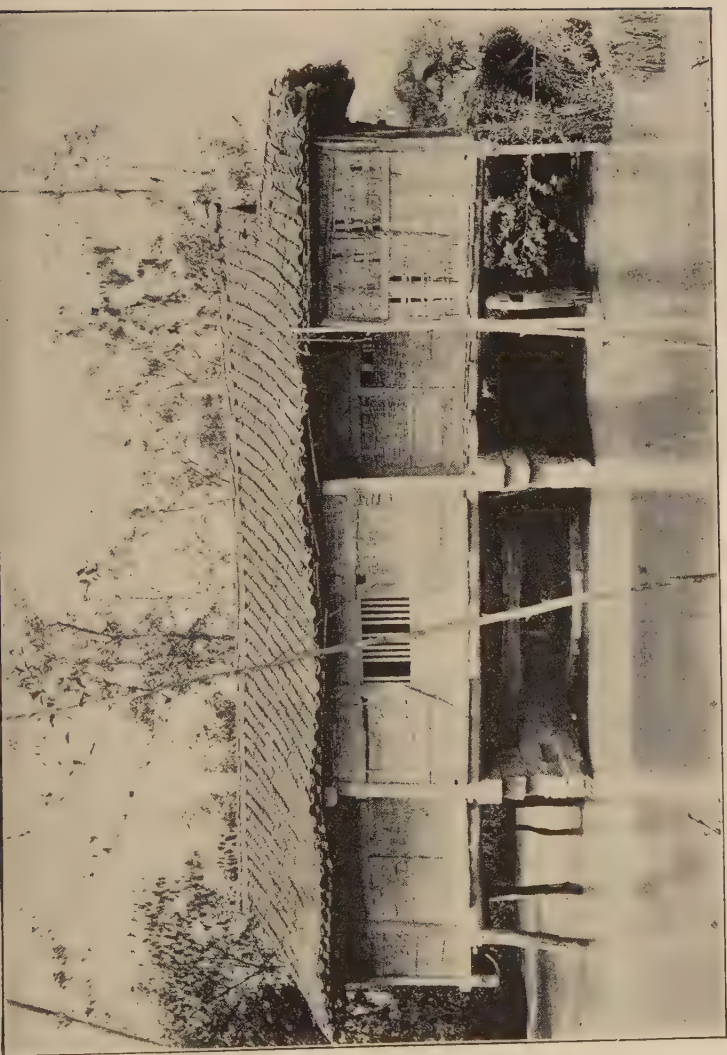


CHAPTER XXVII

TZE-TUNG HSIEN TO KUAN HSIEN

AN hour after leaving the great temples of Taimiao, with their throngs of pilgrims and the remarkable friendliness of the people, we came upon the walls, gates, and towers of Tze-tung Hsien, the approach to which is denoted by a graceful eleven-storeyed pagoda on a neighbouring hill. I had not been through a large walled city since the riot at Liang-shan, and I had to brace myself up for entering this one, which has a reputed population of 27,000 people. The inhabitants were very orderly, however, and though the streets were greatly crowded, the people looked pleasant. The Liang-shan riot is known to all the mandarins, and obviously they have no wish for a repetition of it, and I adhere to my belief that they are in most, if not in all cases, able to prevent attacks on foreigners.

Tze-tung Hsien is a clean and prosperous looking city, with wide streets lined by good shops, in



WATER MILL, CHENG TU PLAIN

which the goods are more displayed than is usual. It is surrounded with well-cultivated country, and good country-houses, and trades in vegetable oils, cottons, and raw and spun silk, some of the strong, coarse "oak silk" being brought in for manufacture. Oil is made from the seeds of the *Alenrites cordata*, rape seed, peanuts, and opium seed. Opium oil bears the highest price. The town has a stirring aspect, and its walls and gateways are in good repair. Outside, the Fou River is crossed by a noble stone bridge of nine arches with fine stone balustrades, carrying a flagged roadway eighteen feet broad. The centre arch is thirty feet high. It is the finest bridge that I had then seen in China. A grand temple outside the walls, and an elaborately carved, triple-storeyed *pai-fang*, complete the attractions of this thriving city.

On the western route from Tze-tung Hsien the country becomes increasingly fertile, and the road more dilapidated. The cedars have disappeared, and the pavement is only four feet in width. The traffic in oil, cotton, and tobacco was great, and crowds of pilgrims, very respectable looking, with gongs, incense tables, and offerings, were trudging to the Ta-miao temples. They said that they were making offerings to the God of War for having driven the "barbarian rebels" into the sea! There

were funerals, too, and a train of twelve led horses, each carrying a red flag, with a mandarin's name and official titles on it. These were heavily laden with luggage, and in front there was the mandarin's coffin, with a live cock upon it, carried by forty men.

The prevalent impression left by this great road is that of toil and poverty. Rice had risen considerably in the previous three weeks, which meant to many millions that they would never get a full meal. The region I had entered is one of the most crowded parts of the Red Basin and of China, and I often asked myself, "Why are there so many Chinese?" They seem to come into the world just to bury their fathers. That night again I slept in a room with a huge coffin, which had been waiting interment for some years, and incense was regularly burned before it.

On March 28th I reached Mien-chow, a city of about 60,000 souls, the largest that I had yet seen in SZE CHUAN. The journey from Paoning Fu had been most propitious in all respects, and the fine weather had come at last. I entered the city by a bridge of boats over the Fou, a great tributary of the Chia-ling. Mien-chow has a curious geographical situation. The Fou basin, in which it stands, though north of Chengtu and nearer the water

parting, is on a lower level than the basin of the Min, from which it is divided by a low ridge. So Mien-chow is actually 250 feet below Chengtu, its altitude being 1350 feet.

It is a well-built and clean town, with a fine wall, and a river front well protected by a handsome bund of cobbles and concrete, with eight slanting faces. The Fou is navigable, and when the water is high, boats can descend to Chungking in six or seven days. There is an enormous wheelbarrow traffic from Mien-chow to the capital, principally of sugar and tobacco. The busy and crowded streets are lined with shops, in which every conceivable article in iron is displayed, from surgical instruments, to spades, ploughshares, and articles in wrought iron. There is fully half a mile of such shops. The great trade of Mien-chow, however, is in silk, and much cotton is woven in its neighbourhood. The shops display German and Japanese knick-knacks, foreign yarns, and printed cottons, besides Kansuh furs, brocades, silks, temple furniture, and drugs. The shops, with their varied, and in many cases costly, contents show that the neighbourhood has great purchasing power.

The passage through the thronged streets took nearly an hour, but all was quiet. I was not allowed to go to an inn, but was most kindly



WOMAN REELING SILK

received at the Church Mission House, a dark and not agreeably situated house in a crowded Chinese quarter, inhabited by the two ladies who, after four years of patience and difficulties, have effected a permanent lodgment in what is well known as a hostile city. They spent the first two years at an inn, and so little were they thought of, that the mandarin, when urged to take some action against them, replied, "What does it matter? they are only women!"

During this time all their attempts to rent a house failed, because the officials threatened to beat and imprison anyone letting a house to a foreigner; but a fortnight before my visit a man ruined by opium smoking let them have for ten years the place into which they had just moved, close to the great temple of Confucius. Access to it is through an area inhabited by Chinese—a forlorn, dirty yard—and through an inner yard full of Chinese, who seemed to be always gambling or smoking opium, a third yard being the newly acquired property, from which some of the Chinese had not yet cleared out. The last two courts are rented by the Church Missionary Society, and have subsequently been improved and made habitable, and "The Emily Clayton Memorial," a dispensary with a surgical ward under Dr. Squibb, a

qualified English doctor, has been opened in the outer of the two compounds.

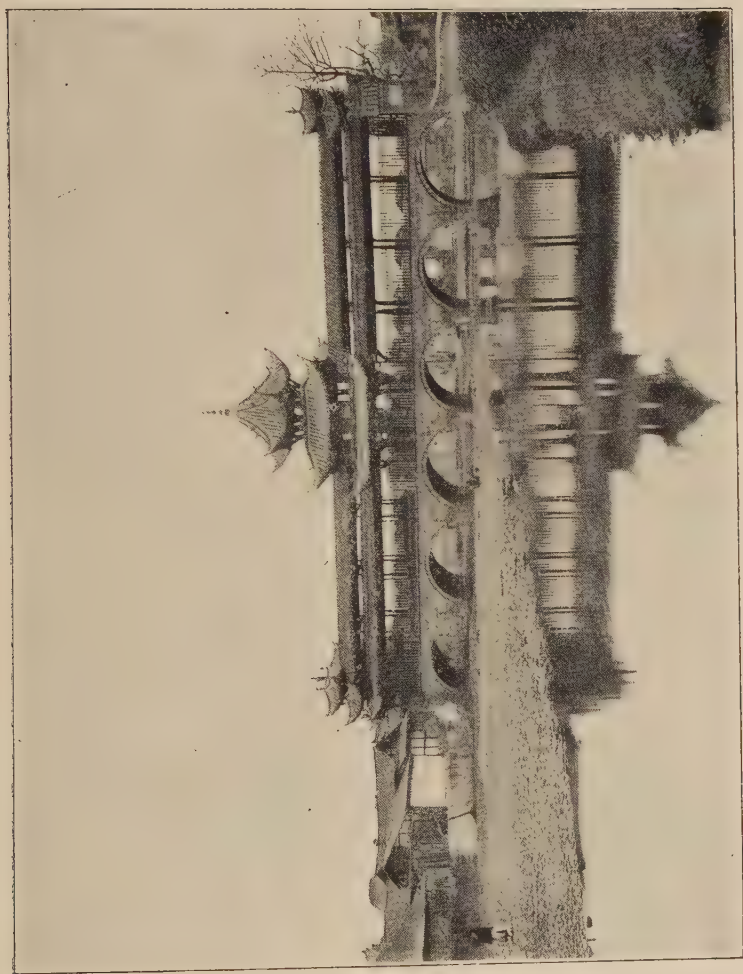
It was interesting to see what missionaries in China have to undergo in the initial stage of residence in a Chinese city. The house was utterly out of repair—dirty, broken—half the paper torn off the windows, and the eaves so deep and low that daylight could scarcely enter. There was an open guest-hall in the middle used constantly for classes and services; endless parties of Chinese passed in and out all day long, poking holes in the remaining windows, opening every door that was not locked, taking everything they could lay hands on; and the noise was only stilled from four to six A.M.—men shouting, babies screaming, dogs barking, squibs and crackers going off, temple bells, gongs, and drums beating—no rest, quite, or privacy.

There were two services in the guest-hall on Sunday, conducted by Mr. Heywood Horsburgh, the superintendent of the Mission, and several classes for women also, but all in a distracting babel—men playing cards outside the throng, men and women sitting for a few minutes, some laughing scornfully, others talking in loud tones, some lighting their pipes, and a very few really interested. This is not the work which many who go out as missionaries on a wave of enthusiasm expect, but

this is what these good people undergo day after day and month after month.

The place where the two ladies spent two years consisted of a guest-room at an inn in one of the most crowded of the city streets, a living-room, through it, a kitchen, through that, and for a sleeping-room, a loft above the living-room, reached by a ladder, just under the unlined tiles. There was no light in any room except from a paper window, into the semi-dark passage. The floors were mud ; wood, water, charcoal, and all things had to be carried in and out through the living-room ; no privacy was possible ; the temperature hung at about 100° for weeks in summer ; there were the ceaseless visits of crowds of ill-bred Chinese women, staying for hours at a time ; and without and in the inn, seldom pausing, there was the unimaginable din of a big Chinese city. Under these circumstances their love and patience had won twelve women to be Christians.

Mr. and Mrs. Cormack, of the China Inland Mission, and a thirteen months' old baby, arrived before I left, he very ill of malarial fever. They were swept out of Chengtu in the riots, losing all their possessions, and with this infant had been moving for seven months, having lastly been driven out of Kansuh by the Mohammedan rebellion.



BRIDGE AT MIEN-CHUH.

During the whole seven months they had never been in one place more than twelve days. It is a grave question whether married men and married women ought to be placed in regions of precarious security. Mr. Heywood Horsburgh's house at Kuan Hsien had just been attacked and bored into by a number of burglars, and between the terror caused by this, and the hostile cries in the streets, which they understood too well, his delicate, sensitive young daughters, one of them twelve years old, had become so thoroughly nervous that the only possible cure was to take them home. I saw several ladies in Western China who, after escaping from mobs with their young children, were affected in the same way.

Mr. and Mrs. Horsburgh and I left Mien-chow on March 31st, a grey, dull day, but clear. We left the Ta-lu and travelled by infamous roads, often only a few inches wide, frequently on the top of rice dykes. Great mountains, snow-crested, spurs of the Tibetan ranges, loomed through the clouds to the north-west, while we journeyed through the eastern portion of the great Chengtu plain, the rich, well-watered soil green with barley and opium, and beautiful with miles of rape, largely grown for oil, rolling in canary yellow waves before a pleasant breeze. Large farmhouses had re-



THE REV. J. HEYWOOD HORSEBURGH, M.A.,
IN TRAVELLING DRESS

appeared, farming hamlets, and big temples, all surrounded by fine trees. There are frequent water-mills of a very peculiar construction, said by experts to be the oldest form in the world, the wheel being placed horizontally just above the lower level of the water.

Before we left the Ta-lu, the great highway to the capital, the wheelbarrow traffic was enormous. These "machines," with a big wooden wheel placed so near the centre of gravity as to throw the weight of the load as little as possible on the driver's shoulders, carry goods on platforms on either side and behind the wheel, which is solid. One man can propel five hundredweight. Heavy loads have one man to propel and another to drag them. They move in long files, their not altogether unmelodious creak being heard afar off, and the stone road is deeply grooved by their incessant passage.

After two pleasant days' journey we reached Mien-chuh Hsien, a town of 50,000 people, according to the statement of the magistrate's secretary. It is not a handsome town, but it has a beautiful modern bridge over a branch of the Fou, of six stone arches, a fine roof, iron balustrades, and a central roofed tower. It is a busy and prosperous city, with many fine temples and grand moun-

tain views. The production of paper, especially coloured paper, is its specialty, but it also manufactures largely wood and horn combs, indigo, and fine wheaten flour. Much salt is made in the neighbourhood, and in the hills thirty *li* off there are coal mines, producing coal which burns with a clear white flame, and little ash. There, as elsewhere, the missionaries have introduced English articles of utility, which have "caught on" among the Chinese.

A cordial welcome awaited us at the Church Missionary Society's house. The initial stage, as I saw it at Mien-chow, was passed, and we were received into as trim a little home as one could see anywhere, or wish to see. Turning from the street, where the people did not molest even by curiosity, down a narrow alley and through a door, down a passage on one side of which is the guest-hall, we entered a small and very bright compound, cheery with pots of primulas and chrysanthemums, with five small cottage rooms round it, with paper windows, but light, cheerful, and homelike, with simple daintinesses, and a bright coal fire in a quaint corner fire-place. The place is just a few Chinese cottages, formerly used as a gambling den. Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, who have transmogrified it chiefly by their own handiwork, had only lately

been able to rent it owing to the opposition of the mandarins, who can bring many threats and much pressure to bear on persons who would otherwise be willing to lease property to foreigners.

The anti-Christian element everywhere seems a feeble one in the opposition. It is to foreigners, simply as such, that the objection is made, as "child-eaters" pre-eminently; and in Mien-chuh the people said that the missionaries wanted the houses for hellish purposes, and that they would dig under them and make a way to England, and that foreign soldiers would come by it and take their lands, and that they wanted lock-up rooms in which to hide the golden cocks which they dug out of the mountains by night!

I left Mien-chuh with Mrs. Horsburgh on a somewhat unlucky journey, still travelling over the Chengtu Plain in a westerly direction. The time of year for theatricals, which are a great passion with the Chinese, had begun. There is a large temple outside Mien-chuh, with the usual adjunct of a stage, richly decorated, with a massive canopy roof, for the "religious drama." But on this day, being the festival of the god to whom the temple is dedicated, this was supplemented by temporary theatres and booths covering fully half an acre of the temple grounds, and the great court was

crammed with a closely wedged mass of Chinese, and the adjacent grounds and the road were such a crush of people that our chairs could hardly get through. There must have been from twelve to fifteen thousand present.

These plays are got up by the priests, who send the neophytes round with a subscription paper, afterwards pasting the names of the donors, inscribed on red sheets, on the walls of the temple. The priests let the purlieu for the occasion for the sale of refreshments, and also for gambling tables and other evil purposes, and usually make a profit out of what is professedly a religious celebration. When the subscription list has been filled up, the priests engage the best talent that their funds will allow of.

Theatrical companies in China retain their original strolling character, and there are few permanent theatres, the erection of the great sheds, in which several thousand can be accommodated, being a separate branch of the carpenter's trade. A play usually lasts for three days, and the periods for sleeping and eating are wonderfully minimised. Business is suspended in the neighbourhood, and the people act as if the drama were the only thing worth living for. It is not etiquette for women of the upper classes to frequent the theatre, and private theatrical performances are given in rich men's

houses, but women of the lower classes, generally carrying babies, attend in large numbers, and usually sit in the galleries. Lads perform the female parts, with grotesque success, transforming their feet into excellent representations of "golden lilies," and hobbling and tottering to perfection.

I have only been present at two Chinese plays. They interest me greatly, and it is on the stage alone that the gorgeous costumes of brocaded and embroidered silk of former dynasties are to be seen. The scenery is simple and imperfect. The orchestra fills up all pauses vigorously, and strikes a crashing noise at intervals during the play to add energy or fury to the performance. Ghosts or demons appear from a trap-door in the stage. The scenes are not divided by a curtain, and the play proceeds on its lengthened course with only intervals for sleep and eating. The imperfect scenery makes it necessary for the actor to state what part he is performing, and what the person he represents has been doing while off the stage. There are comic actors who have only to appear on the boards to convulse an audience with laughter, and tragic actors who are equally successful in making men (or women) weep. There is no applause in a Chinese theatre. Admiration is expressed by a loud and prolonged sigh, as if indicating that the tension had been too great,

or by an utterance between a sigh and a groan. A crowd absorbed with theatricals is usually peaceable, and the police are always at hand, but in country places a play is apt to assemble the roughs of the neighbourhood, as I learned the next day to my cost.

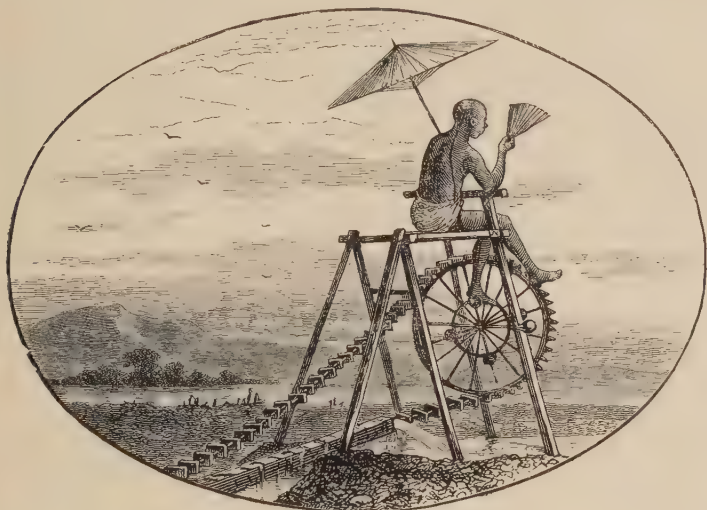
Chinese theatricals are very clever, for without anything which can be called scenery, and without a curtain, and with my own complete ignorance of the language, the actors, by their admirable acting, presented to my mind very distinct stories, in the one case of political intrigue, and in the other of military patriotism and self-sacrifice. The morals of the Chinese stage, so far as the sentiments of the plays are concerned, are said by severe critics to be good; the acting was quite unobjectionable when I was present, but I have understood that it is not invariably so. The earnestness of attention and the delight on a sea of yellow faces at one of these theatrical representations are most interesting.

As we journeyed westwards, the plain became more and more luxuriant, and the aspect of wealth and comfort more pronounced. The great farm-houses are enclosed by high walls, and are shaded by cedars or cypresses, bamboo groves and fruit trees, the latter in early April in all the beauty of

blossom. Groves of superb timber failed to conceal the gold and colour of grand temples. There were water-mills, canalised streams with many branches,—from which everywhere peasants, with fans and umbrellas, were pumping water by the contrivance shown in the illustration on next page,—and rivers with broad winter beds, two of them spanned by very fine roofed bridges, rafters and supports lacquered red, and decorated with tablets in black and red lacquer, bearing the names incised in gold of the public-spirited men who had restored them.

In the afternoon an incident occurred which goes to show that the Chinese need a gospel of civilisation as well as of salvation. The road had left the rich and populous part of the plain, and had reached a broad and completely dry river-bed, full of round water-worn stones, crossed by a long covered bridge leading into the small town of Lo-kia-chan, at which, at the top of the sloping shingle bed of the river, a theatrical performance was proceeding before a crowd of some six thousand people. Mrs. Horsburgh proposed that we should not cross the bridge into the town, but should continue along the river bank opposite to it and cross the bed lower down. My idea usually is, and was then, to take "the bull by the horns," but I deferred to

her long experience, and she went on at some distance in front in a closed chair and in scrupulously accurate Chinese dress, I following in my open chair and in my *olla podrida* costume—Chinese dress, European shoes, and a Japanese hat.



TREADMILL FIELD-PUMP

The crowd caught sight of my open chair, which, being a novelty, was an abomination, and fully two thousand men rushed down one shingle bank and up the other, brandishing sticks and porters' poles, yelling, hooting, crying "Foreign devil," and "Child-eater," telling the bearers to put the chair down. In the distance I saw my runners proving their right to their name. When I afterwards

remonstrated with them, they replied, "What could two men do against two thousand?" but a resource of power lay in the magistrate's letter. Then there were stones thrown, ammunition being handy. Some hit the chair and bearers, and one knocked off my hat. The yells of "Foreign devil," and "Foreign dog," were tremendous. Volleys of stones hailed on the chair, and a big one hit me a severe blow at the back of my ear, knocking me forwards and stunning me.

Be-dien said that I was insensible for "some time," during which a "reason talker" harangued the crowd, saying it had done enough, and if it killed me, though I was only a woman, foreign soldiers would come and burn their houses and destroy their crops, and worse. This sapient reasoning had its effect. When I recovered my senses, the chair was set down in the midst of the crowd, which was still hooting and shouting, but no further violence was offered, and as the bearers carried me on, the crowd gradually thinned. I had a violent pain in my head, and the symptoms of concussion of the brain, and felt a mortifying inclination to cry. The cowards, as usual, attacked from behind.

After three very painful hours, in which I should have been glad to lie down by the roadside, we

reached the great, walled, district city of Peng Hsien, with wide, clean streets, fine shops, temples, and guildhalls, a flagged roadway curved in the centre, and stone sidewalks, and what is regarded as a great curiosity, a lofty pagoda riven in twain, each half standing up perfect. The city, the population of which is officially stated at 28,000, manufactures brass and iron goods, iron being mined in the neighbourhood, and coal not far off.

Here, again, there was a display of rowdyism. "The city ran together," and for half a mile I was the subject of insult, though not of actual violence. The street was nearly impassable from the crowds beating on my chair with sticks, hooting, yelling "Foreign devil," "Foreign dog," "Child-eater," and worse, yelling into my ear, kicking the chair, and spitting. We were carried into a fine inn, which ran very far back, its courtyards ending in a guest-hall, with oranges and lilies in pots in the middle, and a mandarin's room of much pretension beyond.

A masculine crowd filling the courts surged in after us, keeping up a frightful clamour. The inn-keeper put me into the mandarin's room, and begged me not to show myself; and Be-dien went to the *yamen* to make a complaint regarding the outrage at Lo-kia-chan. As soon as he left, the

crowd began to hoot and yell and thump the door. I got up and barricaded it with the heaviest furniture I could drag. Then they got a spade, or wedge, and began to force it open. I deplored my helpless condition—faint, giddy, and with a cracking headache, and an unmannerly crowd of men ready to burst in. The bolt and barricade were on the verge of yielding, when the mandarin's secretary and another official arrived, and at once produced order.

They interviewed Mrs. Horsburgh, who was really able to tell very little, and then I was unearthed, and gave my evidence with a bandaged head and a sense of unutterable confusion in my brain. The mandarin sent an apology for the rudeness in Peng Hsien, but partly excused the people, as they, he said, had never seen an open chair or a foreign hat before. The secretary said that they had sent to arrest the ringleaders of the disturbance at Lo-kia-chan, which I did not believe, but was glad of his courtesy. It was difficult for him to understand that I could be so severely hurt when there was no effusion of blood. Soldiers were posted in the courtyard for the night, and in the morning, besides runners, there were four soldiers at my door, who marched two before and two behind my chair for the day's journey to Kuan



Hsien. I had a very bad night, and felt very ill the next day, with everything wavering before my eyes. I suffered much for a long time from this blow and the brain disturbance which followed, but I will dismiss the unpleasant subject from these pages by saying that I did not get over the effects for a year, and that it was my last experience of violence in China.

Perfect quiet prevailed in the crowded street of Peng Hsien. The Chengtu Plain grew richer and richer, the plumed bamboo and the cedars and *Cupressus funebris* round the great farmhouses grander, and towards afternoon snow-peaks, atmospherically uplifted to a colossal height, appeared above the clouds in the north, with craggy and wooded spurs below them, descending abruptly to the magnificent plain. Everywhere living waters in their musical rush echoed the name of the great man who before the Christian era turned the vast plain into a paradise. There was a covered bridge over a wide rushing river; a dirty, narrow suburban street, a narrow alley, and then a cheerful compound, in which a brown-spotted *Dendrobium* was blooming profusely, shared by three Scotch missionaries of the China Inland Mission, and six of the Church Missionary Society, women predominating.

At the back of the house the clear, sparkling

Min, just released from its long imprisonment in the mountains, sweeps past with a windy rush, and the mountain views are magnificent, specially where the early sun tinges the snow-peaks with pink. Why should I not go on, I asked myself, and see Tibetans, yaks, and aboriginal tribes, rope bridges, and colossal mountains, and break away from the narrow highways and the crowds, and curiosity, and oppressive grooviness of China proper ?





CHAPTER XXVIII

KUAN HSIEN AND CHENG TU

KUAN HSIEN (2347 feet, Gill) is one of the best-placed cities in China, at the north-west corner of the Chengtu Plain, immediately below the mountains which wall it in on the north, and, indeed, scrambling over their spurs just at the fine gorge of the Couching Dragon, from whence the liberated Min bursts in strength to gladden the whole plain. The Mien-chuh road has not a fine entrance into the city—the Chengtu road, which I travelled three times, approaches Kuan under six fine *pai-fangs*, elaborately, and indeed, beautifully, decorated with carvings in high relief in a soft grey sandstone.

Apart from its situation, it is an unattractive town, with narrow, dirty streets, small, lifeless-looking shops, and a tendency to produce on all occasions a dirty crowd, which hangs on to a foreigner, and which on my arrival greeted me with—"Here's another child-eater." It has an outpost air, as if

there were little beyond, and this is partly true. It has a possible population of 22,000. It is not a rich city, and its suburbs do not abound in rich men's houses. But it is distinguished, first for being the starting-point of the oldest and, perhaps, the most important engineering works in China; and secondly, as being a great emporium of the trade with Northern Tibet, which is at its height during the winter, when as many as five hundred Tibetans, with their yaks, are encamped outside its walls. The Tibetans exchange wool, furs, hides, musk, hartshorn, rhubarb, and many other drugs for tea, brass ware, and small quantities of silk and cotton. Tibetan drugs are famous all over China. The Tibetans, as I learned from personal observation in Western Tibet, are enormous tea drinkers. The tea churn is always in requisition, and Tibet takes annually from China 22,000,000 pounds. The wool, which helps largely to pay for the tea, and which is so abominably dirty that fifteen per cent. of it has to be washed away, comes from pasturages from 9000 to 12,000 feet in altitude.

Musk is a most lucrative import. The small deer (*cervus moschus*), of which it is a secretion, is said to roam in large herds over the plains surrounding the Koko Nor. A single deer only produces a third of an ounce, and it sells for eighteen

times its weight in silver at Chung-king, and is largely smuggled. Chengtu reeks with its intensely pungent odour. Rhubarb, the best quality of which grows not lower than nine thousand feet, is also a very valuable import, and other drugs are estimated at £95,000 annually, and are quintupled in value before they reach the central and eastern provinces. Aconite, a root largely used for poisoning in Western Tibet, is imported into China as a medicine, singular to say, criminal poisoning being very little known. Deer horns in the velvet, for medicinal uses, are also largely imported.

Much of the trade is done at Matang, in the mountains, a savage hamlet which I afterwards visited, in the month of August; and very much more comes down from Sung-pan-ting, about 570 *li* to the north of Kuan, where it is chiefly in the hands of Mohammedan merchants, who act as go-betweens. Wool brought from Sung-pan to Chung-king has to pass six *likin* barriers; so I understood from Mr. Grainger, of the China Inland Mission at Kuan Hsien, to whom I am much indebted for carefully gathered information on this and other local points of interest.

The glory of Kuan is the temple in honour of Li Ping, a prefect in the aboriginal kingdom of Shu, the ancient SZE CHUAN, the great engineer, and

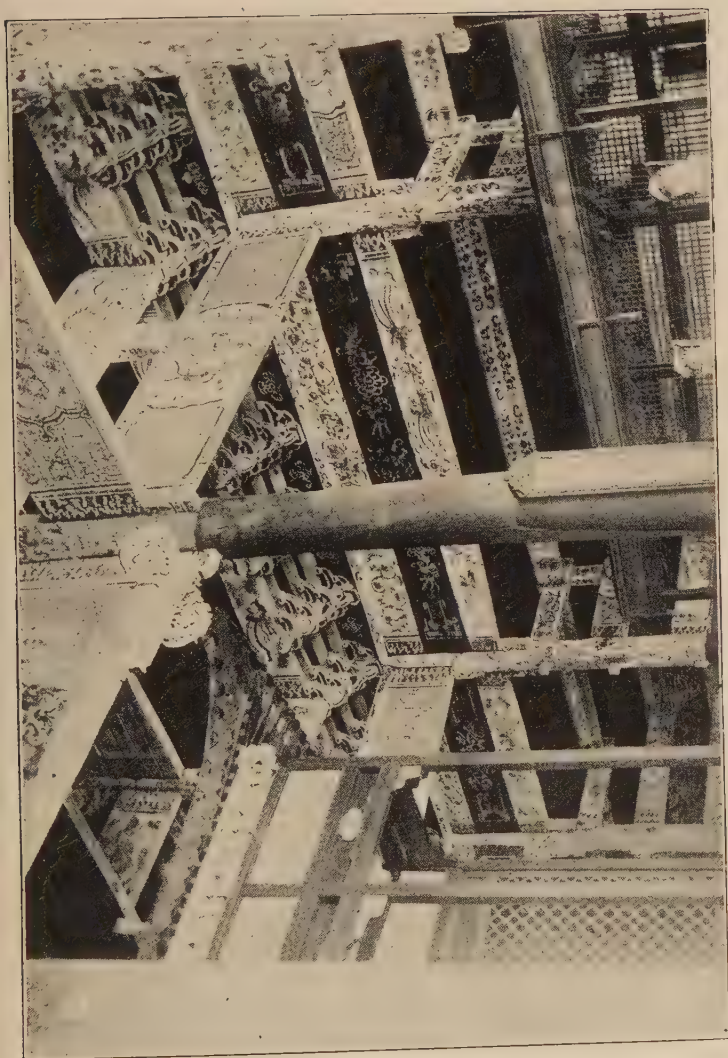
his son, whose work has redeemed the noble plain of Chengtu from drought and flood for two thousand years. Just above Kuan Hsien there is a romantic gorge with lofty grey cliffs, down which one branch of the Min, a cold, crystal stream, rushes wildly; but still, rafts and boats, carrying lime and coal from above, make the passage, often to their own destruction. On the right bank, high on the cliff, is a picturesque temple in a romantic situation, with a beautiful roof of glazed, green tiles, erected in honour of Li Ping or his son, whose name has been so completely lost out of history that he is known only as "The Second Gentleman."

Above this perilous gorge the Min is about two hundred yards wide, with more or less mountainous banks heavily wooded, and at the point where the Tibetan road crosses it, on a very fine bamboo suspension bridge about two hundred paces long, the grandest temple in China stands, on a wooded height finely terraced, and adorned with stately lines of cryptomeria and other exotic trees, one teak-tree in a courtyard being eighteen feet in circumference. These noble shrines, with their fine courtyards and the exquisitely beautiful pavilions and minarets which climb the cliff behind the temple, and are lost among the cryptomerias of the summit, are the most beautiful group of buildings

that I saw in the Far East, combining the grace and decorative witchery of the shrines of the Japanese Shoguns at Nikko, with a grandeur and stateliness of their own.

This noble temple is scrupulously clean and in perfect repair. Magnificent objects of art, as well as tanks surrounded with exotic ferns, decorate its courtyards; living waters descend from the hill through the mouths of serpents carved in stone; noble flights of stone steps lead to the grand entrance and from terrace to terrace; thirty Taoist priests keep lamps and incense ever burning before the shrines; an Imperial envoy from Peking visits the temple every year with gifts; and tens of thousands of pilgrims, from every part of the plain and beyond, bring their offerings and homage to these altars.

The temple left on my memory an impression of beauty and majesty, which nature and art have combined to produce. Outside, glorious trees in whose dense leafage the lesser architectural beauties lose themselves, gurgling waters, flowering shrubs with heavy odours floating on the damp, still air, elaborately carved pinnacles and figures on the roofs, even the screens in front of the doors decorated with elaborate tracery; while the beauty of the interior is past description: columns of



ROOF OF ERH-WANG TEMPLE

highly polished black lacquer, a roof, a perfect marvel of carving and lacquer, all available space occupied with honorary tablets, the gifts of past viceroys, while the shrines are literally ablaze with gorgeously coloured lacquer and painting, and the banners presented by the emperors wave in front. The galleries facing the effigies of the great engineer and his son are carved most delicately with lacquered fretwork; and on pillars, galleries, and everywhere, where space admits of its decorative use, is Li Ping's motto incised or inscribed in gold, "*Shen tao t'an ti tso yen*"—"Dig the bed deep, keep the banks low."

Although there is a shrine to Li Ping in this splendid "Erh-Wang" temple, it was possibly erected in honour of "The Second Gentleman," the temple to the father being (believed by Mr. Grainger) the more recent erection above the gorge of the Couching Dragon. Every Chinese emperor, from the Tsin dynasty, 246 B.C., downwards, has conferred the posthumous title of *Wang*, or Prince, upon Li Ping and his son. A stone tablet in one of the temples records the story, which I learn from Mr. Grainger, who has translated the inscription.

The Chengtu Plain, which these deservedly honoured engineers may be said to have created, is the

richest plain in China, and possibly in the world. It may be about one hundred miles by seventy or eighty, with an area of about twenty-five hundred



OIL BASKETS AND WOODEN PURSE

square miles. It produces three, and even four, crops a year. Its chief products are rice, silk, opium, tobacco, sugar, sweet potatoes, indigo, the paper mulberry, rape and other oils, maize, and

cotton, along with roots and fruits of all kinds, both musk- and water-melons being produced in fabulous quantities. From any height the plain looks like a forest of fruit trees, while clumps of cypress, cedar, and bamboo denote the whereabouts of the great temples and fine farmhouses, with which it is studded.

It has an estimated population of 4,000,000, and is sprinkled with cities, and flourishing marts, and large villages, Chengtu, the capital, having at least 400,000 people. Along the main roads the population may be said to constitute a prolonged village. The abundance of water power produces any number of flour and oil mills, the plain is intersected in all directions with roads which are thronged with traffic, and boats can reach the Yangtze from Kuan Hsien, Chengtu, and Chiang Kou.

Oranges reappear in splendid groves, mixed up with the vivid foliage of the persimmon ; mulberry trees are allowed to grow to their full height and amplitude ; spinning and weaving are going on everywhere ; the soil, absolutely destitute of weeds, looks as if it were cultivated with trowels and rakes, "tilled," as Emerson felicitously said of England, "with a pencil instead of a plough." There are frequent small temples, or rather shrines, to the God of the Soil, of solid masonry, the image being



BARROW TRAFFIC, CHENG TU PLAIN

enclosed by open fretwork, in front of which the incense sticks smoulder ceaselessly, the long-drawn creak of the wheelbarrow is never silent during the daylight hours, agricultural energy and activity prevail, and the plain is a singular and, perhaps, unrivalled picture of rustic peace and security.

This population of four millions depends not only for its prosperity, but for its existence, on the irrigation works of Li Ping and "The Second Gentleman," carried out long before the Christian era. Without these, as has been truly said, "the east and west of the plain would be a marsh, and the north a waterless desert," and this great area with its boundless fertility and wealth, and its immunity from drought and flood for two thousand years, is the monument to the engineering genius of these two men, whose motto, "*Dig the bed deep, keep the banks low,*" had it been applied universally to rivers of insubordinate habits, would have saved the world from much desolation and loss.

With a faithfulness rare in China, Li Ping's motto has been carried out for twenty-one centuries. The stone-bunded dykes are kept low and in repair, and in March the bed of the artificial Min, created by Li Ping by cutting a gorge a hundred feet deep through the hard rock of the cliff above Kuan Hsien, and which has been closed by a

barrier since the previous November, with its subsidiary channels, is carefully dug out, till the workmen reach two iron cylinders, sunk in the bed of the stream, which mark its proper level. The silt of the year, which is from five to six feet thick, is then removed. The whole plain contributes to this expensive work, and a high official, the *Shui Li Fu*, or "Prefect of the Waterways," is responsible for it.

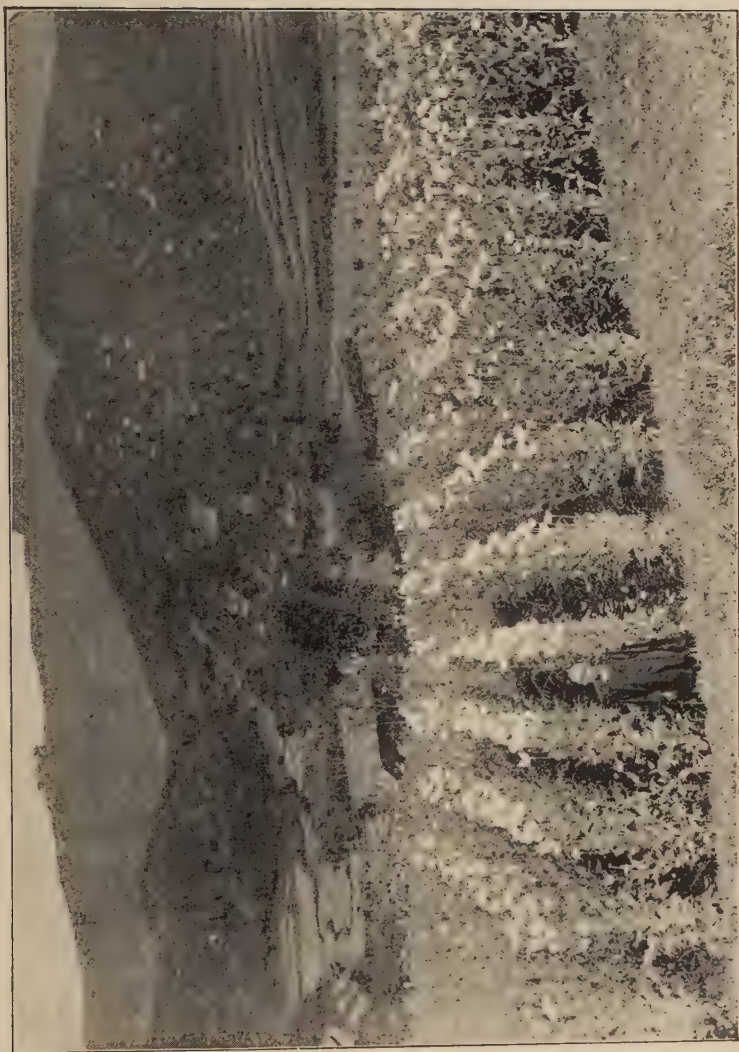
In late March, or early April, there is a grand ceremony, sometimes attended by the Viceroy, when the winter dam is cut, and the strong torrent of the Min, seized upon by human skill, is divided and subdivided, twisted, curbed by dams and stone revetments, and is sent into innumerable canals and streams, till, aided by a fall of twelve feet to the mile, there is not a field which has not a continual supply, or an acre of the Chengtu Plain in which the musical gurgle of the bright waters of the Tibetan uplands is not heard—waters so abundant that though drought may exist all round, this vast oasis remains a paradise of fertility and beauty.

At Kuan Hsien, where I spent some little time recovering from the assault at Lo-kia-chan, and in projecting a further journey, the feeling of the people towards foreigners was definitely hostile.

It had been originally opened to Christian teaching by a lady, who, after living alone there for a considerable time (but that was before "the riots," the modern landmark in SZE CHUAN history), left for England during my visit, much regretted; but since the riots "the Jesus religion" had made very slow progress. Slanders against the missionaries were circulated and believed, and the special one that they stole and ate infants, or used their eyes and hearts for medicines, was disagreeably current in Kuan Hsien.

The foreign ladies, four of whom had been hidden for eleven weeks of the hottest part of the previous summer, during the disturbances, in a room without a window, were very nervous, as was natural, starting when shouting was heard, not knowing what it might mean, and even those men who were hampered by wives and young families, at times looked anxious. No one who has heard the howling of a Chinese mob can forget it—it seems to come up direct from the bottomless pit! One of these young wives, during the disturbances, escaped through a window with her three infants to a ledge above the river while her husband kept the mob at bay.

So when I left for Sin-tu Hsien and Chengtu I escorted a lady whose nerves had received such a



shock in the riots that she was afraid to travel alone. My escort was of little value, for the people of the villages were lavish of their infamous epithets, pulled away the blinds of her chair, pulled out her hair-pins and terrified her, while I was ignored.

It was a very long day, and when we reached Sing-fang Hsien, a busy town, long after dark, we had a pilgrimage from inn to inn, finding them all full, and the people hooted us all along the street till we found refuge in a hostel by no means "first-class." The heat had set in fiercely, and the mercury was 83° in the shade. The following day, after a short journey in intense heat over the glorious and busy plain, we reached the house of Mr. Callum of the Church Missionary Society, at Sin-tu Hsien, a thriving town of about 15,000 people, with a pleasant promenade on its walls, and a very fine temple just outside them. The industry of this town, as of Kuan Hsien, is chiefly the making of straw sandals.

The third day's journey with Mr. and Mrs. Callum was still over the glorious plain, which became yet richer and more densely populated as we neared Chengtu, the restaurants, always crowded with coolies and travellers, almost lining the road, and the wheelbarrows making a nearly ceaseless procession.

If one could disabuse oneself of the belief that opium is the curse of China and is likely to sap the persistent vitality of the race, there could have been nothing but unstinted admiration for the wonderful beauty of the crop in blossom, as I saw it in its



THE WHITE OPIUM POPPY

glory on that sunny April day on the Chengtu Plain, which in some places seemed to have no *raison d'être* but its growth. The season had been without a drawback, and every leaf and flower had attained to its full maturity of loveliness. The blossoms were white—white fringed with rose-pink, white with white fringes, ruby-red, carmine, dark

purple, pale mauve, and rose-pink. Waves of colour on slope and plain rolled before the breeze. Houses were almost submerged by the coloured billows. Far and near, along roads and streams, round stately temples and prosperous farmhouses, rippled and surged these millions of corollas, in all the glory of their brief and passionate existence—the April pulse of Nature throbbing through them most vigorously—the poppy truly in the ascendant.

There is a remarkably fine stone bridge on that route to Chengtu, with dragons surmounting each pier, and very emphatic abutments. I had heard very much of Chengtu as being among the finest cities, “a second Peking,” etc. On entering it by the west gate, and the gates are very imposing, green glades lead into the Tartar quarter, a region of large, walled gardens, well wooded, and good-sized houses, frequently much decayed. In a street of shops several of the signs are written in Manchu. In this quarter it was refreshing to see the tall, healthy-looking women with “big feet,” long outer garments, and roses in their hair, as in Manchuria, standing at their doorways talking to their friends, both male and female, with something of the ease and freedom of Englishwomen.

It was some distance along wide cleanly streets

and through charming "residential suburbs," as I must call them, though they are within the walls, to the "palatial residence" in which the members of the China Inland Mission have been quartered by the Viceroy at a low rent since the absolutely complete destruction of the mission premises in the riots, a destruction which was also complete in the case of the houses and hospitals of the various other missions, even the bricks of which the buildings were constructed being carried away. This house, in which I was most hospitably received, had been assigned by the Government to the American Commission which came from Peking to assess the losses incurred by their "nationals," and there was glass in the windows and matting on the floors, and dainty muslin blinds and curtains everywhere.

There is a large Romish mission, and American and Canadian missions besides the China Inland Mission, the Protestant missionaries living and working in much harmony, though in some respects, chiefly externals, on differing lines. Things had never settled down comfortably since the riots, and the official class at least was much embittered by the enormous damages claimed and obtained by the Roman mission. Stories of child-eating were current, and I am sure that the people

believe that it is practised by the missionaries, for in going through Chengtu on later occasions I observed that when we foreigners entered one of the poorer streets many of the people picked up their infants and hurried with them into the houses ; also there were children with red crosses on green patches stitched on the back of their clothing, this precaution being taken in the belief that foreigners respect the cross too much to do any harm to children wearing the emblem.

I see little or no resemblance to Peking in Chengtu. Without emphasising the other essential points of difference, Chengtu is neat and clean, and a comparison of its odours with those of Peking is impossible, for those of musk overpower all else ! Indeed, along with the tea, silk, opium, and cotton, which it imports from the rest of the province, its great trade is in the numerous wild products of Tibet—rhubarb, drugs, furs, and above all, musk.

It is a very prepossessing city ; and its noble wall in admirable repair, the successor of one built in the third century B.C., is about fourteen miles in circuit, sixty-six feet broad at the base, forty at the top, and thirty-five feet high, while what may be regarded as a somewhat formidable “earthwork” —an inner embankment almost the width of the



THE AUTHOR IN MANCHU DRESS

wall—supports it along almost its whole circuit. This structure, the top of which is a superb promenade, is faced with hard and very fine brick, and has eight bastions, which are pierced by four fine gates, rigorously guarded, for the purpose of exacting the native customs and *likin*, which are very hard on foreign imports.

A stream, banked by stone revetments, runs through Chengtu from east to west, frequently bridged, and in one place spanned by three stone bridges, each of a single arch, close together. There are many moats and broad pieces of water, and the main river, about a hundred yards wide, is crossed by many bridges, one of them roofed, and lined on both sides by the stalls of hucksters; but the great stone bridge, half a mile long, with “a richly painted roof supported on marble pillars,” described by Marco Polo, has ceased to exist! Canals and streams abound, and are crowded with shipping of small size, chiefly plying to Chung-king and the ports west of it, cargo and passage junks, and *wupans* with hooped bamboo roofs, in one of which I afterwards made the downward passage, and *sampans*. The waters were very low, and the craft much jammed together.

The city has wide, well-paved streets, crossing each other at right angles, and the handsome shops

make far more display than is usual in China, the jewellers' shops especially, with their fine work in filigree silver, and even rich silk brocades are seen gleaming in the shadow in the handsome silk shops, as well as *pongees*, both of local manufacture, and costly furs, and the snowy Tibetan lambskin can be seen from the streets exposed for sale. Within, respectable, richly-dressed shopkeepers await customers, and serve them with due dignity, but make no attempt to ensnare them. Farther back, in the obscurity, is the representation on a large scale, frequently taking up the whole end of the shop, of *Dzai-zen-pusa*, the God of Wealth, the Japanese *Daikoku*, and the British Mammon, with an altar and incense before him. To him, as the "luck of the shop," the merchant, his apprentices, and all his *employés* must offer worship morning and evening, and no cult is so universal.

Chengtu has many scent shops, and most articles of Chinese manufacture are exposed at the shop fronts, but there was a very small display of foreign goods.

The strange, wild figures of the trading Tibetans in the streets, the splendour of the trains of officials and *literati*, who ride horses almost concealed by expensive trappings, or are carried at a rapid run in carved and gilded sedans, with poles bent up

high in the middle so as to raise the magnate above the heads of the plebeian herd, and the air of prosperous business which pervades the streets, are all noteworthy. It is a city which owes absolutely nothing to European influence. The commercial arrangements by which its business arrangements are run, its posts, banks, and systems of transferring money are all solely Chinese. There, without difficulty, I cashed the draft I brought from a Chinese merchant at Hankow. Chengtu owes nothing to Europe, except a grudge for the excessive indemnity she has had to pay for indulging in the luxury of riots.

The Viceroy, or Governor-General, is a very important official, and lives in great state, with a large military force at his disposal, as befits a man who represents Imperial power in a province as large as France and more populous, and who coerces or administers all Tibetan countries, and the wild borderland which I afterwards visited, which is neither Chinese nor Tibetan—and even the decennial tribute mission from distant Nepaul is allowed or forbidden to go on to Peking much at the Viceroy's pleasure. A request was made to this great man for a letter which would further my journey, and it was promised by a fixed time, but I never got it.

The crowded, busy streets of Chengtu fringe off into truly charming intra-mural suburbs, green and quiet, where deep gateways admit into beautiful gardens bright with flowers and shady with orange and other fruit trees. There are tanks full of water-plants brightened by the gleam of goldfish; the cool drip of falling water is heard; trellis-work, green with creepers or bright with the blossoms of scarlet-runners, shades the pathway; the scent of tea-roses floats on the sunny air; and all these groups of pleasant residences tell of affluent ease and the security in which it is enjoyed.

The view from the city wall of the plain, with its beauty and fertility, with suggestions of snow-peaks far away, is very striking. Some of the temples are very fine, especially the Wen-shu-yuan (literary college), situated near the north gate.¹

This grand building, dating at the latest from the thirteenth century (A.D.), has been rebuilt by several dynasties, and has gone on increasing in wealth and magnificence till its priests and monks are justly proud of its splendours, of which the severe heat, even in the green shades of its grandly timbered surroundings, on the day of my visit

¹ A detailed description of this building is given by Captain Gill in *The River of Golden Sand*, vol. ii., p. 13. Chengtu has been often visited, and two or three times described by English travellers, so that I consider myself exonerated from giving more than mere notes of my impressions of it.

prevented me from seeing more than a half. They may be proud of its exquisite cleanliness, too. By the time I reached Chengtu I had come to think that Chinese temples are much maligned on this score, but certainly the Wen-shu-yuan and the "Prince's Temple" above Kuan Hsien excel them all in this virtue, which is said to approach so closely to godliness. All the more remarkable is it here, because the temple is a "theological college" as well as a monastery, a large number of students for the priesthood bringing up the number of the inmates to one hundred and fifty.

All the interstices between the smooth and well-laid flagstones of the courtyards are kept clean and free from grass; stonework, woodwork, gilding, paint and lacquer are all in perfect repair, and the fine roof is kept from the injuries caused by sparrows by a man who walks about the court with a cross-bow. The refectory opening from the court, with twenty-five tables set with tea, vegetables, and rice bowls for six each, for the vegetarian community, is as clean as all the rest; the wooden tables, chopsticks, and bowls all having that attractive look of well-scrubbed wood which we associate with an old-fashioned English farmhouse.

It is not possible to say whether the course of study and devotion prescribed for both priests and



DIVINITY IN WEN-SHU-YUAN TEMPLE, CHENG TU

students produces equal purity of soul. In the Chapel of Meditations, resembling those which I saw in the monasteries of Western Tibet, both orders must spend some hours of every day in front of the Buddhist images, striving by all means known to them to reach a state of holy ecstasy, in which they are blind to all impressions from the seen. It may be possible that the prolonged watching of the curling and ascending clouds of incense produces a condition approaching hypnotism.

Severe guest-rooms, furnished according to the most rigid Chinese etiquette, chapels, some filled with costly gifts and curiosities, or with tablets to munificent donors, resplendent in gold on black lacquer, libraries of the religious classics, and picture galleries containing portraits of the deceased abbots, vestries for vestments, and dormitories occupy this fine pile of buildings. In the entrance portico, the idol photographed as an illustration recalled me to the fact that China is a stronghold of idolatry. On the other side the divinity looks like a douce, respectable English squire of the days of George III.





CHAPTER XXIX

KUAN HSIEN TO SIN-WEN-PING

BEFORE I left Kuan for Chengtu I had decided on extending my journey up the Siao Ho, a western branch of the Min, on which the mountain town of Li-fan Ting is situated, into the mountainous borderland which lies between China proper and Tibet, the country of some of the reputed aboriginal tribes which concurrent rumour said were under the rule of a woman. At Kuan and Chengtu no information could be got regarding the country west of Li-fan, except that Tibetans trading to Kuan said that "everything could be got at Somo," which appeared to be the residence of the ruler. As there was little use in undertaking such a journey without a more efficient interpreter than Be-dien, Mr. Horsburgh kindly suggested that Mr. Kay, a lay member of the Church Missionary Society, who has a considerable knowledge of colloquial Chinese, should accompany me. I had a hazy intention if things went well of attempting to

get down to Ta-lien-lu by the Chin-chuan and Tatu River, returning to the Yangtze by Ya-chow and Chia-ling Fu, but the season was late for this.

When I went to Chengtu I left my travelling arrangements to be made in my absence, simply indicating what they were to be, and that they were to be in writing. A favourite axiom of mine is the late General Gordon's saying, "I am my own best servant," and as a general rule I attend to the smallest details of a journey in advance myself, down to every strap, buckle, and horseshoe. On this occasion the suffering following the blow on my head and my journey to the capital had induced me to trust to others, who, however kind, were without travelling experience; and on returning I found that the travelling arrangement was the exact opposite of the one I had indicated, and that, instead of the coolies having been engaged from a *hong* with a written agreement, a servant had been allowed to make up a family party on indefinite lines!

Two days of hot, heavy rain delayed the start, and gave ample opportunity for the exercise of those innumerable acts of thoughtful kindness which these small, isolated communities delight in showing to strangers, and which can never be forgotten. There were two disagreeables. Be-dien



ENTRANCE TO GROUNDS OF CITY TEMPLE, KUAN HSIEN

had been in a shocking sulky fit for two days, and would not answer any one who spoke to him ; and instead of the promised letter from the Viceroy came an indignant note from Mr. Vale, of Chengtu, saying that at the last moment it had been refused.

On the third day the rain became a quiet down-pour, tailing off at midday into a misty drizzle which continued ; and as further waiting was undesirable, I started in my three-bearer chair, with five porters, two *chai-jen*, Mr. Kay, his servant, and Bedien. As my European clothing had fallen to pieces, I was dressed as a Chinese and wore straw shoes. My baggage was all waterproof, and instead of oblong Japanese baskets and bundles protected by oiled paper, I had two deep, square bamboo baskets as better fitted for the mountains, and no loose packages but my camera. Unfortunately, as preventing accurate observations, a year before I had sent home the instruments lent to me by the Royal Geographical Society ; a pony had rolled on my hypsometer, and an aneroid barometer kindly lent to me was not reliable, and I had no means of ascertaining the amount of its unreliability before I left China.

The beautiful gorge outside the city and the grand Prince's Temple were drowned in mist, out of which heavy odours of gardenia drifted. All

the vegetation, under the genial influences of heat and moisture, was in full beauty, and there, as everywhere, vigorous plants of the Japanese anemone bordered the road. The climbing roses were in blossom, and, weighted with moisture, hung almost down to our heads. Rocks were matted over with the *Hymenophyllum wilsonianum*, as thick as the fleece of a sheep, and the hare's-foot fern began to make its appearance along with the familiar *Polypodium vulgare*.

We left Kuan by the west gate, near a very fine temple, to which the picturesque mass of lacquered pillars and roofs in the illustration is only the outer entrance. Passing above the divided waters of the Min and Li Ping's simple contrivances for preserving the banks, which consist far more frequently of long cylindrical baskets of bamboo network containing stones as big as a man's head than stone revetments, we crossed the Min by a very fine bamboo suspension bridge, which scarcely vibrated more under our tread than did the old Menai bridge under a carriage.

These bamboo bridges are a feature of the Upper Min, and are remarkably graceful, especially when thrown across at a considerable height. In the better class there is a covered bridge-house at each side and stone piers. Six bamboo ropes each as

thick as a man's arm are stretched very tightly across the river by strong windlasses firmly bedded, which are used for re-tightening the ropes as they "give." These ropes are kept apart by battens of wood laced vertically in and out. The plank roadway is laid across the lower of the ropes, and follows their curve, which, owing to the use of the windlasses for tightening up, is not great. These bridges are renewed always once, and sometimes twice, a year, an operation taking two days and under. Owing to the extreme width of the river at the Kuan bridge, there are three or four spans with stone piers. Usually these suspension bridges are carried right across. The roadway is sometimes trying to the nerves, for planks tip up, or tip down, or disappear altogether, or show remarkable vivacity when the foot is placed upon them, and many a gaping hiatus, trying to any but the steadiest head, reveals the foam and fury below.

The road follows the river at a height and dives into the mountains, which are at first of sandstone, with curious strata running up at right angles to the valley, and then of limestone. The valley is populous, smoky, and trafficky. Lime-kilns abound, and a considerable population is employed in working the coal seams, which occur chiefly in the sandstone ; while hundreds of coolies, carrying

both coal and lime, were moving towards Kuan, and many more were loading vessels and rafts, which, if they escape the risks of the gorge below, can reach Lu-chow on the Yangtze.

At the end of nine miles, turning by a short cut up a romantic tributary of the Min, through a gorge of entrancing beauty, where forest trees and flowering shrubs were linked by an entanglement of flowering trailers, crossing a river by a covered bridge, we arrived at Fu-ki, where there was a quiet, pleasant inn, one of several of the same character on this route, where, instead of evil odours, the scent of syringa from the hill behind entered my room. It was very quiet and peaceful. There was no crowding or boring holes in the plaster, the river hummed monotonously below, the mercury was under 60°, and altogether it was a delightful change from the crowding, curiosity, noise, and blazing heat of the Chengtu Plain.

Again the next day we started in a steady downpour, which ceased at the top of the very pretty temple-crowned pass, over four thousand feet in altitude, of Niang-tze-ling, after which it was fine and cool. The road drops down from the pass to the deep canyon of the Min, which bifurcates at Weichou, and the river and mountain scenery become increasingly stupendous, reminding me

greatly of the road from Kashmir to Tibet after it reaches the Indus. Two fine bamboo suspension bridges near the foot of the pass, others higher up, and a number of rope bridges of Tibetan pattern give both easy and difficult access to the other side. There was a decided Tibetan influence in the air, which I welcomed cordially. Red lamas passed us on pilgrimage to Omi Shan, and numbers of muleteers in sheepskins and rough woollen garb, their animals laden with Tibetan drugs, and, better than these, some "hairy cows" (yaks), which had not yet lost the free air of their mountain pastures, and executed many rampageous freaks on the narrow bridle path. Lamas and muleteers were all frank and friendly, asked where we were going, how long we had been on the road, enlightened us on their own movements, and cheerily wished us a good journey. Most of the mules had one or more prayer-flags standing up on their loads, for the Tibetans are one of the most externally religious peoples on earth.

The Min¹ from the pass of Niang-tze-ling assumes the character which it retains more or less to the source of the Siao Ho or lesser branch. It

¹ The fall of the Min between its bifurcation at Weichou and Kuan Hsien, taking the altitudes of these two towns as the basis of the calculation and the Chinese *li* at its average length, is twenty-seven feet to the mile, but from Weichou to Li-fan Ting it is no less than forty-five feet to the mile.

is a fine, peacock-green river ; then, though at low water, of considerable volume, booming, crashing, and foaming through canyons and gorges in a series of cataracts, hemmed in by cliffs and mountains so precipitous as rarely to leave level ground enough for a barley patch.

The bridle track, a very good one on the whole, though there are some shelving rock slithers, has been cut, not blasted, in the rock, at times on steep declivities and at times on precipices, and follows the up and down left bank of the Min ascents and descents at a height with great fidelity. It is not broad enough for a loaded mule to pass a chair, and the sight of a caravan in the distance always caused much agitation and yelling, the Tibetan muleteers invariably drawing off on the first margin they could find, and greeting us with courtesies and good wishes as we passed them. I envied them the altitudes and freedom to which they would return from the cramping grooviness of China.

Now and then the road is scaffolded, or steps are cut in the rock, or it passes under an arch of rock, or a bridge carries it across a lateral chasm down which a crystal torrent dashes, after turning two, three, or four rude mills placed in dizzy positions one above another. It is so severe that we only

did thirteen miles in nine hours, and I saw plainly, what I had suspected from the first, that one of the scratch team of bearers was not up to his work.

The whole of the first fortnight's journey was along the deep, wild gorge of the greater or lesser Min. It differs widely from ordinary Chinese travelling, and has a strong resemblance to the wild gorges of the Yangtze. The mountains rise from the river to a height of over 3000 feet. Ghastly snow-cones look over them, their slopes, always steep, often break up into cliffs 400 or 500 feet high ; the river has often not a yard of margin, and hurries along, crashing and booming, a thing of purposeless power and fury, which has never been tamed of mankind, its sea-green colouring a thing of beauty, and its crests and stretches of foam white as the snows which give it birth.

These mountain-sides, as far as Weichou, are completely covered with greenery, dwarf ashes, oaks, chestnuts, and beeches, big enough for use by the charcoal-burners. Coarse grasses, thistles, yellow roses, a very pretty yellow cistus, bryony, brambles, yellow jasmines, and flowering creepers in abundance, all dwarf, with the barberry in blossom, covered the stony, broken hillsides. Three species of warm-scented artemisia and fuzzy brown balls of uncurling fronds of ferns were expanding in the

crevices of the rocks, and the rocks themselves were often tinged rose-pink with the early leaves and delicate clasping fingers of Veitch's *Ampelopsis*.

It was a clear escape from the crowds of China. The traffic on the road was mostly Tibetan. There



DOUBLE-ROOFED BRIDGE

is little room for crops ; an occasional patch among the rocks near the river, and small fields, then growing rape, and later starved barley, terraced great heights, where the mountain slope is less steep than usual. Small as the population is, it does not grow enough for its wants, so many of the men hunt the deer and wild boars on the

mountains and sell the carcasses in Kuan in the winter, and others trap the fur-bearing animals, which appear to be an inferior sable and marten.

There are a few hamlets on the road, which subsist chiefly by supplying the needs of travellers, but the restaurant was usually hidden away, and made no display on the "street." Rice is scarce and not always attainable, and wherever we halted, instead of the appetising displays of ready-cooked viands which tempt the coolie appetite, there was rarely even a fire, and it was always an hour before anything was cooked. The inns, though much better than any I had been accustomed to, and often built of new boards, do not provide any fire in the mornings unless by special arrangement, and till this was understood I started without tea. Their stock of food was soon exhausted, even at the larger villages where we halted for the night, and the descent upon them of twelve hungry persons was manifestly unwelcome. Some of the hamlets are built at great heights, and are accessible by rugged paths and steps cut in the rock. The people are hardy, rough, and fairly friendly. The Chinese are, to my thinking, men of plains and rivers and slimy paths—a rice-eating people, associating with the water buffalo. Here they are abruptly metamorphosed into hardy mountaineers, hunters,

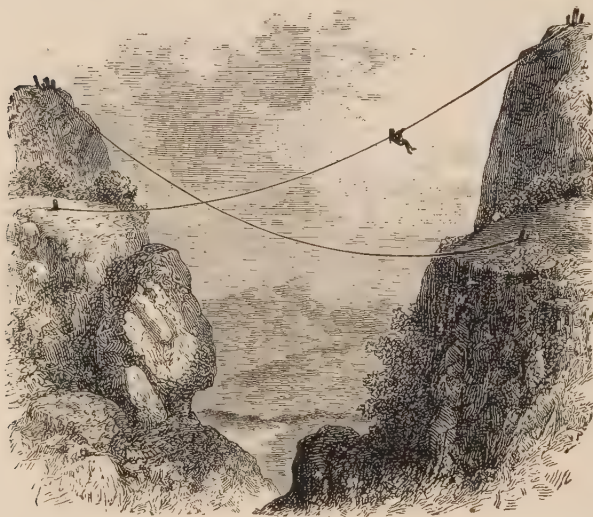
maize and millet fed. Even the women, though still binding the feet, are independent in their air and movements, and perform feats in crossing rivers. The country is a cross between China and Tibet. However, there are no temples, and few shrines or other signs of religion.

Fully one-third of the population is on the west side of the Min, cut off from the high road with its business and gaieties by a furious torrent, and in most cases too poor to construct bamboo suspension bridges. Their strong nerves enable them to get over the difficulty. I know of no sight in China which fascinated me so much as their rope bridges, which we met with on the second day, and which occur sometimes at frequent intervals, as far as Weichou, from which point I saw no more of them.

The mountaineers stretch a plaited bamboo cable at a great height across the gorge, tighten it as well as they can, and secure each end round a round stone or a convenient rock. Sometimes a shed is built over the terminus and a shrine close by. Every mountaineer provides himself with two semi-cylinders of hard wood, often hinged, about a foot long. With perfect *sang-froid* he places these on the cable, and binds them together with a rope. As if it were the most natural thing in

the world, he proceeds to suspend himself from the cylinder by ropes passed under his knees, his waist, and the back of his neck ; some dispensing with the last.

He is then hanging under the rope, and, gripping



TIBETAN ROPE BRIDGE

it fast by the slide, he gives the solid earth a shove and casts off. No matter how tightly a long rope is strained, it must still “sag” considerably in the middle, and down the passenger rushes at tremendous speed, head foremost, down hill across the chasm, with an impetus which sends him a little way up the other slope. Then, letting go the cylinder, he puts his hands on the rope above his

head, and hauls himself up hand over hand, slowly and laboriously. When he reaches land he detaches the cylinder, packs it and the rope into his basket, shoulders his burden—and both men and women continually carry small sacks or bundles of wood across—bows at the shrine, and goes his way.

I saw a woman cross carrying a load on each side. It took her ten minutes to ascend from the middle of the rope, which must have been ninety feet above the torrent, to land. Her face was purple with the effort, and her hands must have been pretty sore, for she spit upon them several times during the crossing. Even children are trusted to these arrangements, which need considerably more nerve than the *Jhulas* of the Himalayas. In some places to minimise the difficulty there are two rope bridges, each descending from a high to a low level.

It is only occasionally at the mouth of one of the grand lateral gorges which open on the valley that there are any trees, and then they are very fine, especially walnuts and the exotic *Zelkova*, and the *Salisburia adiantifolia*, with a few sturdy conifers, and the villages are surrounded by peaches, apricots, and the Japanese *loquat* (*Eriobotrya japonica*).

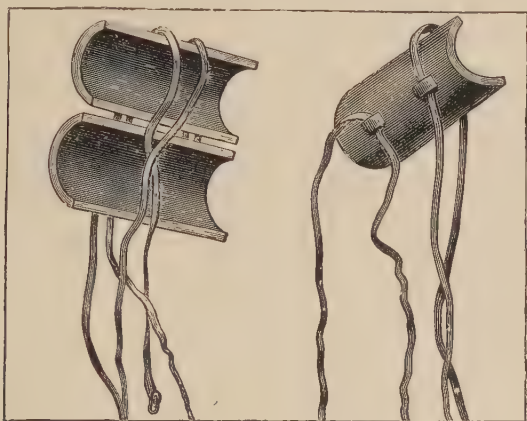
It was a delightful day's journey to Sin-wen-ping,

and the keen mountain air and the novelty and freedom were full of zest. Solitary grandeur, the deafening din of the Min, the green crystal affluents which descend upon it down glorious gorges, the precipices rising a thousand feet from the water, the abrupt turns where progress seems blocked, and each mountain barrier is grander and loftier than the last, and then the majesty of the day's journey culminates at a mountain village with a fine suspension bridge, beyond which the road looks only a thread along the side of a precipice.

When the bearers reached Sin-wen-ping they said they would go no farther, for there was a "big wind" farther on, which would blow the chair into the river, and the porters said they could not carry the loads against it. Then it came out that Be-dien had left behind the lanterns which I bought a few days before; so the men carried their point of making a day of thirteen miles. Again I urged that the agreement with them should be put in writing; but it was not done, and I found later that it was on quite different lines from those I had laid down. I saw grave difficulties ahead, and should have been glad to ride and be rid of the men, but I had left my saddle in Korea.

It was very cold in the inn, only half my room

being roofed, and the mercury, which was 83° on the Chengtu Plain, was only 40° . It was invigorating and delicious. The people, too, were very friendly, and did not manifest their curiosity rudely. A runner arrived from the capital with



HAND SLIDES FOR TIBETAN ROPE BRIDGE

a big official envelope addressed to me, containing letters with the Viceroy's seal; but as they were addressed to the mandarins of Pi Hsien, where I did not halt, and Kuan Hsien, which I had left, and made no reference to the regions beyond, they did not promise to be useful. On the *yamen* at Chengtu refusing the promised letters, Mr. Vale telegraphed to H.B.M.'s Consul at Chung-king, and this was the result. The letters stated to the mandarins that at Liang-shan and Peng Hsien the

mob had attempted by violence to break in my door, and that I had been attacked with stones, all within the Viceroyalty, and the Viceroy directed the *kuans* to take efficient measures for my protection.





CHAPTER XXX

SIN-WEN-PING TO LI-FAN TING

AFTER leaving that quiet place, where the temperature was only 52° at 7.30 A.M., we plunged at once into a wild part of the gorge, very thinly peopled and desolate, on which grim snow-peaks looked down from the head of every lateral cleft. The traffic on the road was altogether Tibetan, partly accounted for by the junction of the road to Mou-Kúng Ting, a thousand *li* away, with the Sung-pan Ting road, which we were following. There were large caravans of very big, powerful mules, loaded either with wool or with medicinal roots, and with a merry inclination to lunge at us with hoofs or teeth as we passed them; the rough, uncouth muleteers always cheerful and friendly as they exchanged with us their national salutation *zho*.

One man at least in each caravan—every man having charge of four mules—can shoe his own beasts, and I had the luck, in consequence of a mule

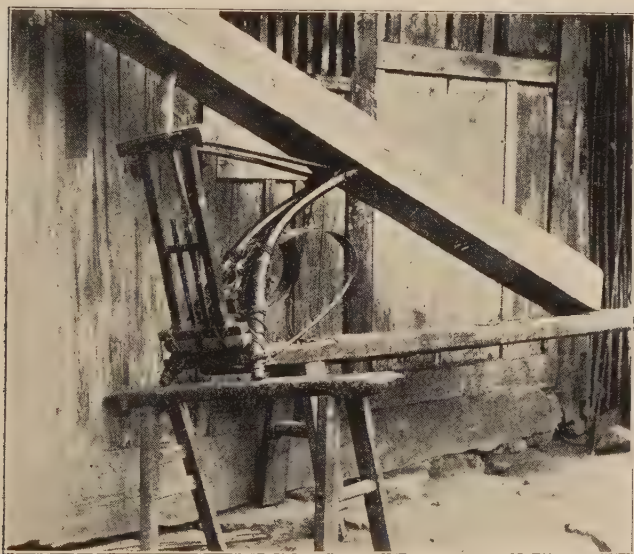
kicking off his shoe as we passed him, to see that the method is the same as in Western Tibet. They tie the fore and hind legs of the animal together, cast him, put a pole through the lashings, the ends of which are held by two men, and cold shoe him, paring the hoof only very slightly, using very long nails with tacket heads.

The Mou-Kung Ting road is one of the great routes of Tibetan traffic, of which we saw much less after passing the junction.

The gorge is very narrow, so narrow that at times the road is scaffolded over the water, or is carried by rough steps cut in the face of the precipices. We ascended 800 feet during the day. The traces of spring diminished, the hills were brown and bare, the apricots were hardly in blossom, the few trees were leafless, the people still wore their wadded clothes, and it was pleasant to walk a good deal. Yet here and there were thick carpets of a sky-blue dwarf iris, a fragile thing, looking misplaced among its rough surroundings, and patches of a blue bugloss, and dwarf shubberies of a barberry in blossom.

Things had changed. Thatched roofs had given place to thin slabs of stone, or rough boards held down by big stones. All ornament had disappeared. China seemed left behind at such a great distance

that every Chinese I saw looked as if he must be, like myself, a foreigner. The men were hardy mountaineers, and carried their loads on pack saddles, striding like men, rather than at a dog



HUMAN PACK SADDLE FOR TIMBER

trot, on the swinging bamboo. Even the women can shoulder packs and dangle from rope bridges, and the children have an air of freedom.

A short day's journey ended at the hamlet of Shuo-chiao, where the gorge opens out, and for a brief period the Min is vulgarised into various branches clattering and boiling among beds of

Brobdingnagian shingle. It is a wild place, among high mountains, a single village street, a fine suspension bridge, a mill or two on the shingle, and goats on the ledgy slopes. The inn at the end of the street, where I spent two nights, was new, and hung over a branch of the river. My room, having no ceiling, was lofty. The boards were clean, and there were no bad smells. The noise of the river was tremendous. Besides the roar of the water, there was a sound of paving stones being thumped on paving stones, and a perpetual clatter of shingle. I had to shout as loud as I could to make my servant hear. But it was very restful. I was entirely ignored. No one intruded into my room, and when I took a walk unattended no one followed me.

Food was scarce, and an inroad of twelve travellers involved much arrangement. Shuo-chiao is not a usual halting-place, and the stocks were low. The people fell back on making macaroni, and sandwiches with chopped garlic between layers of steamed paste. Macaroni is made of a very close dough of barley meal, very much kneaded, and rolled out on a clean table over and over again till it attains the desired toughness and thinness, when the operator cuts it into long and narrow strips, which are hung over a string to dry. When wanted

these strips are boiled, and are eaten with chopped capsicum or onion.

The following day's journey to Weichou was novel and interesting. The sky was grey and threatened rain, and the snow-peaks loomed grimly through flurries of dark clouds. We ascended to a height of over 4300 feet into a barren region, where winter lingered. The few villages have characteristics of their own; each consists of a long, clean, paved, narrow street, the houses built of stone, the walls with more or less of an inward slope, as if under Tibetan influence—all dwellings two-storeyed, the upper storey of dark wood, with carved, overhanging balconies with supporting beams also carved, and with very deep eaves with long and elaborately carved wooden pendants. Such villages are usually by torrent sides, with fruit trees, cedars, and poplars clustering about them, and are approached by picturesque bridges. The street terminates at either end with a small decorative gateway, often with a tower and wind bells.

In many places where the Min has a narrow bank, there are ruined villages with only ruinous walls standing; and in each house there are one, two, or three graves. On one large open space there are great numbers of graves, said to be those of soldiers who died fighting; and the whole of the

slaughter and destruction is attributed by the villagers to the Taiping rebellion. This is plausible, but doubtful.

In crevices there were minute fronds of the silver fern, which grows profusely all along the canyon; but nature was still asleep. Limestone and grey sandstone predominate, and the curiously marked strata are occasionally vertical. Basalt, however, appears in some of the lateral ravines, and pink granite; and the torrents which tumble over the latter are exquisite in their sparkle and purity. A traveller who, except on one day's journey from Wan, has not tasted unboiled water for more than two years would wish to be thirsty to drink of these icy and living waters.

At Wen-chuan Hsien, a small prefectural town packed among high mountains, with a very poor but clean street, a picturesque entrance, and a fine Confucian Temple, I sat in the grey street while the *yamen* officials copied my passport at a table, and an old man, who seemed influential, kept the dirty and too often leprous crowd of men and boys from pressing on me too closely. Nothing is ever done privately in the East, and several men leant over the scribes, reading the imposing-looking document, when one exclaimed, with an air of consternation, "She is given rank!" Others exclaimed

incredulously, "A woman can't have rank!" But the scribes settled the point in my favour; and then there was a discussion as to how I had got rank—if it were literary rank, or if I were the wife of a great mandarin in my own country—a suggestion combated on the ground that I wore poor cotton clothing, and had no jewels. Wen-chuan is the most hopelessly dull official town that I saw in China.

The night before, at Shuo-chiao, I was told that after passing Wen-chuan we should see the villages of the "Barbarians," on the heights; and I heard a tale with which travellers bound for the aboriginal tribes have been plied from Marco Polo down to Captain Gill. The innkeeper said that these people would offer hospitality, but it was dangerous to eat with them, for they believed that if they poisoned a rich man his wealth would come to them without violence, and that they would think that I was rich (in spite of my poor cotton clothing), and would put poison in my food, and that in about three months I should die of a disease akin to dysentery! He also said that these tribes are ruled by a very great queen, who will not let any stranger enter her territory—obviously the same woman of whom I had heard rumours at intervals for some months previously.

At last, and for fifteen *li* before reaching Weichou, the objects of interest became novel and plentiful, startling in their novelty. Singular dwellings made their appearance, crowning hilltops or poised on ledges—isolated or in clusters. The earlier specimens have high, dead, stone walls, flat roofs, and an upper storey covering a third of the roof, but without a front wall. Before long such houses aggregated themselves into villages on great heights, and without any apparent means of access, though that they were inhabited was obvious from the patches of cultivation about them. Among them appear tall towers, sometimes to the number of seven; they are picturesque and fantastic beyond all imagination. Of course, these are the dwellings of the Man-tze (Barbarians), supposed by most ethnologists to be the aborigines of Western China; and it was not a little disappointing, on turning the glass upon them, to see nothing but Chinese, with their queues and blue cotton, and hobbling women loafing round such extraordinary habitations. I use the word *loafing* advisedly. It is usually quite inapplicable to a Chinese, and among these mountains, as elsewhere, he has plenty of grit, but population is scanty, and competition has ceased to be keen, so he has leisure for a lounging study of the welfare of his crops and his pigs.

So, among villages crowning rocky mountain-tops or clinging to scarcely accessible mountain-sides, some of them very Tibetan, others with definite characteristics of their own, the road finds itself at the small prefectural town of Weichou, at the junction of the Ta Ho and the Siao Ho (the Great and Little Rivers), in a superb situation, much embellished by the unconscious art of the builder, with *yamens* on rocky heights, and the grey city wall following the steep contours of the hills which surround the town. The north road on the left bank of the Ta Ho leads to Sung-pan Ting, and the west road, mostly along the right bank of the Siao Ho, to Li-fan Ting and beyond. Weichou is the town called by Captain Gill on his map Hsin-Pu-Kuan.

At this point mules for the farther journey should have been engaged.

It is a good sixty-five *li* from Weichou to Li-fan Ting, and we left at 6 A.M. My expectations were high, but they were more than fulfilled. From Weichou to Somo there is only one dull bit of about three miles. As far as Li-fan Ting the scenery is colossal and savage, Tibetan in its character, resembling somewhat the wild gorges of the Shayok; and, beyond Tsa-ku-loa, the westernmost official post of China in that direction, the grandeur

and beauty exceed anything I have ever seen—Switzerland, Kashmir, and Tibet in one.

Outside Weichou there are two suspension bridges, over which I had to walk. They were “on their last legs,” and were taken down when I came back. They vibrated, the wind swayed them unpleasantly, and as the loose planks were only laid at intervals, and some had disappeared and the swinging structures hung like inverted arches over boiling surges, the crossing was not agreeable, and it is as little so when on this road the chair turns a corner of the narrow path on the edge of a precipice 500 or 600 feet in depth, and hangs for an appreciable interval over the abyss below.

The day was the most brilliant for three months, and the journey from first to last was magnificent, but the wind, which I had found such a merciless foe in Central Asia, rose at the same hour, 9 A.M., and blew half a gale till near sunset, reaching its maximum of force at 2 P.M., making photography impossible, several times nearly overturning the chair and its bearers, and filling eyes, nose, and mouth not only with gritty dust, but with irritating alkalis. This is the daily routine in these mountain valleys. On crossing the bridges we entered at once the gorge of the Siao Ho, or Li-fan River, in which we remained for twelve hours—a river



flashing in cataracts, eddying in rapids, with never a quiet reach—a deep, clear, olive-green stream, its grand course accompanied by a deep undertone of a heavy booming in its caverned depths. Its career is through a rift among mountains, seven, eight, and nine thousand feet in height, broken up by stupendous chasms and precipices, and into red-brown, but seldom grey, peaks—the higher like needles, the lower crested by villages, to all appearance inaccessible; the mass riven asunder, laterally, in many places in so remarkable a manner as to show on one side the rock corresponding to the cleavage on the other, so that if the sides could be brought together they would be an exact fit.

Occasionally the mountains and precipices recede sufficiently from the river to give scanty space for villages at their feet, with poplars and scanty crops of bearded wheat on sandy soil, and at the lateral openings alluvial fans occur, bearing fair crops of wheat and maize, as well as pear and apricot trees, just providing a scanty subsistence for a scanty population. Limestone, grey and red sandstone, and a very hard conglomerate are the predominant formations, but a granite with a pink tinge makes an occasional innovation, and the potholes in the river, where it was possible to investigate them, were found to be fashioned of grey granite. One

remarkable feature of the region is the enormous quantity of nitrate of soda. Its efflorescence in places whitens the mountains as if with snow, and so checks vegetation as to reduce it to coarse plants of strong constitutions, with tough fibres and woolly leaves. Sulphur abounds also, and fragments of an iron ore, which I afterwards learned is brown hematite. There are nitre works at Weichou, and sulphur is supplied in small quantities for making powder, but the cost of land carriage is great, and it is chiefly used locally for tipping matches.

The road is a great work of modern origin, and must have cost a large sum. It is in excellent repair. It is cut, not blasted, for much of the way out of solid rock. In places it is necessary to carry it out over the river on a wooden framework, supported on timbers driven into the river-bed, or to "scaffold" it by carrying it out on stakes driven horizontally into the rock. In one place a fine gallery, decorated with stone tablets to the man who presented the road to his district, has been cut through the rock, and wherever steps are necessary they have been carefully made. At this distance of 2000 miles from the coast, and half that from the capital, it is somewhat surprising to find so marked a sign of civilisation as an excellent road in thorough repair.

I cannot attempt to convey to the reader any idea of the glories and surprises of that long day's journey. It was a perfect extravagance of grandeur of form and beauty of colouring, and the sky approached that of Central Asia in the brilliancy of its bright pure blue. Every outline was sharp, but the gorges were filled with a deep blue or purple atmosphere; the sunlight was intense. There was no dawn of spring on the bare rock faces of the mountains, no gloom of pine in any rift—grandeur and vastness are the characteristics of the scenery—peaks and precipices are piled on each other, and through the rare openings there were gleamings far away of sunlit cones of unsullied snow.

There are villages on hilltops, on rocky peaks, reached by stairs cut in the rock, on ledges of precipices, into which the back rooms are excavated without obvious means of access, and villages where the houses are three, four, five, and even seven storeys high, clinging to steep mountain-sides, or hanging on to cliffs above tempestuous streams. These villages are on heights five, seven, and even nine thousand feet above the sea—barley and bearded wheat ripening in July at eleven thousand—and from one to three thousand feet above the Siao Ho. All are built of stone, all look more

or less like fortifications, all have flat roofs, and most have brown wood rooms or galleries, much decorated with rude fretwork, supported on carved beams projecting from their upper storeys.

Most of these villages possess mysterious-looking square stone towers, sloping very gently inwards from base to summit. These are from forty to ninety feet high. The bases of some of them are thirty feet square ; the sides are pierced by narrow openings, wider, however, than loopholes. The doors are fifteen feet and upwards from the ground, and I did not see any with any present means of access. Some have lost many feet of their height, I suppose from age and weather, but many are perfect, and have projections near the roofs, which on a small scale are like the projecting rooms of the modern villages. Three or four in a single village is not an uncommon number, and occasionally there are as many as seven. At a distance they give the romantic villages in the ravines the prosaic aspect of smelting works, but they add a singular dignity and picturesqueness to those on the heights. They are built without mortar, of blocks of undressed stone, "well and truly laid," in spite of the difficulty of the inward slope, and the stones are of sufficient size to suggest an inquiry as to how they were elevated to their

present positions. Those towers which are still perfect are roofed, which may account for their preservation. There are great numbers of them between Weichou and Li-fan Ting, after which they occur but rarely till the head-waters of the Chin-shuan are reached.

As the Man-tze say that "their fathers and their fathers' fathers never remember a time when they were free," so they cannot remember any legends regarding the use of these towers, except that in "old times" fires were lighted on the roofs to recall the absent villagers to the defence of their homes against an approaching enemy. Some think that they were granaries, but the so-called thinking of people in their stage of mental development is of little value.

Perhaps mine, in the absence of a greater array of facts, is not worth much more! It appears certain, from a consensus of testimony, that these buildings have two and three floors, reached by steps, *i.e.*, notched timbers, like those which at this day lead up to Man-tze roofs. Very large, rough, earthen jars, which might have contained water, were shown to me as having been found in one of them. It is quite possible that at a late date the roofs were used for beacon fires, but from certain indications in a few cases I am inclined to believe

that easily-removable approaches of stone and earth led up to the doors, by which stores could be taken up and cattle driven in, the final entrance, after the removal of these slopes, being made by means of



ANCIENT TOWERS AT KANPO

notched timbers, easily drawn up into the building ; and that the towers were refuges, in which the cattle were below and the people above, food for man and beast being stored in the same building. This theory accounts for the number of towers often found in the same village. It is quite possible that the chief or headman and each of the

richer villagers possessed such a refuge. The style of building is far beyond the capacities of a "barbarous" people.

Along the lower waters of the Siao Ho, all the Man-tze villages which have not been more or less destroyed—with the exception of a few which have been deserted, and are ready for occupation tomorrow—with the lands belonging to them, have been taken possession of by the Chinese, and evidently with much slaughter, for the number of graves is very great. Even the villages on the heights above that part of the river have not escaped Chinese absorption.

At one time, and that not long ago, the aboriginal population must have been large, both to the south and west of Weichou, but not a Man-tze was to be seen within forty *li* of it. Many a blackened ruin of a once happy Man-tze hamlet stirs the travellers' wrath, and it is hardly less aggravating to find Chinese families comfortably living in the picturesque dwellings of the slaughtered or expatriated aborigines. There were many tales told of the treachery of the "Barbarians," and of the necessity of extirpating them—such tales as are to be heard in America, Australia, and every land in which the stronger race has ousted the weaker one. When at Li-fan Ting my farther progress was

vehemently opposed, I had some reason to think that the officials feared that when I was once fairly among the Man-tze I should hear other versions of these stories.

About forty *li* from Weichou, where the lateral clefts in the precipices are dark and savage, and rocky peaks crowned with fantastic lama-serais rise abruptly from rocky spurs, the villages on the heights become more numerous, and the presence for the first time of Man-tze inhabitants (who are rigid lamaistic Buddhists like the Tibetans) is denoted by long flags inscribed with Sanskrit characters on tall poles fluttering gaily in the strong east wind which blows down the canyon all day long. Occasionally a wooden bridge on the cantilever principle, like the Sanga bridges in India, of which many specimens are seen between the Zoji-la and Leh in Ladak, crosses the furious torrent. Most of the Man-tze villages are on the left bank of the Siao Ho, and by the destruction of these bridges, which are much out of repair, they could be rendered impregnable.

These villages are indescribable. The cattle and fodder are kept below, and the windows and loopholes only begin from fifteen to twenty feet from the ground. Brown projecting rooms and balconies at a great height, the gay flutter of red

and white prayer-flags, notched timbers giving access to roof above roof, fuel-stacks on roofs, towers suggesting peril and defence, and not seldom a headman's house above, as large as a feudal castle, which it much resembles; while high above that, looking like an outgrowth of the rock, and only attained by flights of steep rock steps, crowning the peak which dominates every village, are almost invariably the piled-up temples, towers, and buildings of a lama-serai, with their colour and gloom, the flutter of their prayer-flags, and the sound of the incessant wild music of horns, drums, and gongs. An air of mystery pervades the whole, for with all this cheerful flutter of flags and the sound of music and the signs of industry it was very rarely that any inhabitants were to be seen, just the glint of a woman's red petticoat now and then, or the red frock of a lama in relief against the grey rock.

These tribes are not Tibetan, though they are down on most maps as "Tibetan tribes," but in the extraordinary picturesqueness of their lama-serais and villages they reminded me vividly of the Shayok, and the fantastic monasteries of Deskyid and Hundar in the Tibetan Nubra Valley.

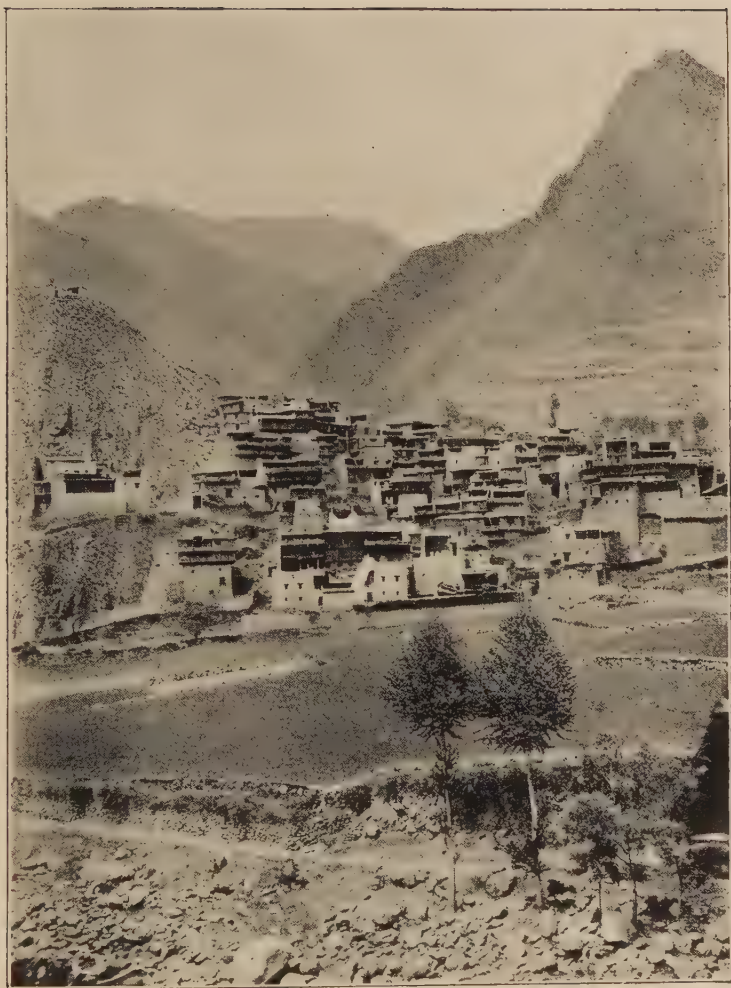
It is a temptation to linger on that day's journey. I did actually linger on it, for one of my bearers, as I expected, was quite unequal to his work, and

I had to walk a good deal and allow of many halts for rest. The halting-places were magnificent, but food was scarce and dear, as every cattie of rice must be brought up from the low country. Although we ascended on that day 988 feet, the climate became perceptibly milder, and from what I observed later, it appears quite possible that in temperature each degree west is equal to a degree south. Grain crops, poplar, apricot, and pear trees were in their first vivid green, the silver fern was in its beauty, the golden fern was well advanced, the bugloss was in bloom, and in places where the canyon opened a little there were narrow lawns of the finest turf, on which the Tibetan traders camp in the season, on which red roses with coarse, woolly calices were already in blossom. There was no traffic, and even an unloaded pedestrian, unless he were a red lama telling his beads or twirling his prayer cylinder, was a rarity.

In the late afternoon, at an abrupt and superb turn of the river, we crossed a cantilever bridge high above the torrent, on the other side of which is a fine village of extraordinary Man-tze houses, clinging to ledges of a conical peak crowned by a small temple and a very large and fantastic lama-serai. A tower, ninety feet high, very ancient, and in good repair, gives dignity to the picturesqueness

of Ta-fan. The road attains the village by a steep, winding stairway of steps cut in the rock, and passes through a gateway into cool shadow created by high, massive stone houses on either side. So massive are they, and so high are the windows above the ground, that they suggest memories of villages in the Engadine.

I rested in a large house in which, as in the others, a Chinese was living with his family. These aborigines had grand ideas of habitations. I entered into a guest-hall panelled with brown wood, with two rooms on each side and a large room behind. A gallery of brown wood, with rooms opening from it, runs round the hall at a height of about eight feet from the floor. It was very cool and clean, and I sat in a Chinese easy-chair, glad to be out of the bluster. My host, who was the headman, was a very courteous Chinese, and offered me wheaten cakes, honey, and tea. He said that all the houses in the canyon were built by "Tibetans," though Chinese live in the lower villages; that if a Chinese builds a new house he builds it after the same fashion, for that nothing but Tibetan building—especially the inward slope of the very thick walls—can stand the tremendous winds. The village subsists less by agriculture, for which there is not sufficient



KAN-CHI

irrigation, than by the Tibetan traffic in the trading season.

The headman asked me why I was travelling to be murdered by the "Barbarians," and evidently attached no value to my statement that it was to see the country. I wished then and elsewhere that I had been able to say that it was in order to write a book, for that would have given me "rank," and would have been an intelligible explanation.

After leaving this village the mountains closed in again upon the pass, their forms growing in wild majesty; there were glimpses of snow-peaks with pines on their skirts, and where the shadow was bluest and deepest, and the peaks are loftiest and sharpest, on a small patch of partially level ground, separated from a very high and bare mountain, with precipices which Captain Gill estimates at 3000 feet in height, by the roaring river, stands the wild mountain town of Li-fan Ting, the residence of a small magistrate, though only possessing a population of five hundred.

Before we actually reached it waves of sunset gold rolled down the pass, distant snow-cones blushed red, every peak took on purple or amethyst—there was a carnival of colour. The wind fell to a dead calm, there was a touch of frost in the dry air, when suddenly the whole glory of

mountain and chasm died out and the colour vanished, leaving only the distant snow-peaks burning red against a sky of tender green.

This small, grey city, on whose expansion Nature places her veto, looks the final outpost of Chinese civilisation—the end of all things. A well-built, narrow, crenelated wall runs between Li-fan Ting and the river, hems it in, and then in a most fantastic way climbs the crests of two mountain spurs, which wall in a ravine behind the town, bare and rocky as all else, looking like great flights of uncannily steep stairs, following the steep and irregular contour of the ground.

A clear blue torrent, tumbling down at the back, thunders through the town, and is utilised for many Lilliputian water-mills, mostly with horizontal wheels, as on the plain. These mills are round, and look like small Martello towers, and only a man below the average height can stand upright in them. Poplars, willows, pear, and apricot trees contrast pleasantly with the bare mountain-sides, and soften the grey outlines of the small mountain town. Above Li-fan, and 2200 feet higher, is a Man-tze village, in which the people have made Chinese intermarriages and have assimilated themselves to their conquerors.

Li-fan has one long, narrow, grey street of

two-storeyed houses, the upper storey with its balcony being of brown wood. It is very clean, but cleanliness is not much of a merit—indeed, it is a necessity of that altitude and in a dry atmosphere. It has no industry or trade of its own, and subsists almost entirely on the through trade from Tibet at certain seasons. It has a remarkable *yamen*, which, lacking space for lateral expansion, has developed skywards; a temple on a rock, brilliantly coloured; and a fine temple in the narrow street, rich in effective wood-carving, and possessing a huge bas-relief of the Dragon. The rarefied air is singularly dry, and so it continues until the pass of Peh-teo-shan, 70 *li* to the westward, marks a decided change to humidity. On the nights of April 22nd and 23rd there were three and four degrees of frost.

In this quaint town on the first day of the tenth month of each year, the mandarin, with all the pomp which Li-fan can muster, fires the biggest gun in the town at the opposite mountain to preserve "the luck of the place." It is believed, at least by the people, that if this ceremony were not performed there would be tumults followed by plague, pestilence, and famine, and that the town would be given up to bad luck. To save the luck some of the lamas make pilgrimages to an image cut in the



ROCK TEMPLE, LI-FAN TING

rock at the base of the Snow Dragon, a grand mountain to the south of Li-fan.

The inn, where unwillingly I spent two days, is not bad, and was quite free from smells. My room was at its extreme end, close to a crashing, booming torrent, to the mountain, and to the red temple, which, like the *yamen*, has developed skywards. It had two large holes in the floor, and two windows under the roof, from which all the paper was torn, so that the tremendous wind by day found easy entrance.

As soon as we arrived the usual official visit was paid, and with much politeness of manner obstacles were thrown in the way of my further progress. Two *chai-jen* were placed at my door, one of them sleeping across the threshold. Much consideration for the safety and comfort of a lady was expressed—a novelty in China. There were neither roads nor inns, it was said; the people were savages, the tribes were fighting, it was dangerous to proceed. The next morning the prospect for departure was badly clouded over. The veneer of politeness had disappeared, and the official manner had become dictatorial. Senior officials from the *yamen* mounted guard, and a sentry was stationed at the inn gate. I was a prisoner in all but the name. *Chai-jen* could not be provided.

they said. The mandarin was absent, and no arrangements could be made till the Viceroy of SZE CHUAN had been communicated with. Going beyond Li-fan was a thing unheard of. All other foreigners had turned back,* they could not be responsible for me any farther. They bullied and threatened my men, and forbade the townspeople to give me supplies or porters.

The other difficulties, which I had foreseen from the first, came to a head. Owing to the want of a contract I was in the power of the chair-bearers. One of them was nearly incapable of carrying me, and not having recovered from the severe blow at Lo-kia-chan I was not capable of much walking. The only man in Li-fan who could carry a chair was engaged in that man's place in the morning, but was "ill" at night. The authorities had forbidden him to go, and had taken the precaution of laying the same prohibition on the mules, though if I could have dispensed with the men I was prepared to make the journey on a pack-saddle. Finally and fatally, Mr. Kay, who was very much in the power of the servant who had got the team together, when the men said that all must go or none would go, engaged them all for the whole journey, and

*I could not hear of any but Captain Gill and three Russians a few months before, and all had reasons of their own for doing so.

under the circumstances we were then absolutely in their power so far as going forwards was concerned. Such a tribe of rice-eating men, carrying their loads from the shoulder, would, under any circumstances, have been unsuited to the journey. But what was done could not be undone, and there was "no use in crying over spilt milk."

The *chai-jen* smoked their opium pipes across my door, but retained wits enough to pounce on me if I stirred, and even obtruded their unwelcome presence when I climbed on the roof to photograph. On the second evening the officials made a last effort to induce me to wait till they sent a runner to the capital and back.

The last morning I woke everybody at 4.30, and was ready to leave at 5.30; but it was not to be. The officials were already there frightening the coolies with stories, intimidating them, and threatening to have them beaten for disobedience, and there was a violent altercation between them and Mr. Kay, in which some very strong language was used on both sides, which did not mend matters. When I came out they tried to shut me into my room; but I managed to get into my chair. They told the bearers not to carry me. I told them to move on. The officials then tried to shut us in by closing parts of the outer door of the inn; but Mr.

Kay opened them, and held them open till the frightened porters and my bearers had passed through. It was but fifty yards to the city gate. I feared they would close it, but they contented themselves with following us there, crying out, "We wash our hands of you!" and hurling at us the epithet "Foreign dogs!" as a parting missile, throwing down the gauntlet by sending us off without *chai-jen*, telling the brazen lie that the road I proposed to take was not in China!

From this point there was the pleasurable excitement which attends a plunge into the unknown, for I had not been able to learn that missionary zeal, or geographical research, or commercial ambition had penetrated the regions beyond, or that any English traveller has given any description of it, and I only regret that my lack of scientific equipment should make my account of it meagre, and in some respects unsatisfactory.

VOL. II.—10





CHAPTER XXXI

LI-FAN TING TO TSA-KU-LAO

THE sixty *li* from Li-fan Ting to Tsa-ku-lao (spelled by Mr. von Rosthorn of the Imperial Customs, in a letter to me, Tsaku-nao), have much the same characteristics as those of the day before. The scenery is magnificent, and even more fantastic. Nitrate of soda, sulphur, and iron-ore abound. Sandstone has disappeared, giving place to limestone, conglomerate, schistaceous rock, grey and pink granite, basalt, and mica. The Siao Ho, still a full-watered and vigorous stream, occasionally narrowed to forty feet, plunges over pink-granite ledges in a series of cataracts as the canyon opens out, and there are smooth, green lawns, with much wealth of dwarf crimson roses, and much gloom, in many graves and dismal remains of Man-tze houses partially destroyed. Some of the potholes in the river are remarkable for their size, and still contain the smoothly rounded stones by the action of which they have been formed. Pine woods

appeared on hill crests and on the northern slopes of mountains.

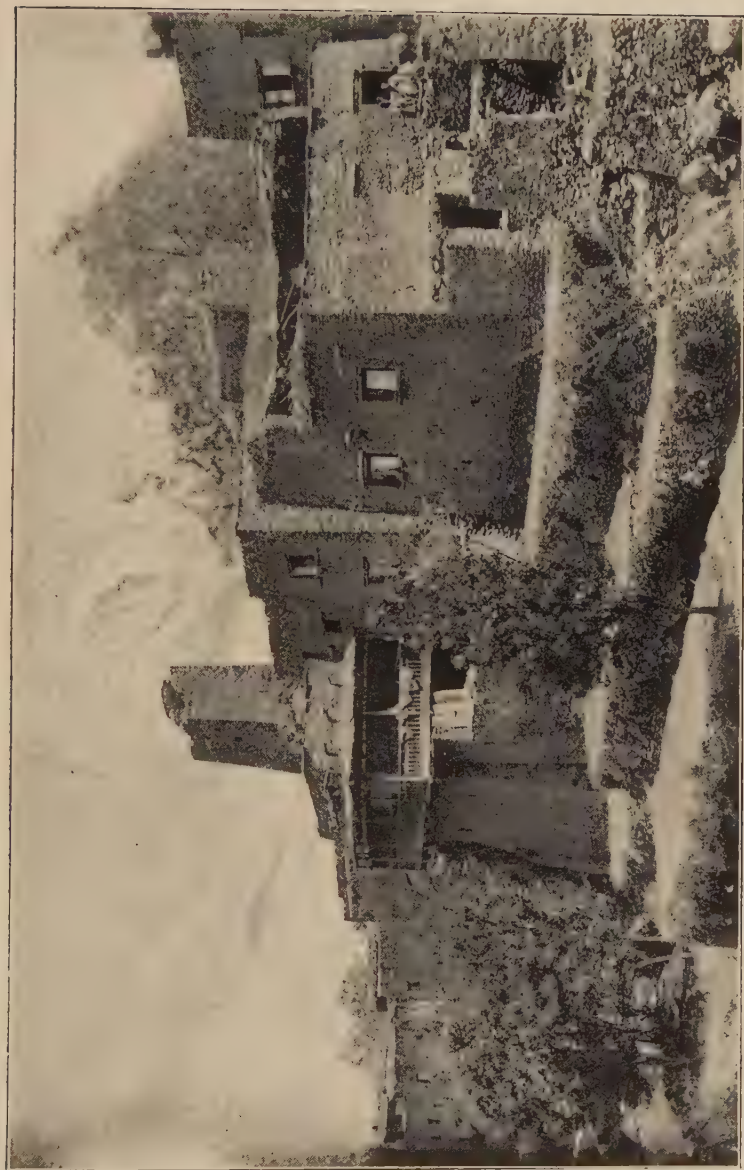
Many Man-tze villages, now deserted, are ready for occupation, and other sin romantic situations, now occupied by Chinese, are very striking architecturally, each with a Man-tze feudal castle piled on a rock above it. These villages were always built at the mouths of gorges where lateral torrents joining the Siao Ho formed alluvial fans with arable soil enough to support small populations. The picturesque stone houses, more like fortifications than dwellings, straggling up these gorges, perched on ledges of rock, harmonised most artistically with the wildness of the landscape, but it was impossible to photograph them, owing to the tremendous wind.

Four hours after leaving Li-fan we halted at the large village of Wei-gua, with a very large lama-serai, said to contain two hundred lamas, cresting the rock above it, and a fine castle in a dominant position. The illustration gives the lower and unpicturesque fragment of the village grouped round the remains of a large square tower. There we were overtaken by two *chai-jen*, the Li-fan officials having thought better of it, and an hour later by a third on horseback! This tardy courtesy roused my suspicions, and Mr. Kay and his servant went

on ahead to obtain accommodation and make inquiries at Tsa-ku-lao, little thinking that the astute Li-fan officials had sent on a messenger in the morning to the local magistrate ordering that accommodation and transport should be refused ! To this hour I am unaware of "the reason why."

After Mr. Kay went on, and the horseman arrived, I endeavoured to circumvent the *chai-jen*, for I had seen them, with much mystery, slip a letter into his hand, after which he tried to get in front of me. I jumped out of the chair, and set up my tripod on the narrow road, which he could not pass, and after a long attempt at photography, baffled by the wind, told him and the others to keep behind, and not to leave me. The horseman kept trying to get in front, but as the path is very narrow and mostly on the edge of a precipice, I managed to dodge him the whole way by holding a large umbrella first on one side, and then on the other !

A few miles from Tsa-ku-lao the *chai-jen* managed to pass me, and began to run towards a short cut, impassable for a chair. I sent Be-dien to stop them, and to my surprise he outran them, collared them, and held them till I came up, when I again ordered them behind the chair. Mr. Kay met me, saying that neither inn nor house would give us



shelter, and that he had found that it would not do to make any inquiries about the farther route. However, we were received by a very good inn, where the people were very civil, and where I had an excellent room, with a large window looking on a mountain across a clean grassed space.

Soon after I got in difficulties began. Two officials arrived, and politely told many lies. They said that there were no places to sleep in on the road, that the snow on the passes was forty feet deep, and crevassed, that the tribes were fighting each other, that they were robbers and would rob us of everything, and repeated the Li-fan lie that the route is not in China, and that they could give us no protection. I produced a Chinese official map, and showed them that it lay far within the limits of the jurisdiction of the Viceroy of SZE CHUAN, and, being fairly roused, and determined to proceed at least to Somo, I produced my passport, telling them that it had been granted on an application made by the English Tsung-li *yamen* at the request of the Grand Secretary (the Premier), and that they could see for themselves that it gave me rank, and enjoined on all mandarins not only not to put any obstructions in my way, but that, whether by land or water, every aid was to be given.

I further said that if this obstruction were

persisted in, I should write a formal statement of the case to the British Consul at Chungking, to be officially forwarded by him to the highest quarter, and that they knew what that would mean. On the top of all, I produced the Viceroy's letter to the *kuans* of Pi Hsien and Kuan Hsien. They were quite quenched, and said they would repeat this to the mandarin, and I should have his decision in an hour, and they bowed themselves out, taking my passport with them.

They returned in half an hour, saying that the mandarin would send soldiers with us to the limits of his jurisdiction, but that then we should be among the "Barbarians." This seemed like a victory, yet I felt by no means sure that we should not be prevented from hiring mules, and be delayed into returning. The next day a last effort was made to hinder my westward progress, with a vehemence which was almost piteous, entreaties being resorted to when threats failed, but all collapsed on a special clause in my passport being again pointed out to these secretaries.

Tsa-ku-lao, the outpost of Chinese officialism, is gloriously situated at an altitude of about 6210 feet,¹ where the mountains swing apart, and at an

¹ A pony had rolled on my hypsometer, and I spent much of the day at Li-fan in constructing another with the aid of a tinsmith. It was but a

abrupt bend of the river there are branching valleys and unencumbered heights. There are poplars and willows about the little town of 400 people, and a great Man-tze tower looks through them like an English church tower. One long, clean, narrow, and highly picturesque street, lined with shops vending gaily coloured articles of Chinese manufacture, cuts the town in twain. Above it, where the houses are piled on ledges of rock in most artistic disorder, is a very large lama-serai, with a very quaint pagoda temple on a height above it. The houses in the street are two and three storeys high, with carved projecting upper rooms, and peaked roofs with deep eaves, from which depend carved wooden drops.

At the western exit the road drops abruptly down through the picturesque gateway seen in the illustration by 500 feet of steep stone steps to a bridge, which connects the trading with the official town. In the latter the *yamen* is an interesting-looking building in pure Tibetan style, with a Man-tze tower sixty feet high adjoining it. The population of Tsa-ku-lao is a mixed one, and many of the children show an agreeable departure from the Chinese physiognomy. The red woollen habits

rude construction, but as it made the height of Li-fan come to within ten feet of that given by Captain Gill, I venture to present the altitudes of Tsa-ku-lao and a few other places as approximations to the truth.



STREET OF TSA-KU-LAO

and peaked hats of the red lamas, the varied costumes of the tribesmen who were in the town for purposes of trade, and the thirteen differing styles of hats, the most interesting being made of a species of lichen, were a very pleasant variety.

An agreeable variety it was, too, that the curiosity of the people for the first time in a journey of two years was tempered by politeness, for each batch of would-be sightseers, always women, sent in advance to know if I would receive them, and they always left after visits of conventional length, remarking that I must be tired!

We spent two nights there, because the coolies heard such tales of the road that they engaged mules to carry their loads, the bamboo over the shoulder with its dependent burdens being unsuited to the exigencies of mountain climbing, and the mules were away on the mountain. During that day, in which I visited the quaint official town, and photographed the gateway amidst a crowd of red and yellow lamas, tribesmen, and Chinese, who fell back when they were asked to do so, I received about fifty visitors, so that their supposition that I was tired was not far wrong. Of this number three, obviously of the Tsa-ku-lao "upper ten," had been in Kuan Hsien, a few had been in Wei-chou, but none had been in Matang or Somo, and

they said that there were very high mountains to cross, and that the snow was very deep. No woman could get to Somo they thought. They had never seen a foreign woman, and Russia was the only foreign country that they knew by name.

Fine, strong, comely, healthy-looking women they were, with pleasant faces and manners, and minds narrowed to the interests of Tsa-ku-lao. Some of their children were really pretty. The court of the inn was always full of red and yellow lamas, muleteers in picturesque jackets and leggings, and hats like *sombreros*, Tibetans in sheepskins, and tribesmen whose physiognomies showed a complete departure from the Mongolian type. It was altogether exciting, and the keen air was bracing and stimulating. The picturesqueness of the little outpost town in the brilliant sunshine and under the clear blue sky was fascinating, and the friendliness and politeness of the people created a new atmosphere which it was pleasant to breathe. The sun went down in glory and colour, there was a perfect blaze of stars in the purple sky, and the mercury fell to the freezing-point. The "Beyond" beckoned, and though I knew that the travelling arrangements must break down from their inherent unsuitability, I fell asleep prepared to follow.



CHAPTER XXXII

THE "BEYOND"

THE scanty hoar frost lay on the ground at five the next morning, and the sun rose, as he had set, in glory, flooding the canyons with a deluge of amber light. There was a considerable delay before starting, and to the last I feared the wiles of Chinese officialism; but it turned out to be only the usual difficulty of the first start with animals—weighing and adjusting loads and the like. There were three strong, whole-backed, pleasant-faced red mules, and the muleteer was equally pleasant, a Man-tze lama, quite a young man, who proffered hospitality for the next few days among his friends, inns having ceased. The thought of "poisoned feasts" never crossed my mind!

The greater part of the bizarre population of the quaint mountain town escorted us to the gateway. Superb weather favoured our departure. The heat of the sun melted the snows towards midday, adding volume to the thunderous roll of the Siao Ho,



A SUGAR-LOAF MOUNTAIN, SIAO HO

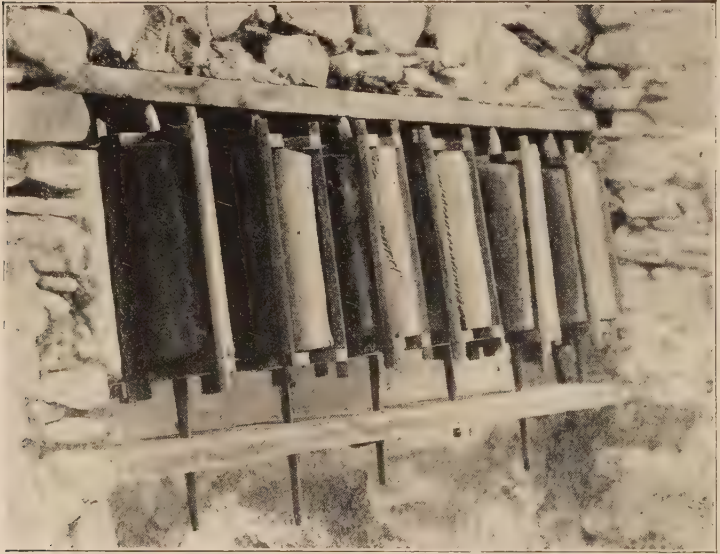
above which, after descending to the water's edge, the bridle track is carried over spurs and abutments of limestone. There is a decided change in the scenery. The river, no longer closely hemmed in by the walls of a tremendous cleft, is broader and stiller; there are shingle banks and stretches of cultivated land, and it cuts its way through the ranges instead of following their clefts. A marked feature of this stretch of the Siao Ho is the extraordinarily abrupt bends which it makes, and that at most of these a sugar-loaf peak, forest-clothed below, and naked rock above, rises sheer from the river-bed, possibly to a height of from 2000 to 3000 feet. Great openings allow of inspiring views of high, conical, snow-clothed peaks, heavily timbered below the snow; one group, called by the Chinese "The Throne of Snow," consisting of a great central peak, with nine others of irregular altitudes surrounding it.

Climbing the Peh-teo-shan spur by a long series of rocky, broken zigzags, cut on its side through a hazel wood, and reaching an altitude of about 9270 feet in advance of my men, I felt the joy of a "born traveller" as I watched the mules with their picturesque Man-tze muleteer, the eleven men no longer staggering under burdens, but jumping, laughing, and singing, some of them with leaves of

an artemisia stuffed into their nostrils to prevent the bleeding from the nose which had troubled them since leaving Weichou, the two soldiers in their rags, and myself the worst ragamuffin of all. There were many such Elysian moments in this grand "Beyond."

The summit is thick with poles, some of them bearing flags inscribed in Tibetan characters in honour of the Spirit of the Pass, and there is a large cairn, to which my men added their quota of stones. Fifteen or sixteen hundred feet below, the river looks like a green silk cord interwoven with silver. There is a sharp bend and a widening, from which rise two conical peaks, forest-clothed and craggy. Lateral gorges run up from the river, walled in by high, frowning, forest-covered mountains, breaking into grey, bare peaks, and crags gleaming in the sunshine. To the north-west the canyon broadens. Mountains rise above mountains, forest-covered, except where their bare ribs and buttresses stand harshly out above the greenery, and above them great, sunlit, white clouds were massed, emphasising the blue gloom of pines; and far higher, raised by an atmospheric effect to an altitude which no mountains of this earth attain to, in the full sunshine of a glorious day, were three illuminated snow-peaks, whose height from

the green and silver river, judged by the eye alone, might have been 30,000 feet ! They might have been the mountains of "the land which is very far off," for the lighted clouds below separated them from all other earthly things, and their daz-



REVOLVING PRAYER CYLINDERS

zling summits are unprofaned by the foot of man.

The descent to the river is long and steep, the sun was hot ; the aridity and sparse vegetation of most of the road up to the pass are exchanged for comparative humidity and a wealth of small trees and flowers ; the river broadens considerably, breaks

up into several channels with shingle beds and tamarisk, till it and the canyon narrow together at a point where a wooden cantilever bridge is thrown across at a considerable height from two natural piers of rock.

There, a very dirty Chinese village faces a Mantze village of towers and lofty stone houses. After a halt, during which I sat on a stone in the broiling sunshine, much vexed by dust and the aggressiveness of both children and pigs, we crossed the bridge and shortly entered Paradise. There the hideous black pig was left behind! The river divides, each branch having its own glorious gorge apparently closed by snow-peaks. There are small fair lawns, on which nature has clumped maples and ilex; great forest trees coming down to the water, wreathed with roses and clematis; and a showy, detached temple—the only one in the region—the household or lama-serai house of worship from thenceforth taking the place of the public temple. At its entrance are two large prayer-wheels.

Close beside it the road passes under an arch, on each side of which are six prayer-cylinders, which revolve on being brushed by the hand; and near it is a much-decorated "prayer-wheel," in a house of its own, bestriding a stream, worked by water

power, the lama in attendance receiving so much for each revolution. This cylinder is twelve feet high, with a diameter of four feet, and is said to contain 100,000 repetitions of the well-known Buddhist mantra, "*Om mani padme hun.*" Beyond, there was a man engaged in making idols after the fashion described by Isaiah the prophet, a bridge of uncertain equipoise over one branch of the river, and a little farther on the main branch of the Siao Ho, descending from the north-west, is joined by streams of nearly equal volume from the south and north, coming down through canyons full of superb vegetation, above which rise, mostly in groups, peaks of unsullied snow.

The vegetation above this meeting of the waters, and with few breaks for many a day's journey, is tropical in its luxuriance. The canyon is very narrow. On the left the mountains descend to the torrent in a series of precipices. On the right a space, averaging twenty yards in width, gives room for the bridle path and for a perfect glory of vegetation. From this rise forest-clothed precipices and peaks as on the other side. Between them thunders the small river, narrower but much fuller in volume than below, green with a greenness I have never seen before or since, and white with foam like unto driven snow, booming downwards

with a fall of over sixty feet to the mile, its brilliant waters hasting to lose themselves 2000 miles away in the turbid Yellow Sea.

Mosses and ferns soften the outlines of boulders and drape the trunks of fallen trees. Tree-stems are nearly hidden by ferns and orchids, only one of the latter, a purple and brown spotted *Dendrobium*, being in blossom. A free-flowering, four-leaved white clematis, arching the road with its snowy clusters, looped the trees together, and a white daphne filled the air with its heavy fragrance. Large white peonies gleamed in shady places. White and yellow jasmine and yellow roses entwined the trunks of trees, and the flowering shrubs, mostly evergreens, were innumerable. Ivies and varieties of the *Ampelopsis* lent their familiar grace. Spring is fantastic there, and in freaks of colouring mimics the glories of autumn. Maples flaunt in crimson and purple, in pale green outlined in rose-red; the early fronds of the abundant hare's-foot fern crimson the ground; there were scarlet, auburn, and "old gold" trees; and as to greens, there were the dark greens and blue-greens of seven varieties of pines, the shining dark greens of ilex, holly, and yew, the dull, dark greens of cedar and juniper, the shining light greens of birch and beech and many another deciduous tree, and the almost translucent

pea-green of the feathery maple—red, purple, and green, alike admitting the vivid sunshine as through stained glass.

The ground, concealed by mosses in every shade of green, gold, and auburn, by a crimson-cupped lichen, and the crimson of the young hare's-foot fern, was starred with white and blue anemones, white and blue violets, yellow violas, primulas, and lilies, white and yellow arabis, and patches of dwarf blue irises, while our own lily of the valley looked out modestly from under the shrubs, and I recognised lovingly among the beautiful exotic ferns our own oak and beech—our *Filix mas* and *Osmunda regalis*, at no disadvantage among their foreign associates.

So exquisitely beautiful were the details that it was hard to look up and take in the broader features of the unrivalled witchery of the scene, where the foliage of the maple lighted up the gloom of holly and ilex with its spring pinks and reds, where a species of poplar rivalled it in lemon-yellow, where the delicate foliage of the golden-barked birch was copper-red, and every shade approaching green was represented, from the glaucous blue of the balsam pine, and the dark blue-green of its coniferous brethren, to the pale *agua marine* of deciduous trees in clumps among the pine woods below the snow.



For, piled above the forest-clothed cliffs and precipices which wall in the river, and blocking up every lateral opening, were countless peaks or splintered ranges, cleaving the blue sky with an absolute purity of whiteness. High up, in extraordinary situations of dubious access, are Man-tze villages, much like fortifications, their suggestion of human interests and flutter of prayer-flags giving life to the scene. The river sympathetically adapts itself to its changed surroundings. Its colouring is a vividly transparent green, to which it would be an injustice to liken an emerald. Over it drooped, from the contorted stems of trees covered with ferns, orchids, and trailers, long sprays of red and white climbing roses, and within the cool toss of its spray, film ferns and the beautiful *Trichomanes radicans* flourished in boundless profusion, almost transparent under the trickling sunshine. The river descends in falls and cataracts, in sheets and glints of foam, under bending trees, and trails of clematis and roses, pausing now and then in deep green pools in whose mirrors roses, clematis, and snow-peaks meet; but its thunder-music, echoing from gorge and precipice, pauses never.

For hours we passed through this fairy-land of beauty and fragrant and aromatic odours, which it is a luxury to recall; then the odorous air grew

damp, the peaks flushed, the shadows on the road deepened, the canyon "swung open to the light," through the great gates of the west the sunset glory rolled in waves of red and gold, and on a low hill bearing the name of Chuang-fang, and a few traces of cultivation, there was a lonely Man-tze dwelling.

The host, as a relation of our intelligent and courteous young lama, made us very welcome, but his wife, a very handsome woman, on coming in from the hill with a load of wood, looked astonished to find a foreign woman and twelve men in possession of her house. That dwelling, typical of the poorer class of Man-tze houses, has two roofs, each reached by a deeply notched tree-trunk, exactly like those used by the Ainu of Yezo. It has an entrance-chamber common to men, mules, and fowls, an inner room or kitchen, scarcely lighted, with a fire and "cooking range" on a raised hearth in the centre, from which the stinging wood-smoke finds various outlets in the absence of a chimney. In the better houses, a hole in the roof into which a hollow log is cemented offers a more conventional exit. The fire is the place of family gathering and eating, and man, wife, and children eat together. These people possess the term "hearth-side." The woman, though not young, was really beautiful,

after a European type, and had very fine teeth, but her rich complexion was somewhat dulled by dirt ; for these people, like the Tibetans, wash only "once a year"—*i.e.*, very rarely.

With much politeness I was escorted by her up the notched timbers to a first and then to a second roof, which, being the threshing-floor, was swept very clean. At one end there was a high frame for drying maize upon, and at the other a roof supported on four posts, but with an open front, which is the granary. This space was divided by a great grain tray and my curtains, I occupying one end, and the servants, soldiers, and some of the coolies the other. The sharp frosty air was elixir, and the red-gold of sunset and the rose-pink of sunrise on the snows which enclose the valley made a night in the open air very delighfful.

It was too windy for a candle, and my food, prepared in the smoke below, was eaten by the light of a nearly full moon in the delicious temperature of 30°. To be away from crowds, rowdyism, unmannerly curiosity, rice-fields, stench— from slavery to custom, enforced by brutality, and from many a hateful thing—to be out of China proper, to be among mountains whose myriad snow-peaks glitter above the blue gloom of pine-filled depths, to breathe the rarer air of 8000 feet, to be free, and

in a new uplifted world of semi-independent tribes, and fairly embarked on a journey, with Chinese officialism apparently successfully defied, and, last, but not least, the complete disappearance of rheum-



VIEW FROM CHUANG FANG

atism from which I had suffered long and badly, made up an aggregate of good things. Anything might happen afterwards, but for that one day I had breathed the air of freedom, and had obtained memories of beauty such as would be a lifelong possession.

Sleep came in the middle of these pleasant

thoughts, and I did not wake till sunrise, with its waves of rosy light rolling up the glen, began to take the chill off the frosty air. There was additional snow on the mountains, and the higher pine woods were hoary.

These hospitable people do not receive payment for their hospitality, nor do they use money—silver being only appreciated for its use in jewellery, and copper not at all. The roof, or the guest-room, if there be one, is at the disposal of any reputable wayfarer; but he must bring his own food, for they have none to sell. Fortunately, I had needles, scissors, and reels of silk with me, which there and elsewhere made the hearts of many women glad.

The scenery the following day was, if possible, more glorious than before, also the intense blue and singular *glitter* of the sky. The road still pursues the right bank of the river, the canyon is slightly wider, and for most of the way seven snow-peaks are an apparent barrier. In the forests near the road there were nine species of pines and firs, and eight of maples, besides cedars, yew, juniper, elm, holly, oak, poplar, alder, ilex, plane, birch, pear, etc. A white honeysuckle added its exquisite fragrance to the aggregate of sweet odours. The woods were full of white peonies, sky-blue larkspur and aconite abounded, and yellow roses revelled in

the sunshine on the smooth lawns by the river on which the Tibetan traders camp in the season. My coolies, having no loads to carry, were much excited about the peonies. The roots are an expensive drug in China, and the men said they could get a dollar each for them, so there was a great raid upon them.

After crossing and recrossing the Siao Ho on wooden cantilever bridges, we reached Ku-erh-kio, a purely Man-tze village, piled on an abrupt height where a lateral gorge with a tributary stream debouches on the river. This was the last point to which I was attended by Chinese officialism, and the first where there was a representative of the *Tu-sze* of Somo, the territory on which I then entered. There the soldiers from Tsa-ku-lao, jolly young fellows, delivered the mandarin's letter to the *T'ou-jen*, or headman, and returned.

A Man-tze official escort was at once provided, consisting not of armed and stalwart tribesmen, but of two handsome laughing girls, full of fun, who plied the distaff as they enlivened our way to Chu-ti. Nor was this fascinating escort a sham. Before starting each of the girls put on an extra petticoat. If molestation had been seriously threatened, after protesting and calling on all present to witness the deed, they would have taken off the

additional garments, laying them solemnly (if such laughing maidens could be solemn) on the ground, there to remain till the outrage had been either



CASTLE AT CHU-TI

atoned for or forgiven, the nearest man in authority being bound to punish the offender. Mr. Baker mentions a nearly similar custom among the Lolos of Yunnan. *En route* we passed several Man-tze

villages, and at each the people came out and brought us wooden cups of cold water, indulging in much fun with my men, as several of them could speak Chinese. Nearly all the women were handsome. They were loaded with silver and coral ornaments, plied the distaff as they joked, and were free, not to say bold, in their manners.

Chu-ti consists of two Chinese houses, a bridge, and a large Man-tze house, with some cultivation round it, on the left bank. There we were hospitably received by our muleteer's elder brother, though when he saw the army of coolies he said he did not keep an inn, and begged that nothing might be stolen. I was at once provided with a clean room on the roof, "the best guest-room," with a window-frame, in which was fixed a prayer-cylinder revolved by the wind, which whirred monotonously by day and night. Many of the people from a village on a height, which is only accessible by a series of ladders, spent the evening on the roof with much frolic and merriment. Of the foreigner they have no notion, and as I was clothed in brown wool they thought I was a Man-tze of another tribe. Some of the women were beautiful, and even in middle life they retain their good looks and fine complexions.

This stone dwelling, arranged, as are all the better class of houses, apparently for defence, has three floors, reached by steep, wide step-ladders inside. Cattle, mules, fodder, and agricultural implements occupy the first, the family the second,



HEADMAN'S HOUSE, CHU-TI

and on two sides of its flat roof, which is protected by a parapet two feet high, are the family temple and guest-rooms. This flat roof, which is also the threshing-floor, is the general gathering-place, the wrestling-ground, and the place where the women weave their woollen stuffs on their portable looms. On the roofs of the temples and guest-rooms, which

are partially covered for use as granaries, the men play cards, chess, and a game resembling *Go*. On all roofs, even of the poorest class, there is at the



ALTAR OF INCENSE ON MAN-TZE ROOF

eastern corner a small clay furnace with a chimney, called "the altar of incense." In this at sunrise, the householder, man or woman, looking eastwards, burns a bundle of the green twigs and foliage of

the yew, of which two species are accessible. This may possibly be a relic of a nature-worship anterior to Buddhism. All well-to-do persons have a temple on the roof, as in Tibet, with images of the Buddhist triad against the wall, an altar with the usual emblems and offerings, a drum, gong, horn, and cymbals, and as many of the insignia of Buddhism as their means allow them to obtain. The householder can act as priest, and every man or woman can present his or her invocations and offerings, and in Man-tze homes there is scarcely an hour from sunrise to sunset in which the dull beat of the drum and "*Om mani padme hun*," reiterated in a high-pitched monotone, are not heard.

Snow-peaks above, and snow-peaks below, reddened gloriously at sunset and sunrise, the view from the roof was absolutely entrancing, and the first half of the next day's march was even lovelier than before. At one of the finest parts some tribesmen were building a bridge, and from it some muleteers, chiefly girls, with much laughter, were driving some unladen mules through a very rough ford. Many of the men crossed, and asked for help in building their bridge, which I would willingly have given them, but that my silver was far behind on the mules. They became very obstreperous, and one put his arm across the road to prevent my chair

from passing. We got on, however, for a few *li*, and waited there for the mules. *Chai-jen* had ceased at Chu-ti.



SICK UNTO DEATH

On the same morning the bearer who had always been unfit for his work, and who denied himself food in order to get opium, for he was an immoderate smoker, collapsed and fell by the roadside, with a fluttering pulse and a temperature of 104° . I put

him in my chair and walked as long as I could, and then he had to lie down, and I paid a man to stay with him. An hour passed, and no mules; and I was so afraid that the men at the bridge had robbed the muleteer, for they were a rough lot, that Mr. Kay went back. Another hour passed, and then the mules came all right, and the sick man, moaning and breathless, supported along by Mr. Kay, who is both strong and kind.

Higher up the canyon opens out into a valley of divided streams and shingle beds, either absolutely bare, or covered with the *Hippophæ rhamnoides* and a species of tamarisk. The receding mountain-sides are gashed by summer torrents, and the vegetation is scanty. There was a broad camping-ground among trees, and the coolies made fires and cooked their rice, a number of Somo women from a village on a height—nearly all of them handsome, in the Meg Merrilees style—looking timidly on.

The sick coolie was laid under a tree, and I put a wet pocket-handkerchief on his burning brow. Then latent Chinese brutality came out, showing that on these men the popular cult of Kwanyin, who is really a lovable creation, had no influence. There were five baggage coolies carrying nothing, and when I proposed that they should divide one

mule's load among them and let him ride, they refused. He had been working, sleeping, and eating with them for twelve days, yet when I asked if they were going to leave him there to die, they laughed and said, "Let him die; he's of no use."



LAMA-SERAI AND HEADMAN'S HOUSE, MIA-KO

Though the water he craved for was only a few yards off they did not care to give him any. When appealed to again they said, "No matter; Mr. Kay can look after him." And so he did, for when I had walked till I was exhausted that he might be carried, Mr. Kay nearly carried him for the remaining distance, and slept without his

wadded gown in the keen frosty air, that he might have it. The others laughed at his sufferings, at me for bathing his head, and, above all, at my walking to let him ride.

After we crossed to the right bank of the dwindling river a great number of Man-tze men and women met us, and escorted us up steep stony slopes to the large village of Mia-ko, with its many-storeyed houses, a feudal castle, and a lama-serai like an ugly factory, with 150 monks. We were received in the house of the *T'ou-jen*, the father of our muleteer, who has a patriarchal household of married sons and daughters with their children, and farms on a large scale.

The great treeless hillsides are well suited for agriculture, and though the altitude of Mia-ko is nearly 10,000 feet, wheat ripens in July. At that height, the Dover's powder with which I dosed the coolie failed to produce its usual effect, nor was any other sudorific more successful. In the dry, rarefied air my umbrella split to pieces, shoes and other things cracked, screws fell out of my camera (one of Ross's best), my air-cushion collapsed, a horn cup went to pieces spontaneously, and celluloid films became electric, and emitted sparks when they were separated!

The soil of the mountain-sides is sandy, and

potatoes, which have only lately been introduced, do well. There are many large villages scattered over these slopes, and the people have great flocks of brown goats and sheep, the latter a flop-eared, hornless, long-woolled breed, with fat tails weighing from three to six pounds. They also breed herds of *dzo*, a very valuable hybrid between the yak and cow, and capable of carrying 80 lbs. more than either the horse or mule. The male is used for ploughing, and the female gives more milk than any other of the bovine race. Of it they make butter, which, as in Tibet, appears to become more valuable with years, and which is largely used, along with salt and soda, in the preparation of tea, which is churned in a wooden churn till it is as thick as chocolate. From the hair of the *dzo* and yak the Man-tze make a heavy felt, used for cloaks in cold and wet weather, and for boots. As far as the divide, snow only lies for a few days at a time, and, judging from description, the frost is never severe.

Man-tze cultivation is rough and untidy as compared with Chinese. Indigenous flowers muster strong among the crops, and irrigation is not understood. Drought is the great enemy of agriculture, and the crops in this great valley were in urgent need of rain.

In the late afternoon of our arrival Mia-ko¹ was deserted, and a long procession of men and women, each carrying a heavy burden on the back, wound slowly up the hill to a point where it was reinforced by a similarly burdened company from our village, and the united force was met by a large body of lamas, including our muleteer, in their sacred vestments, chanting Sanskrit prayers. The burdens under which the people bent were the Buddhist scriptures, which, when complete, weigh 90 lbs., and to carry this sacred load is regarded as an acceptable act of merit. Before the prolonged service ceased there was "a sound of abundance of rain," the wind rose, the rain fell in torrents, and the soil of disintegrated granite imbibed it as if it never could be satisfied.

Mia-ko is a noisy and cheerful village, and after Tibetan fashion very religious. There is a low building on the hillside containing a number of revolving prayer-cylinders, ranged round it at a convenient height. Round this in the early morning the villagers go in procession turning the cylinders. With brief intervals all day long in my host's family temple one or another repeated prayers in a monotone. On the roofs are tall poles, each surmounted by a trident, or a ball and crescent, or bearing narrow white prayer-flags of their

own length. Groups of poles with similar flags are erected in memory of the dead, whose ashes often rest below in small cinerary urns. It is "merit" to make clay medallions, with which portions of these ashes are frequently mixed, and to stamp them with Sakyamuni's image, or to finger the clay deftly into models of *chod-tens*.

We had any number of these jovial, laughing, frolicking people on the roof at night, men and women on terms of equality. They drink *chang*, a turbid barley beer, as the Tibetans do. We were detained for some days at Mia-ko. The mules were lost on the hills, and stories were current of two mighty robbers, who were making a part of the road dangerous, and were keeping the country in alarm, and who successfully evaded capture, though a reward of sixty taels (£9) was offered for them dead or alive. The *T'ou-jen* was averse to our taking that route without an escort of ten spearmen, who had to be hunted up in the adjacent villages, and this took time. Into the midst of this detention dropped down a Chinese mounted officer, "a captain of a thousand," with baggage and a mounted servant, and orders to keep me in view, whether to help or hinder I knew not, but strongly suspected the latter. Both carried swords and revolvers. This was most unwelcome,

and the delicious sense of freedom in which I had been revelling vanished.

The food question caused me uneasiness, though I was always assured that "everything was to be got at Somo." The people would not sell us so much as an egg, and the detention made such a serious inroad on our supplies that I reduced myself to tea, and damper baked in the ashes and pullable into long strings.

After the first curiosity, which was never vivid, was over the people pursued their usual avocations on the roof, reciting prayers, weaving, and making clothes in the day, and wrestling, fencing, and making a general frolic in the evening. Mia-ko is a very well-to-do village, and both sexes were loaded with silver jewellery.

The Siao Ho makes a preposterous turn above it, and we took a short cut over the pass of Shi-Tze-Ping (10,917 ft.), rejoining the river twenty *li* later. Heavy snow fell on the mountains during the previous night, whitening many of the lower hills, turning their shaggy pines into grey beards, and lying heavily on the superb coniferæ of the pass, where red and white rhododendrons and a large pink azalea were blooming profusely. At that elevation the mercury was 26° at 6 A.M., and as a strong north-east wind was blowing the

cold was intense. At noon one thousand feet lower the mercury stood at 72° .

From the summit there is a distant view of a long, snowy range, with a blunt and wavy outline, on which five peaks, evidently of great altitude, are superimposed. Hitherto the mountains, at least near the river, though dazzling white, had not reached the majesty of eternal snow, but on this range the guide said "it was always as it was then," that the peaks were known as "the Snowy Mountains," that the highest was called Tang-pa (sacred), and that the Great Gold River (Chin-shuan) rose among them. It was a pass of that range that we afterwards crossed, and it is probably identical with that mass of peaks and ranges marked on the Chinese maps as "Snowy Mountains," running on the whole in a south-western direction between 29° and 32° N. lat. and 101° to 103° E. long. It is only possible to make a rough guess at the altitude of those peaks. In May Captain Gill found the snow line three degrees to the eastward of this point at an altitude of 13,000 feet, and estimates the limit of perpetual snow as at least 14,000 or 15,000 feet, which, allowing for the steady rise in temperature of every degree west in that latitude, would give a snow line of 15,000 or 16,000 feet above the sea level. Taking the snow

line in the middle of May as a rough basis for calculation, I should estimate the height of the timber line at nearly 13,000 feet, and the height of Tang-pa as 5000 feet above that.

A steep descent of three hours through an entrancing forest brought us back to the Small River, there a full-watered, clear, green torrent, about forty yards wide, compressed within a narrow canyon, tumbling among gigantic boulders in glorious cataracts, forest trees of larger size than had been seen before bending over it, festooned with climbing roses and white and sulphur-yellow clematis, while all lovely things which revel in moisture and warmth—ferns, mosses, selaginellas, and the exquisite *Trichomanes radicans*—flourished along the margin of its turbulent waters. It was grander and far more beautiful than ever, and absolutely solitary.

One feature of the vegetation west of Mia-ko is a pea-green trailer (possibly *Lycopodium sieboldi*), with pendants eight and ten feet long, which takes possession of coniferous trees, dooming them to a slow death, but replacing their dark needles by a tint which in masses is very attractive. These trailers are used by the Man-tze for hats, much worn by lamas. Some of the red trunks of the conifers, branchless for fifty feet and more, measure

from nineteen to twenty-one feet in circumference six feet from the ground, hollies seven feet, yew eleven, twelve, and even thirteen feet, and an umbrageous and very beautiful species of poplar from seventeen to twenty feet. Occasionally the canyon widens for a short distance, and there are smooth lawns, on which nature has planted artistically clumps of pines and birches, the latter, instead of white, with "old gold" bark, which they shed in spring. Almost the only flowers at that altitude were a dandelion, with a stalk an inch long, and a lovely, short-stalked, mauve primula, which in places carpeted the ground. Some of the canyon walls, rising forest-covered tier above tier, cannot be less than 3000 feet in height, and at that season their luxurious covering embraced every tint of yellow, red, and green.

After fully forty *li* the canyon broadens into a luxuriant valley, apparently closed at its western end by one of the great Tsu-ku-shan ranges, and the yak and *dzo* fed in large numbers on the rich pasturages which confer prosperity on the Man-tze hamlet of Hong-Kia. This should have been the halting-place, and though there was apparently no accommodation, the Chinese officer intended it to be so. High words were exchanged between him and Mr. Kay, who went back to hurry up the

mules, while I sat in the roadway watching the snow which was then obviously falling on the pass, while it was raining below. To make a long story short, owing to unpropitious circumstances not worth narrating, and a loss of heads and tempers, my better judgment was overborne, and against it, and in spite of my showing that Matang could not be reached anyhow in less than eight hours, the order to start on this most foolhardy venture was given, and we left Hong-Kia at 3.15, the coolies and I not having fed since eleven, and reached the foot of the pass at 6.30. A few *li* higher this branch of the Min rises as a vigorous spring under a rock.

We ascended to a considerable height by a number of well-engineered zigzags, meeting Man-tze travellers armed with lances and short swords, and journeying in companies from dread of the notorious banditti. Some of my men had armed themselves with lances. As darkness came on the coolies were scared, and begged me to have the mule bells taken off. They started at every rock, and asked me to have my revolver ready! Their noses had been bleeding at intervals for some days, and at the altitude we had attained the hemorrhage in some cases was profuse, and was accompanied by vertigo, vomiting, and some bleeding from the



ELEPHANTIASIS

See page 206

mouth, and the baggage coolie who had most unwillingly taken the sick bearer's place was at best a malcontent. When we got into mist, and broken shale, and snow, after stumbling and falling one after the other, they set the chair down, very reasonably I thought, and no arguments of Mr. Kay's addressed either to mind or body induced them to carry it another step.

It was then 8.30 and very dark. A snowstorm came on, dense and blinding, with a strong wind. I was dragged rather than helped along, by two men who themselves frequently fell, for we were on a steep slope, and the snow was drifting heavily. The guide constantly disappeared in the darkness. Be-dien, who was helping me, staggered and eventually fell, nearly fainting—he said for want of food, but it was “Pass Poison,” and he was revived by brandy. The men were groaning and falling in all directions, calling on their gods and making expensive vows; which were paid afterwards by burning cheap incense sticks, fear of the bandits having given way to fear for their lives—yet they had to be prevented from lying down in the snow to die.

Several times I sank in drifts up to my throat, my soaked clothes froze on me, the snow deepened, whirled, drifted, stung like pin points. But the awfulness of that lonely mountain-side cannot be

conveyed in words : the ghastly light which came on, the swirling, blinding snow-clouds, the benumbing cold, the moans all round, for with others, as with myself, every breath was a moan, and the certainty that if the wind continued to rise we should all perish, for we were on the windward slope of the mountain. After three hours of this work, the moon, nearly at her full, rose, and revealed dimly through the driving snow-mist, the round, ghastly crest of the pass, which we reached and crossed soon after midnight, when the snow ceased. I have fought through severe blizzards in the Zagros and Kurdistan mountains, but on a good horse and by daylight, and not weakened by a blow. On the whole this was my worst experience of the kind.

An hour's descent in deep snow on the edge of a precipice, from below which came up the boom of tumbling water, brought us to a forest of the straightest and tallest pines I ever saw, glorious in the moonlight, and vocal with the crash of waters. Then I became aware that Mr. Kay, who is very absent, and the guide had disappeared. The coolies declined to carry me, and wanted to leave me there, and it was only after half an hour's altercation between them and my servant, during which my wet clothing froze hard, that they took up the chair. The forest tracks were baffling, and the

true track was soon lost in the snow, not to be recovered till at 2 A.M. we emerged on great, grassy slopes, and an hour later, my party, exhausted, shivering, starving, drenched to the skin, and all alike in frozen clothes, found a wretched shelter in the one room of a Chinese hovel with a sloping floor on the bleak, boulder-strewn hillside on which the forlorn village of Matang huddles at an altitude of over 9000 feet.

The pass of Tsu-ku-shan, which we had crossed, is the great water-parting of that region, the waters on the east seeking the Min, and those on the west the Chin-shuan or Ta-kin Ho, both meeting in the Yangtze at Sui-fu, this glorious region being geographically in the Yangtze Valley. When I recrossed the pass, a very easy one, one hundred and twenty-four snow-peaks were visible from its summit. Its approximate altitude is 11,717 feet. It is a long, bare, unimpressive mountain wall.

The hovel allowed of my pitching my camp-bed behind a cambric screen, but there was no room for the wretched coolies to lie down, so they sat round a big, log fire, cooked their food, talked, and thawed and dried their frozen clothes. I thawed mine by rolling myself up in a blanket, but unlike them was unable to eat, or even drink tea for many hours, and lay there much stupefied until noon the



next day, when we moved to what posed as an inn, a wooden stable ninety feet long, with stalls seven feet high for human beings on both sides, in one of which I was thankful to find solitude, a fire-bowl, and necessary rest for some days.

The innkeeper and his wife, Kansuh Mohammedans, were kind. They gave me an egg, and took me to sit by their big, log fire in their horrible kitchen, on the ground that we were worshippers of the same God. The fire was welcome, for there were heavy snowstorms, and on one day the mercury fell to 29°. Whether in storm or sunshine Matang, "out of the season," is a ghastly place, a forlorn, unpicturesque village of low, stone cabins, with rough, timber roofs kept down by stones. It is bisected by a torrent of the same name, a feeder of the Chin-shuan, rising on the pass above. There is a very good cantilever bridge. Its population of 170 includes a number of Chinese who have married Man-tze women. Snow lies there for six weeks.

In July and August the scene changes, and Matang becomes a great international market. The inn is crammed with men and horses. Yaks and Tibetan tents cover the grassy slopes, Chinese dig on the mountains for medicinal roots, which are also brought from Tibet in incredible quantities,

and are bought up chiefly by Mussulman traders, broken silver, the only currency accepted, passes freely from hand to hand, goods are bartered, and for two months the Chinese and Tibetan traders do a very large trade in cattle, horses, wool, hides, sheep, musk, rhubarb, hartshorn, and much besides.

Some of the Matang Man-tze women were extremely beautiful, after the Madonna type. I twice secured a giggling group in front of my camera, but I no sooner put my head under the focussing cloth than there was a stampede, and partly in fun and partly in fear the laughing beauties fled like hares, so the reader must take their good looks on trust.

Outside a hole near the roof, which served for a window, a genuine Tibetan dog was chained, as big as a small bear, with rusty brown wool, four inches long, and a superb face. His voice was more like a roar than a bark, and his growl was portentous. These dogs are very savage, and his owner said that he could kill a man by tearing open his throat, which is their method of attack. I got his owner, on whom he fawned foolishly, to measure him, and from the root of his bushy tail to his nose he measured four feet three inches. He kept a malignant watch on me, and I could not move in my room without provoking his fierce, resonant

growl. These dogs shed their fur in the summer.

After a detention, owing to snowstorms and difficulties of transport, which made a further serious inroad on the stores, we left Matang early in May, accompanied by the Chinese officer, who had wisely remained in the Hong-Kia Valley, and ten stalwart spearmen from Mia-ko. I started on foot, accompanied by this escort, leaving the others to follow at their leisure ; some of the baggage being on yaks, which having been as usual lost on the mountain, caused considerable delay. When our force was mustered it numbered twenty-five men. Two of the wild-looking tribesmen rode big yaks, monstrous in their winter coats ; all were armed with lances, and short, broad-bladed swords, and a few carried long and much-decorated matchlock guns. Of course, we saw nothing of the bandits, and when we had passed their beat the spearmen quietly disappeared, apparently ignorant of their right to *baksheesh*. The ghastly, grinning head of a third bandit hung in a cage in the village.

The road, which is a singularly good one, crosses the Matang River by a good bridge, near its junction with a vigorous stream descending from the north-west, and then follows their united course in a southerly direction for forty *li* to their union with the Rong-kia.

The scenery on that day's journey is the loveliest of all. This Matang River whose birth we had seen on that awful night on the pass, raging in cataracts, and great drifts of sunlit foam, and slowing at times into deep green eddies, makes the most abrupt and extraordinary turns, each one giving a new and glorious view. The canyon reminds me of some of the finest parts of the Rocky Mountains, but the abundance of deciduous trees and flowering shrubs, trailers, and plants, and the aquamarine "Fairy Moss," hanging in five-foot streamers from the trees, give it an added beauty. Everything was draped in auburn, gold, and green. The pine forests are vast and magnificent, and through the purple madder of the leafless birches their terra cotta stems gleamed. The dark, evergreen ilex and holly contrasted with the brilliant spring green of the elæagnus, hawthorn, and willow ; primulas, narcissus, and *scillæ* starred the mossy ground, maidenhair and other ferns flourished on the tree trunks, trailers of a pure white clematis hung over the path, mosses and film ferns draped every harsh angle and every boulder out of sight, and gorgeous butterflies and dragonflies glanced like "living flashes of light." Every vista at every turn above the dark pine forests is blocked by peaks, then in the dazzling purity of new-fallen snow.

Our course consisted of constant climbing over high steep spurs, which descend on the right bank of the river. There is one fine waterfall. In the afternoon a long and very severe ascent terminated at the top of a spur crowned by a village and a



VILLAGE OF RONG-KIA

lama-serai above the confluence of four valleys and three streams, the Matang from the north, the Rong-kia from the east, and the Kin-ta from the south. These unite to form a broadish, full-watered river, very green, to which the Man-tze give the name, which I reproduce as Rong-kia, or "Silver Water," but which the Chinese along its banks call

the Ta Chin or Ta Kin-Shuan (Great Gold River), which, if they are correct, is the upper portion of the Tatu or Tung River.

After an ascent, and a halt at an extraordinary village of square towers, from each of which a single brown wood room projected at the top, another steep ascent took us to the top of a spur, from which we looked down on the valley of the Rong-kia below its junction with the other streams, there a broad, swift river, free from rapids and cataracts, and bridged in several places.

The first view of it sleeping in the soft sunshine of a May noon was one never to be forgotten. The valley is fully one mile wide, and nine miles long, and snow-peaks apparently close its western extremity. All along the "Silver Water" there were wheat fields in the vivid green of spring; above were alpine lawns over which were sprinkled clumps of pine and birch, gradually thickening into forests, which clothed the skirts of mountains, snow-crested, and broken up here and there into pinnacles of naked rock. At short distances all down the valley are villages with towers and lamaserais on heights—villages among the fair meadows by the bright, swift river, with houses mounted on the tops of high towers, which they overhang, their windows from thirty to fifty feet from the ground

—and stretching half-way across, a lofty, rocky spur, then violet against a sky of gold, developed into a massive, double-towered castle, the residence of the *Tu-tze* of Somo, the lord of this fair land. In the late afternoon it looked like that enchanted region—

“ Where falls not rain or hail or any snow,
Or ever wind blows loudly.”

The warm spring sunshine blessed it, the river flashed through it in light, the sunset glory rolled down it in waves of gold ; its beauty left nothing to be longed for.

The Chinese officer rode up saying, “There is now no more fright,” (who was frightened I know not), and passed on to Somo, saying he was “going to make things smooth for us,” but, as I think, carrying orders to the *Tu-tze* from headquarters to bar my further progress. The castle gained rather than lost, as we approached it by a bridge over a lateral stream near a fine specimen of an ancient tower, about eighty feet high. It occupies the greater part of a rocky spur or bluff, rising 390 feet above the river. A few mean houses cluster on ledges outside the castle wall.

The spur is so precipitous on the east side as to look inaccessible, and is climbed with difficulty by



CANYON OF THE RONG-KIA

anyone carrying a burden. At the foot of the rock there is a covered, open gateway, with revolving prayer-cylinders on both sides. The ascent is by



SQUARE TOWER, SOMO

steep zigzags, which we were an hour in climbing. The climb brought us into the centre of a Man-tze crowd, and of a cluster of mean and dirty Chinese hovels, huddling against the rocks, in which we were

told that the *Tu-tze* "had provided lodgings." This was an insult. The lodging for the whole party was one small, dark, dirty room, filled with stinging wood-smoke from a fire on the floor.

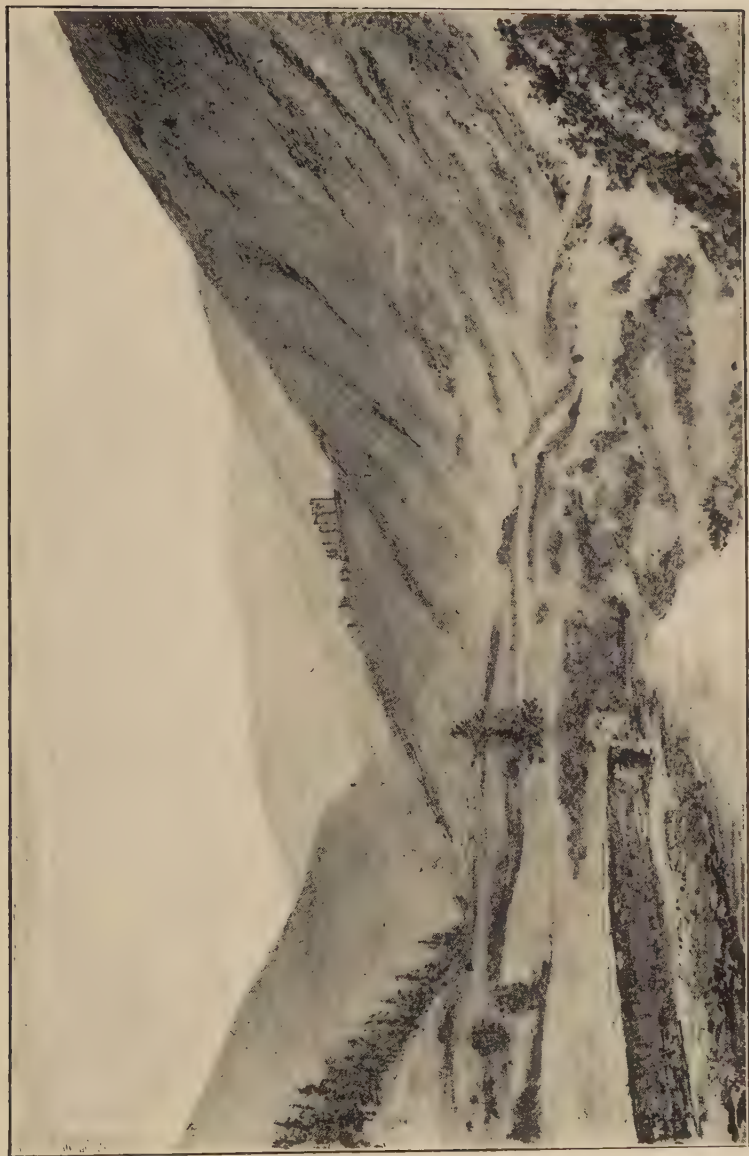
I sat outside in the midst of a crowd which had no rudeness in it, while Mr. Kay, with sanguine impetuosity, went up "to see the *Tu-tze*" and claim fitting accommodation. He found both doors barred in his face, and two savage dogs on guard. — Nothing daunted, he climbed a wall and dropped down into the outer court of the castle, and in the lion's den itself obtained a good room for me on the roof of a *Man-tze* house within the great gate, high and breezy, and looking both up and down the valley.

"Passports and recommendations are no use here," replied the haughty ruler to a request for furtherance, and when a polite message was sent asking at what hour Mr. Kay might have the honour of an audience, the proposal was rudely negatived. The Chinese officer, who was entertained in the castle, had obviously done his work efficiently.

Though Somo was nominally the goal of my journey, and I was more than satisfied to have reached it, I cherished a project of getting down to Ta-tien-lu (*Darchendo*) from Cho-ko-ki by a route

only traversed previously, so far as Europeans are concerned, by Mr. von Rosthorn—involving a journey of twenty-one days. On making careful inquiries, however, I learned that a tribal war had broken out, and that the bridges over the Rong-kia had been destroyed, a fact which Mr. Kay verified by a long day's journey of investigation. This involved two long days' march on foot over a difficult mountain, and I was much prostrated, and also suffering from my heart from the severities of the night on the Tsu-ku-shan Pass. In addition, the coolies, the bane of the journey, were breaking down from fever one after another, the stock of rice was nearly exhausted, and an order had been given that supplies and transport southwards were to be refused. I was too weak to make a resolute attempt to overcome these difficulties, which probably, as in the case of other would-be Tibetan travellers, were insurmountable, and every reader who is also a traveller will understand the indescribable reluctance with which I abandoned the Taitien-lu project. After it was given up, the *Tu-tze* sent a present of salted goat, flour, honey, and ancient and hairy butter, which enabled me to give my men a good meal.

The days passed quickly in learning as much as I was able to extract from the Man-tze elders



DISTANT VIEW OF SOMO

regarding their customs. The *Tu-tze* sent several times for my watch, and eventually sent a very big man with his own, a valuable old thing, with many rubies, which had stopped for years, and asked me to repair it! It was a very simple derangement, and I put it right, when he sent again asking if I could mend pianos, as he had one with broken strings! Then he sent for Be-dien, to whom he put many questions, and fascinated him. He told him that he could only protect us for forty *li* farther, when we should reach the territory of the Cho-ko-ki, a hostile tribe. At one time Be-dien came into my room with an avalanche of "savages" behind him, one handsome young woman clinging to his arm, to his great annoyance, for he was a "very proper young man," or posed as such.

Throughout the Man-tze villages the absence of any painfully disfiguring diseases, goitre excepted, had been remarkable. In Somo, however, there was one Chinese with a tumour on his jaw as large as a supplementary head, and another suffering from severe elephantiasis, of which distressing malady an illustration is given on page 189.





CHAPTER XXXIII

THE MAN-TZE, I-REN, OR SHAN-SHANG-REN

IN this chapter I put together such information as I was able to gather about the people to whom I have introduced my readers. I only give such statements as at least four persons were agreed upon, and confine my remarks to the four tribes of the Somo territory, estimated at 20,000 souls, which are unified under the rule of the *Tu-tze* of Somo.¹ The designation Man-tze or I-ren, which is simply Chinese for "barbarian," is perforce accepted by these people from their conquerors. When questioned, however, they divided themselves into Somo, Cho-ko-ki, He-shui, and other tribes, and on being pressed further, they declared themselves Shan-shang-ren, or mountain people. They said that they had heard that in ancient times their fathers came from the setting sun, but they knew of no days when they and the Chinese did not live

¹ In this case a *Tu-tze* is a tribal chief, recognised as such by the Chinese Government.

among each other. The tribal spirit is completely extinct among those tribes, who have accepted one ruler ; but the Somo people hate the Sifans to the north-east and the Cho-ko-ki men to the south.

The head of one or more tribes is called a *Tu-tze*. He is appointed directly by the Emperor of China, and for life ; but a long established custom has made the office practically hereditary, and in the absence of a son a daughter may be invested with it, as in the case of Somo, where in recent years, and for a considerable time, a woman sustained the dignity of the position. It is only in a case of flagrant misconduct that the Emperor would exercise his right of removing a Man-tze ruler. The *Tu-tze* has absolute authority over his own tribesmen, including the power of life and death. The land is his, and the cultivator pays a tax of thirty per cent. of the produce, out of which the ruler contributes the annual tribute to China. The tribesmen are free to build anywhere without paying ground rent. Chinese under Man-tze rule have to obtain permission to build, are not allowed to make charcoal, and pay ground rent. In the case of the murder of a Chinese, the murderer may be taken into Chinese territory to be tried by a mandarin, but actually he is rarely caught, and the crime is usually compromised by the payment of blood-money by

his relations. If a Chinese wishes for a Man-tze wife he must pay the *Tu-tze* thirty taels (about £4 10s.) for the privilege.

Under the *Tu-tze*, and appointed by him, are



A MAN-TZE VILLAGE

village headmen, or *T'ou-jen*, who usually hold office for life, and are frequently succeeded by their sons. They collect taxes, settle disputes, try small cases by tribal law, and meet the *Tu-tze* once a month at his castle to report what has been going on, and to discuss what has to be done, and once a year to choose the tribal representatives who are to carry

the tribute to Peking. China has done wisely in fringing her borders with quasi-independent tribes whose autonomy is guaranteed by custom, and whose love of the freedom they enjoy would convert men and women into a respectable guerilla force in case of invasion.

The religion of the Man-tze is Buddhism or Lamaism of the Tibetan type. Except in Western Tibet I have never seen a country in which the externals of religion are so prominent. Nearly all the larger villages have lama-serais on heights above them ; rock Buddhas, and Buddhas in relief on tablets are numerous ; poles twenty feet long, with narrow prayer-flags of nearly the same length, flutter from every house-roof ; groups of prayer-flags in memory of the dead are planted beside every village ; a temple is prominent on the roof of every well-to-do house ; and prayer-cylinders turned by water-power or hand are common near the roads. Daily offerings are made in all dwellings ; every second son is a lama ; the formula, "*Om mani padme hun,*" is everywhere heard ; the presence of lamas is essential to every act in the round of social and agricultural life ; and literature is wholly confined to Buddhist classics. Prayer-wheels revolved by the wind are common in windows ; and when people grow old, and dread such

an unfortunate re-birth as a reappearance in the body of a horse, dog, or mule, a prayer-cylinder, revolved by swinging it, is constantly in their hands.

The lamas receive large sums for prayers, and for such ceremonies, in cases of illness, as the reading of the Buddhist scriptures in the house, accompanied by chanting, blowing of great horns, and beating of drums. A death is their chief harvest, for, besides the fees paid to them for the services customary at death and burial, any good clothing which the deceased person has possessed is their perquisite, as well as the silver and coral head ornaments of the women, which go to help pay the expense of opening a passage for the soul into the other world. If the family wishes for these it must redeem them from the lamas. According to the wealth of the deceased is the time occupied in this arrangement. It may be three months or longer. In the case of the poor three days is the limit. A re-birth into the Western Heaven is reserved for lamas.

They dispose of bodies after death by rules of their own. In a few very rare cases, where the horoscope of life, death, and the future is favourable, the corpse is buried "earth to earth" without coffin or clothing. Throwing the body into the river, or exposing it on a mountain-side to the fowls

of the air, are also practised at their bidding ; but cremation, accompanied by the recitation or chanting of the scriptures, is the usual method. Afterwards the ashes are placed in an earthen pot, which is buried, a prayer-flag or flags being erected on the spot. On the days of death and burial, as well as during the interval, there is weeping, but it is not prolonged or repeated, and ancestral worship is not practised. The clothing of a corpse is always removed immediately after death, and it remains naked until it is disposed of by one of these three methods.

Among the noteworthy characteristics of Man-tze life is the position of women. They are not only on an equality with men, but receive considerable attention from them, and they share their interests and amusements everywhere. Men and women are always seen together. A woman can be anything, from a muleteer to a *Tu-tze*. Social intercourse between the sexes is absolutely unfettered. Boys and girls, youths and maidens, mix freely. Love matches are the rule, and I saw many a handsome young face illuminated by a genuine love-light. The young people choose each other, and either of them may take the initiative. When they have settled the preliminaries, the prospective bridegroom sends a friend to the prospective bride's



parents, informing them of his wish to marry their daughter. Consent follows almost as a matter of course, the bridegroom sends a present of a bottle of wine to the bride's father, and the courtship is fully recognised.

Next the lamas are consulted, to ascertain if the horoscopes of the youth and maiden fit. If not, the difficulty may be overcome by prolonged, vicarious chanting of the scriptures, and liberal fees. The lamas also choose an auspicious day for the marriage. The marriage ceremony consists in the bride and groom publicly joining hands, drinking wine from a double-spouted bowl, and accepting each other as husband and wife, after which there is a three days' feast in the bride's home. She and her husband then go to their own house, and there is another three days' feast. There are no contracts of marriage for a limited period, as in Western Tibet. Whether the choice has been for good or ill, it is for life, divorce being permissible only in the case of childlessness, and the contract can only be cancelled by the *Tu-tze*. It would not be correct to infer from this that the Man-tze are a moral people. Their standard of morality is low, and the lives of the lamas have no tendency to raise it. Plurality of wives is an appendage of the position of the *Tu-tze*, and is, I think, the practice of rich

men, but monogamy is the rule, polyandry, though said to be the custom of the Sifans to the north, does not exist. No presents, except the bottle of wine previously mentioned, are made by the bridegroom to the bride's father; but her parents, according to their wealth, endow her with cattle, horses, and fields, the last of which, to use our own phraseology, are "settled upon her." A widow does not wear mourning, and is at liberty to make a second marriage. On the death of her husband, unless she remarries, she assumes complete control over his property, and at her death it is divided among the sons, who frequently, however, agree to live together and keep it intact. If there is trouble concerning property, the *Tou-jen* usually settles the matter and if he fails to make an amicable arrangement, it is referred to the *Tu-tze*, whose decision is final.

Good health is the patrimony of these people. There are a few lepers among them, and rheumatism is rather prevalent, but few maladies are known, and measles appears to be the only epidemic which affects children. I did not see one case of skin disease or deformity on the whole journey. They spoke of old age and what they call "exhaustion" as the usual causes of death. Goitre, however, is frightfully prevalent in many of the villages. In

some, *seventy-five per cent.* of the people are afflicted by it, and it often begins in childhood. It does not seem to affect either the health or spirits. The people think that it comes from drinking snow-water, but it was specially common in some villages where the sources of the water supply are far below the snow. The lamas virtually prohibit all medicines not supplied by themselves, and it is only those Man-tze who have been corrupted by contact with Chinese civilisation who use any others. They incline to fatalism regarding illness, relying chiefly on amulets, charms, and religious ceremonies. "If a man is very ill he dies," they say, "and when he is not he gets better."

They have a language of their own, but it is written in Tibetan characters, and all notices and inscriptions on tablets and sign-posts are in the same. In the villages nearest to China proper, many of the people speak Chinese as well as Man-tze, and the *T'ou-jen* in all villages, but further west very few even of the elders understand it, and the *Tu-tze* himself is unable to read the Chinese characters.

The products of the Somo territory, so far as export goes, are *nil*. The magnificent timber is useless, as the rivers, from their abrupt bends and enormous boulders, in addition to their turbulence, do not admit of its being rafted down. So far as I

could learn, there are no golden sands to tempt even the Chinese adventurer. Sulphur and nitrate of soda abound. The Man-tze grow wheat, barley, oats, maize, buckwheat, lentils, and a little hemp. In good years they raise enough for their requirements, but more frequently have to barter their cattle and coarse woollen cloth for food. Their transactions consist of barter only, silver being known solely for its use in personal adornment. There is no prospect for Manchester in that quarter. Pieces of red and green cloth for the decoration of boots are brought from Russia through Tibet, and these and the brass buttons on clothing are their only imports. Both sexes dress in woollen materials, spun, woven, and dyed by themselves, and sewn with their own hempen fibre.

Their views are narrow, their ideas conservative, and their knowledge barely elementary. England is not a name to conjure with in their valleys. They know of China and Tibet, and have heard of Russia, but never of Britain. Of the war and the *wojen* they were in complete ignorance. I found them hospitable, friendly, and polite, not extravagant in their curiosity, of easy morals, full of frolic and merriment, singularly affectionate to each other, taking this life easily and enjoying it, and trusting the next to the lamas.

In the regrettable absence of photographs it is difficult to give any idea of their appearance. There are few under-sized men. They were a little taller than my coolies, who were the average height of Chinese. They are deep-chested, as becomes mountaineers; their build is robust, and their muscular limbs betoken strength and agility. Their walk is firm and springy, and in wrestling and putting the stone—favourite amusements—the display of muscle is superb. The tribes vary as to good looks, though not as to physique, especially the women, some of whom have the oval face, regular features, and beauty of the brunette type which we associate with the Madonna, while others are plain, and resemble Neapolitans. The complexion is as dark as that of the natives of Southern Europe, but a trifle redder; the large dark eyes and eyebrows are level, the nose straight, the mouth usually small and thin-lipped, the forehead high but not broad, and the ears large, and rendered unshapely by the weight of the earrings. The cheek-bones are not in any way remarkable. The characteristic of the Man-tze face is that it is European in feature and expression, and recalls the Latin races. Owing to a sort of timidity, and to the fashion of hair-dressing of both sexes, it was unfortunately impossible to procure any head measurements.

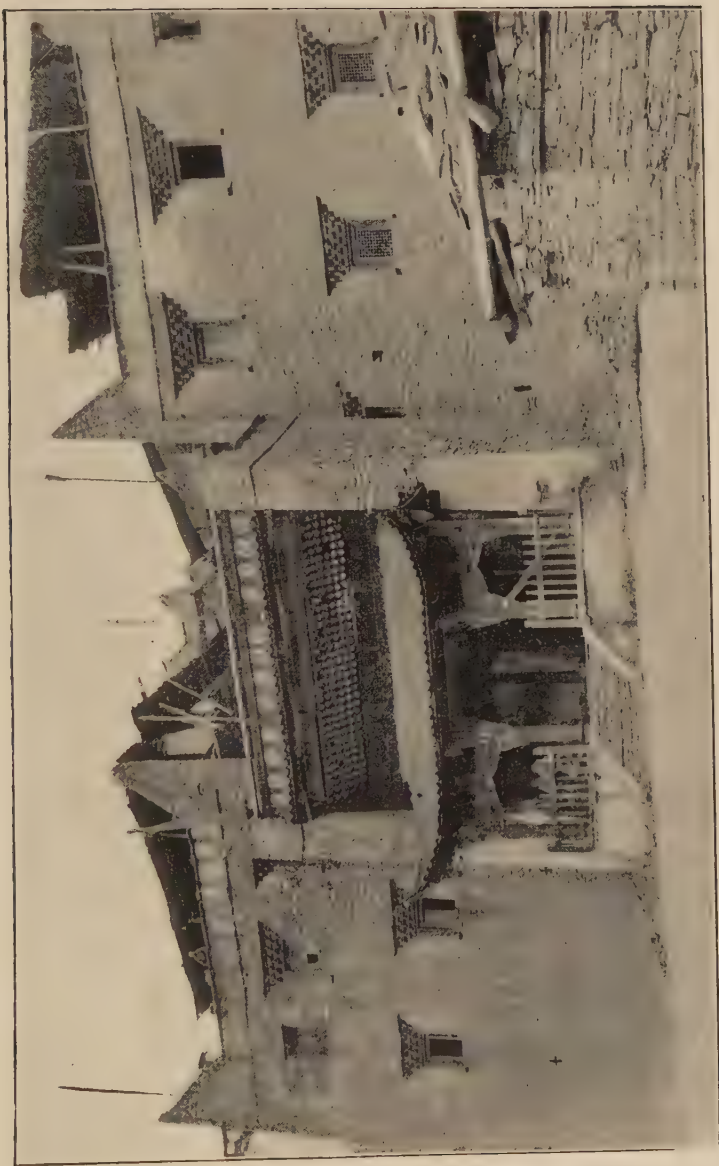
The men shave their heads and wear cloth or fur caps, but some of the elders said that in former days all the hair was gathered above the forehead, and twisted into a horn wrapped up in a cotton cloth, and often "as long as a hand." A similar style is mentioned by Mr. Baber as characteristic of the Lolos of Yunnan. The *coiffure* of the women is most elaborate. The front hair is divided, and plaited into from twenty to thirty plaits not wider than a watchguard, and waxed down each side, considerably reducing the forehead. The back hair, with considerable additions, is divided and brought round the head in two massive coils over a folded blue cloth, which hangs a little over the brow. Strings of large coral beads are twisted round these coils, but at the sides only. The circumstances of a family are indicated by the size and beauty of the coral and silver of the headgear. Jewellery is largely worn by both sexes—earrings, necklets, chains of alternate coral and silver filigree beads, and bracelets set with large turquoise or red coral. The ornaments are often really beautiful and of fine workmanship. When I asked by whom they were made, they invariably replied, "By the Arabs."

The women wear woollen under-garments, short loose jackets with wide sleeves, and skirts reaching a few inches below the knees, as closely pleated as

the kilt of a Highlander, sometimes exchanged indoors for a long, loose robe. Dark brown and madder-red predominate in apparel. They wear long leather boots, upon which are stitched up the front and sides decorative strips of scarlet and bright green cloth.

The men wear a gabardine and girdle of native cloth, frequently dark red, over a woollen undergarment ; leggings, and decorated leather boots or hempen shoes. The cloth or fur cap is often varied by the SZE CHUAN turban. They have no soap, and never wash. A corpse is designated as the "twice washed." In the rarefied air of the high altitudes which they inhabit, some of the most unpleasant consequences of dirt are not apparent. I must add that every house in which I received hospitality was tolerably clean, and that I was not aware of the presence of vermin.

There is a singular absence of bird-life in the Somo territory. A species of francolin and ringed pheasants were seen, the blue jay, the crow, and the ubiquitous magpie. The men said that there are boars, small bears, and deer in the forests, but that the trade in hartshorn and horns in the velvet for Chinese medicines had driven the latter back, "they knew not where." There are also at least two species of monkeys, both large, and one with thick,



ENTRANCE AND JUDGMENT-SEAT, SOMMO CASTLE

long hair. The brown bear, the yellow wolf, the musk deer, the badger, and the otter are also found, but the Man-tze are not scientific in their descriptions.

The *Tu-tze's* rule only extends for forty *li* to the south of Somo. He is proud of his practically independent position, and when my servant interpreter presented my Chinese passport, and a letter from the Viceroy of SZE CHUAN, he said that he did not read Chinese, and that passports and Viceroy's letters were of no use there !

Somo castle, on its eastern side, is a most striking building, built into the rock of the spur on which it stands. It has a number of windows with decorative stone mullions, the lowest over twenty feet from the ground. Its many roofs are planted thick with prayer-flags, and projecting rooms and balconies of brown wood, with lattice-work fronts, hang from its eastern side over the precipice. The castle yard is spacious and singularly clean ; the entrance is handsome, and is faced by a huge dragon, boldly and skilfully painted on a plastered stone screen. Poles with crowns from which yaks' tails depend, and the trident, as in Western Tibet, surmount the entrance. The whole is most substantially built of stone, and I looked in vain for any trace of decay or disrepair. The altitude is about 7518 feet.



CHAPTER XXXIV

FROM SOMO TO CHENG TU FU

THE refusal to sell food produced uncomfortable consequences. I bestowed my personal stores on the coolies, and being left with only a little chocolate, a few squares of soup, and a pound of flour, was often compelled to still the gnawings of hunger with peppermint lozenges; and what was worse, the men were on half-rations. Just before we left, the *Tu-tze* sent a welcome present of half a bag of flour, and as supplies were not refused on the way down, the worst was over. At Matang we were detained two days by a severe snowstorm, which glorified the pine forests on the skirts of the Tsu-ku-shan Pass, which was bare, pale, and uninteresting, and took four hours to cross even in the sunny daylight. From the summit about one hundred and twenty snow-peaks were visible, some rising sharply into a very blue sky, others with snow-clouds swirling round their ghastly crest—all clothed to a considerable altitude with interminable

forests of pine, hoary with new-fallen snow, under the bright May sunshine.

Passing through the fine herds of yaks and *dzo*, and by villages and detached houses, we sought



HESHUI HUNTER, AND NOTCHED TIMBERS

shelter in vain. The people were all "on the mountain," and every house was locked. After a severe day of twelve hours we were directed off the road, through groves of fine Spanish chestnut trees,

to an alp, on which is a small Man-tze house inhabited by one Chinese, where I slept on the roof, next two rows of humming prayer-cylinders, and in the morning had a glorious view of snow-peaks and forests.

It is scarcely credible, but the downward journey was more gloriously beautiful than the upward. The peacock green, transparent Siao Ho, with its snow-white cataracts, thundered through the trees in a yet goodlier volume, between cliffs on which the great red-stemmed pines are securely moored, flashed past velvet lawns starred with blue and white anemones, and pink and white peonies; past clumps of daphne giving forth hot-house odours in the warm sunshine, under the living scarlet of maples, through the blue gloom of colossal pines, every one of its innumerable bends giving a fresh view. The ice was half an inch thick every morning on the heights. We lodged in headmen's houses, where at one halt I had a guest-room twenty-four feet long.

At Ku-erh-Kio, where after a journey of eleven hours I sat nearly two hours among dogs, pigs, and fowls, waiting for the people to return from the mountain and give us shelter, I slept for the last time on a roof under the stars, the earliest sight in the morning being glories of light and shade, of

forest, cataract, and mountain, and the sparkle of a peak reddening in the sunrise, like unto the Matterhorn, which the people called Ja-ra (king of mountains).¹

A thirteen hours' journey thence took us to Tsa-ku-lao. We were benighted and lost the road, and were "set in darkness in slippery places," on lofty precipice ledges, and the coolies were so exhausted that they fell several times on the five hundred rocky steps by which the quaint border post is reached. Chinese inns, officialism, passport delays, and *chai-jen* had to be endured again from that point. At Li-fan Ting the officials sent presents when we arrived, saying that they hoped I would forget their conduct, "and turn the light of my countenance once more upon them to vivify them."

The heat became severe as we descended; the vegetation near the road was limited to grey, dusty tufts of a species of artemisia; the winds were tremendous, and the Man-tze villages at great heights, where the people have neither horses, cattle, nor sheep, and depend solely on the rainfall for their crops, were praying for rain, and below Weichou, finding Sakyamuni deaf to their

¹ Captain Gill met with a mountain of the same name on the Tibetan journey, so it would appear that Ja-ra is a Tibetan name. I could not unearth any Chinese name for the mountain.

entreaties, were turning to the forgotten gods of the rivers and the hills.

From an ethnological point of view the Man-tze



A HESHUI FAMILY, KU-ERH-KIO

deserve some attention, as they differ considerably from the Sifan to the north and the Lolos to the south. In religion and many customs they approach closely to the people of Western Tibet,

while in appearance they differ most remarkably from both Tibetans and Chinese. Their handsome, oval faces ; richly-coloured complexions ; thick, straight eyebrows ; large, level eyes, sometimes dark grey ; broad, upright foreheads ; moderate cheek-bones ; definite, though rather broad, noses ; thin lips, somewhat pointed chins, and white, regular teeth are far removed from any Mongolian characteristics, and it is impossible not to believe that these tribes are an offshoot of the Aryan race.

During the week's descent from Tsa-ku-lao, the winds were fearful, almost carrying my chair and bearers over a precipice, and the country was scorched, and afflicted with driving dust-storms. The heat had then set in for the summer, the Yangtze was rising, and I was suffering so severely from the effects of the night's "death-struggle" on the Tsu-ku-shan Pass, that I was anxious to reach a cooler climate, so only rested a few days among the hospitalities of Kuan, and then crossed the Chengtu Plain for the fourth time, doing forty miles in one day with mercury 93° in the shade, and arrived at Chengtu among very unpleasant demonstrations of hostility from the military students who were "up" for examination. Four of the examiners had passed me on the road, or rather I respectfully cleared off it to make way for and

contemplate them. Besides four bearers to each chair, a number of soldiers were roped on, and behind them came a train of twenty-six laden mules, and twenty-five laden porters, carrying I doubt not, much besides personal baggage. I was



A DRAGON BRIDGE

told that these officials make large investments in SZE CHUAN drugs, on which, as they pay no taxes *en route*, and the unfortunate local officials bear the cost of carriage, they make great profits in Peking. Numbers of attendants are essential to dignity in the East. A mandarin going to pay a visit in his much-decorated chair is usually pre-

ceded and accompanied by an irregular procession of lictors with staves or whips, boys carrying red boards bearing the official's name and style, and *chai-jen* in red-tasselled official hats. The lictors push the people to one side, the boys shout, and the bearers yell. When the great man leaves his own *yamen* three small mortars are fired, and if he visits an official, the same noisy process is repeated.

Forced labour for relays of bearers, porters, and horses for the lesser dignitaries, is called for, and on a much-travelled main road this is a heavy burden on the villagers.





CHAPTER XXXV

DOWNWARD BOUND

THE deep blue, glittering skies of the high altitudes were exchanged for the mist and dullness which have conferred upon SZE CHUAN the name of "The Cloudy Province," and with the lower levels came mosquitoes and sandflies, and a day shade temperature from 82° to 93°, very little alleviated during the night. I left the capital in a small flat-bottomed *wupan*, drawing four inches of water, with a mat roof, and without doors at either end. Yet my cambric curtains were never lifted, and when I desired it I enjoyed complete privacy at the expense of partial asphyxiation. At that time, May 20th, the water was so low that no bigger boat could make the passage, and numbers of small, trim house-boats were aground.

It was the start for a river journey of over 2000 miles, the first thousand of which were accomplished in this and similar boats. It was a delightful and most propitious journey, and introduced

me to many new beauties and interests, and to a most attractive area of prosperity. For the first day the boatmen made more use of their shoulders than of their oars, lifting and shoving the boat, which "drave heavily" over sand and shingle and often bumped like a cart over paving-stones. For the ascent of the river breast-poles are used by men wading. From Chengtu Fu to Sui Fu the Min is called by the Chinese the Fu, from the three Fu cities on its banks. After Be-dien had shopped for three hours, the result being only a small bag of charcoal, we dropped down under a fine stone bridge of several arches to a pretty village with a pagoda, "a sweet place," where we tied up for the night.

We joined the main river, not then more than eighty yards wide, below the An-shun Bridge, an antiquated or ancient structure, and spent a long day in battling with the shallows, and with the peasant farmers, who had thrown many dams of shingle in bamboo cages across the river to keep up the water for their own purposes. They refused to open a passage, though this only involved kicking away the stones between the cages and replacing them, demanded 2000 *cash* as toll, and seized on my boat, and with shod poles and much vociferation barred my progress several times.



VILLAGE ON THE MIN

Native boats were passing through for thirty *cash*, and some thirty or forty at each dam were smashing against each other for the first turn. Eventually, when forty men got hold of my little *wupan* and tried to intimidate me, I asked them to show me the paper authorising them to demand this toll, on which they collapsed.

In a number of places there are rows of gigantic waterwheels, four or five together, from thirty to forty-five feet in diameter, by which all the adjacent country is bountifully irrigated. The sleepy hum of these huge wheels, the richness of the cultivation, and the fresh greens of the woodland, in which prosperous-looking villages basked drowsily in the summer sunshine, were all charming. But at times the water was so shallow that the boatmen had to precede my boat to work a channel for her, one of them leading her by the nose, and another pushing her from behind. This dragging, and the quarrels with the peasants about getting through their dams, occupied the first day.

The next day was a rapture. A river locally called the Nan joins the Min at Chiang Ku, about sixteen miles below Chengtu, and after the junction water was abundant. Su-ma-tou, a busy place in lat. $30^{\circ} 28'$ (Baber), is the limit of navigation for large junks. At Peng-shan Hsien the river widens

out after the union of all its perplexing subdivisions. Below Meichow, a large and busy place, the country breaks up into picturesque hills of no great height, divided by fertile valleys, through one of which I caught a momentary and only glimpse of the unrivalled majesty of Mount Omi.

Villages embowered in fruit trees, of which the illustration is an average specimen, adorn the banks of the bright river. Young wheat, mustard, and beans in blossom, with mulberry trees between the fields, clumps of bamboo, and pines cresting every knoll and hill, made up a lovely picture—a vision of peace, plenty, and prosperity. Indeed, the whole river journey from Chengtu to Chungking consists of a series of beautiful pictures, combined with varied and prosperous industries. It is a lovely part of China, and the white, timbered houses, the vividly red soil, and red sandstone rock, the dark, light, blue, and yellow greens, and the fascination of the smooth, fine lawns, which oft-times slope down to the sparkling water, have a very special charm. The “Cloudy Province” failed to keep up its character, and if the sky was not very blue, the sunshine was brilliant. The gardenia, often a large shrub, grows profusely on the slopes, and it and the bean gave forth delicious odours. Strings of gardenia blossoms hang up at

that season in all houses, every coolie sticks them into his hair, and even the beggars find a place for them among their rags. For a farthing a large basket of them can be bought.

I reached Chia-ling Fu (1070 ft.), where I remained for some days, in eighty hours from Chengtu Fu, including stoppages—the estimated distance being about 130 miles. The approach to this attractive and important city from the north is extremely pretty, indeed beautiful. The country is very hilly, and great red sandstone bluffs, heavily wooded, with pagodas and temples, and much carving in rock recesses, with scarlet azaleas and gardenia blossoming everywhere, would have riveted my admiration to the left bank had it not been for the overhanging red sandstone cliff and the picturesque houses of the city on the right.

Chia-ling Fu, said to be a city of 50,000 souls, is a place of great importance commercially, as three large rivers—the Min, Ya, and Tatu—there form a junction, and for a brief space the river is like a lake. It is perhaps the greatest centre of sericulture and silk weaving in the province, and is also the eastern boundary of the white wax trade. Its white silks are remarkable for lustre and purity of colour. It is a rich city, and the capital of one of the most fertile and lovely regions on earth. It is



WEST GATE, CHIA-LING FU

besides the starting-point for most of the pilgrims to the temples of Omi-Shan and "The Glory of Buddha." The city wall is of bright red sandstone, which is finished with a few courses of hard grey brick. The south gate was rigidly closed against the Fire God. A handsome, uphill, residential street, green and peaceful, leads to the west gate, and on this the China Inland Mission and Canadian Methodists have their mission-houses. In Mr. Endacott's garden are some specimens of the singular rock dwellings so fully described by Mr. Baber in his papers on Western China. Chia-ling trades in opium and timber as well as in silk and white wax. Silk and umbrella shops are conspicuous. Every view from every point is beautiful.

On the face of the cliff on the opposite side of the river is a figure in the rock, cut in very high relief, of Maitreya Buddha—truly colossal, being 380 feet in height. The nose is said to be nearly five feet long, and the head from thirty to forty feet high. Grass is allowed to grow on the head, eyebrows, upper lip, and ears, to represent hair. This figure is unfortunately partly concealed by the redundant vegetation which surrounds it. It is an interesting specimen of the religious art of about a thousand years ago.

Leaving the hospitalities of Chia-ling Fu for a boat journey of 345 miles, in a rather old and leaky little *wupan*, which, however, did 133 miles in seventeen hours, I halted several times on the way down to visit some of the remarkable rock dwellings in the cliffs which in many places border the river. They are difficult of access, and besides tearing my stout Chinese dress to pieces, I was considerably bruised and scratched. I took ropes, grippers, and three men with me.¹

At a farmhouse where I landed near the hamlet of Sing-an, there was a sandstone coffer, seven feet long, used as a cistern. The farmer sold me two axe-heads of a hard, green stone, with a dull polish, which he found along with the coffer while digging a buffalo pond. To the finest of the excavated dwellings that I visited, I descended, holding on to trees and rock projections with hands and grippers, having a rope round my waist. There was a rock platform in front of the opening, not now accessible from below. The face of the rock has been smoothed, and eaves which project two feet have been left. The four times recessed doorway is five feet six inches high. At one side of this, as well

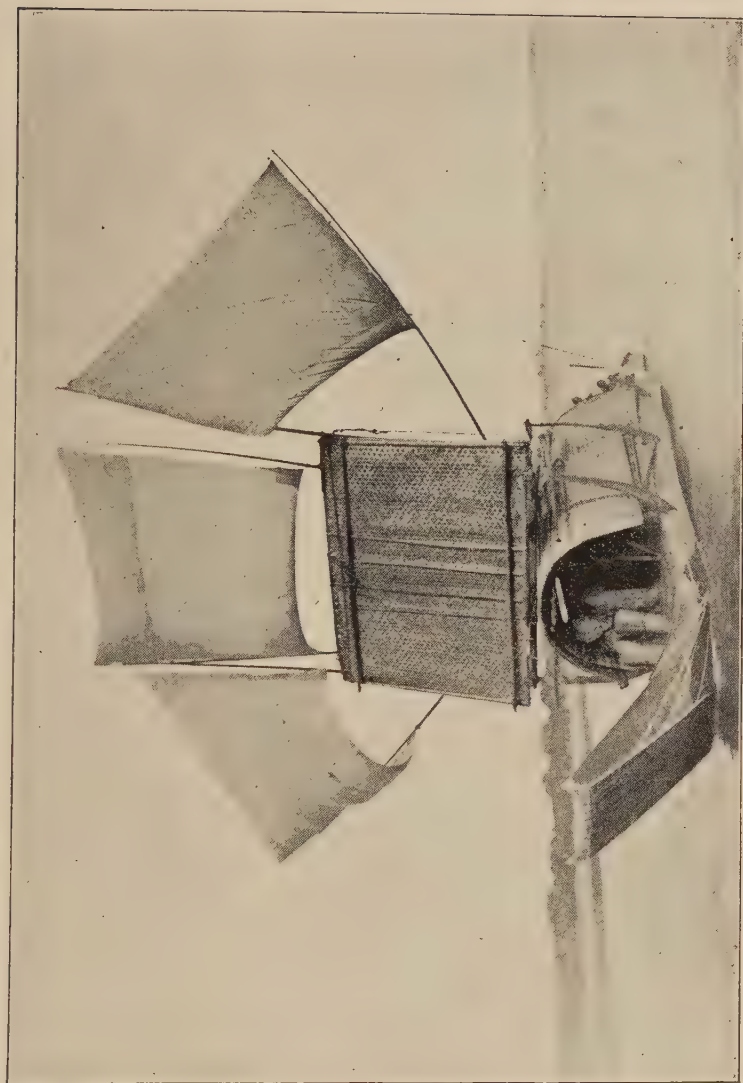
¹ A careful and deeply interesting account of these excavations is given by Mr. Baber in "A Journey of Exploration in Western SZE CHUAN." See *Supplementary Papers*, vol. i., *Royal Geographical Society*.

as in the doorways of the interior, there are the remains of stone pivots on which doors could be hung. Above the doorway is a frieze as represented in the illustration, eighteen inches in depth, which is repeated over a stone altar against the wall, and again over several recesses, one of which



FRIEZE IN ROCK DWELLING, MIN RIVER

is obviously for a fire, and has a stone shelf above it, and the others were probably beds. Two doorways give access to rooms, one of which is 14 ft. by 12 ft., the other 12 ft. by 12 ft. The former is nine feet high, and has a rounded roof, below which runs a deep and well-executed frieze carved with arabesques and curious human figures, the faces of which are certainly not Mongolian. In this room are both an altar and a stone tank. The outer room measures 30 ft. by 20 ft. 7 in., and is 7 ft. 4 in. in height. In another of these singular excavations there are settees cut into the rock with a



fashionable slope of seat and back, the front being actually rounded for comfort! In a third there is a curious arrangement resembling pigeon-holes for letters, and the frieze resembles one figured in Mr. Baber's paper, and is what is known in heraldry as the "disc-and-label" pattern—a severe but very decorative ornament. In that dwelling there was an arrangement of holes in the doorway, showing that the doors had worked on some description of hinge. Over the lintel of one doorway is the trident symbol. All the dwellings (five) visited by me, had what must have been small sleeping chambers attached to them. The walls of the principal rooms show traces of careful finish, and some have obviously been panelled. There is a stately seemliness about these abodes, which implies that those who constructed and occupied them must have made some advances in civilisation and have valued privacy.

The finest of them, so far as is known, both in size and decoration, is a day's journey only from Sui Fu, but the access involves severe climbing, and risks which I did not care to run. These dwellings occur in great numbers, from a point not far above Chia-ling Fu down nearly to Luchow, a distance of fully 220 miles.

The ever broadening and deepening Min, passing



through lovely and prosperous country, took me rapidly to Sui Fu (Hsu-chow Fu), a large city with a population, according to the officials, of 150,000. It is well situated on a high, much wooded rocky promontory between the Min or Fu and the Chin-sha, which there unite to form the great river known by us as the Yangtze, where a temple-crowned point of rock dominates the busy city. On the opposite side of the Min are fantastic mountains with singular rock forms, on one of which is the highly picturesque temple of "The Sleeping Buddha," approached by steps cut in the rock below.

The Chin-sha is only navigable to Ping-shan, a difficult forty miles above Sui Fu. It was rising fast, and its great volume of turbid water contrasted with the clear bright Min, which kept apart from it in disgust for some time. Sui Fu is a very lively place, being the great *entrepôt* of the large transit trade between SZE CHUAN and Northern YUNNAN, as well as a considerable distributing point.

Above Ping-shan, the Lolo, tribes which the Chinese have failed to subdue in two thousand years, keep the country in a state of chronic insecurity, fatal to trade routes. Besides the transit trade, Sui Fu does a large business in silk, opium, and sugar. The "residential suburbs" are full of



good houses in wooded grounds, extending far up the Min, their owners reaching their pleasure boats by handsome flights of stone stairs. The American Baptists and the China Inland Mission do mission work in Sui Fu, and a great deal of valuable medi-



TOWN ON THE YANGTZE

cal work. Though "child-eating," as elsewhere, is believed in, the people are not unfriendly, and the mandarin was specially courteous. Before I left he sent round to all the street officers to say that, whether I went through the city in a chair or on foot, there was to be no crowding, following, or

staring. He sent four *chai-jen* in official hats to walk in front of me, and go down with me to Luchow, and two petty officers to see that no one interfered with my camera, on pain of being beaten.

I left Sui Fu on the glorious evening of a blazing day, and once more, after a land journey in SZE CHUAN of nearly 1200 miles, was afloat on the Yangtze—there a deep, broad river, flowing among low, pretty hills, much wooded, and terraced for cultivation.





CHAPTER XXXVI

LUCHOW TO CHUNG-KING FU

ON the brilliant afternoon of the day after leaving Sui Fu, I reached Luchow, an important trading city, with a reputed population of 130,000. It is prettily situated on rising ground at the confluence of the Yangtze and To rivers. The latter drains a considerable area, and by it and its connections cargo boats of about fifteen tons can reach the Great River from Kuan Hsien. Luchow appears to be a quiet, fairly well-governed, busy city. One great industry is the making of umbrellas, and it has a large trade in sugar and other SZE CHUAN products. According to its own officials, eighty per cent. of its male population are opium smokers. In good shops, there and elsewhere, opium pipes are supplied gratuitously to customers in back rooms, just as cups of tea are in Japan. The China Inland Mission has both men's and women's work in Luchow, and I was hospitably re-

ceived in the mission-house. The mercury was 93° , and no one could sleep at night.

The people are not what would be called hostile, yet they curse Mr. James, the missionary, in the streets, and believe that all the five are "child-eaters," and that the comeliness of the ladies is preserved by the use of children's brains! This scandalous accusation is current everywhere in SZE CHUAN. Even at quiet Chia-ling Fu, when two beggar boys were brought into the compound to be photographed, the report spread like wildfire through the city that they had been taken in for the purpose of being fatted for eating! The hostility to foreigners has increased rapidly in many parts of the province. Mr. A. J. Little, writing from SZE CHUAN some years ago, mentions that the phrase "Foreign devil," and other opprobrious epithets applied to foreigners elsewhere, were unknown, and other travellers have mentioned the same thing. Now a language rich in abominable terms is ransacked for the worst, to hurl at the foreigner.

I left Luchow on May 30th in great heat, and, contrary to custom, travelled till nine o'clock, making fast to a snag in a broad reach or bay of shallow water. The mercury stood at 91° at four P.M., and the men suffered from the heat. I have

observed that sunstroke is far more to be dreaded in damp than in dry climates. It is common in SZE CHUAN among the Chinese. The boatmen called it *lei-su*, "death from exhaustion." They feared it, and well they might, for their shaven heads were only protected by small towels. The blue turban, much worn in the province, may have originated in an instinct of defence. The Chinese suffer greatly from mosquitoes. I have seen curtains of a heavy green canvas even in poor men's houses, but men as poor as my boatmen have no protection, and, being compelled by the heat to sleep naked, their bodies are covered with inflamed lumps from mosquito bites. They are very patient. They suffered so much from this cause that in the stifling twilights, when thousands of these pests were abroad, I almost grudged myself the immunity gained by sitting under a mosquito net made by attaching a net roof and curtains to a Chinese umbrella frame.

The men fanned themselves as long as they could keep awake. As the heat increased the use of the fan became universal among men. Coolies fanned themselves at the treadmill pump, bearers as they ran along with chairs, porters with loads, travellers on horseback and on foot, men working and resting, shopkeepers at their doors, mandarins in their chairs and on the judgment-seat, and sentries on



PAGODA NEAR LUCHOW

guard. Soldiers marching to meet an enemy fan themselves on the march, as I saw in Manchuria during the Japanese war, and the bloody field of Phyong-yang was strewn with the fans of the dead and dying Chinese. Fan-making is one of the great industries of China. Nearly 2,000,000 fans were imported into Chung-king in 1897.

Except for the heat, the downward journey was quite delightful; the country is so fertile and beautiful, and has such an air of prosperity. So long as we were in motion there was a draught, as the boat was quite open, but the still nights were stifling, specially with the curtains down. The boatmen were harmless, good-natured, obliging fellows. They tied up whenever I wanted to land if it were at all possible, and though they were obliged to pass from bow to stern through my "room," they always asked leave to do so if the curtains were down. The lovely country was a very great charm. The variety of scenery, trees, flowers, and cultivated plants was endless, and new industries were constantly becoming prominent. The only matter for regret was that the rush of the fast-rising river carried us all too swiftly past much that was worthy of observation.

A visit to a coal-mine interested me greatly. The mine was in a hillside, three miles from the

river, and employed eighty men. The manager said that the output was the equivalent of forty tons daily. The men got sevenpence per day, with rice, broad beans, cucumbers, and tea. Each hewer and carrier (in pairs) must deliver at the pit's mouth daily the equivalent of a ton. The pay with food comes to tenpence per day, and the actual cost in labour of a ton is twentypence. The mine is extremely well ventilated by three revolving fans, which drive the air into it through bamboo tubing. The men work in two shifts of twelve hours per day of twenty-four hours, eating their rice in the mine three times daily. Every tenth day is pay-day and a holiday. Each carrier burns nine ounces of Tung oil daily, and each hewer six, the lamps being attached to the brow by a band round the head. There was a bath for the miners, which in the dim light appeared to be a stone coffer, supplied with hot water. The tunnel by which the workings are reached, and down which the coal is carried in wheeled baskets running on a wooden tramway, is six feet high, and about six hundred feet long. I could do no more than glance at the workings. The coal seam was about four feet thick, the galleries very low, and the hewers lay on their sides and hacked the coal sidewise. It appeared to be fairly hard bituminous

coal, and there is a great demand for it at the town of Peh-Shi, where, after land and river transit, it sells at seven shillings per ton. The manager, an intelligent and fairly polite man, told me that hard coal is also found in the neighbourhood, but is much more expensive to work. This coal-mine appeared well appointed, and the miners well fed and cheery. They seemed to have less consideration for the Dragon's back than those on the Paoning route!

The night after leaving Luchow, while tied up to a snag in a broad and shallow reach, all in my boat were wakened out of a sound sleep by what might have been the "crack of doom." There was a sound as if all the cannon of the universe had been fired close to the *wupan* on either side, accompanied by a hiss in the water, a glare of blue light, a gust which lifted the boat, and stripped off some of the mats of the roof, and then a torrent of rain. By the next morning the Yangtze had risen twelve feet, and our snag had "gone under," forcing us to seek the familiar protection of the shore.

Among many storms, one only, at St. Paul, Minnesota, has fixed itself in my memory. That was in a hotel lighted by gas and full of people. This was out in a lonely place in "darkness which could be felt," among men of another race and



speech, in a frail craft. The thunder, not rolling, but bursting like explosions; the ceaselessness and vividness of the forked lightning; the otherwise pitch darkness of the night; the hot and mephitic atmosphere; the occasional terrific gusts of wind, threatening to blow the half-unroofed boat to pieces; the roar of the rain, the loneliness and mystery of our position; the silence from human movement and speech; the hours it all lasted; the surprise after every tremendous explosion to find myself alive, and the fear that some of the men were killed, made that night an awful memory.

During the whole storm no one spoke or moved hand or foot. I felt paralysed, a sensation, as I afterwards found, common to all Europeans who passed through the same experience. The boatmen, who were lying in the water, never stirred. When the explosion gave place to magnificent rolls, and the rain moderated, the men spent an hour in baling the boat. All the matches were afloat and much else, and our food was mostly spoiled. A thousand waterfalls tumbled down the hillsides, the stony or sandy river banks were no more, of a few riverine villages the roofs alone were to be seen, fields in numbers with their growing crops had slid bodily down the slopes, leaving great patches of naked rock behind, and the Yangtze, a

broad, turbid, terra-cotta flood, was rioting over the submerged confusions of its rocky bed in swirls and violent eddies.

After hurrying through a less beautiful and much-



METHOD OF CARRYING CASH AND BABIES

devastated region, landing only at Shih-men, on the left bank, where there is a fine temple with five green-tiled roofs, and much fishing is done, the scenery again changed, and for four hundred miles

is a succession of indescribably beautiful pictures, combining hill and valley, rock and woodland, with a greenery and fertility of which no word-painting could give any idea. Towns and villages, piled on knolls, looked out from among fruit trees; and temples and pagodas on heights lent their infinite picturesqueness.

One of the most beautifully situated towns is the unwallled town of Peh-Shih, with a (reputed) population of 11,000. Timbered white houses run steeply up diverging limestone cliffs, every outline is broken by the configuration of the ground; the ornamental and economic trees are superb; the density of their foliage was phenomenal. The centre of the town, which has no room for expansion, is picturesquely crowded with striking temples and guildhalls, much enriched with gold and colour. The great industry of the town is "wine" making. Wine is exported on a large scale in forty-gallon jars, which come down on bamboo rafts from Luchien, where they are made, and these afterwards take the wine up the Ya and other turbulent rivers. A fleet of these quaint constructions and a great number of junks lay along the shore, and there was an air of prosperous business about the town.

The roof of my boat had to be refitted with mats, some of which had been blown off in the storm, and



I took a long inland walk, and without molestation ! The cultivation was marvellous. I have no space to dwell upon the infinite variety of the crops or on the trees of all climates which were flourishing in juxtaposition,¹ or upon the striking fact that there, 1600 miles up the river, the social and commercial organisation, and the arrangements for what the Chinese regard as comfort and convenience, were as complete as in Che-kiang. A little later it might have occurred to me that this beautiful and prosperous region is claimed as in the British "sphere of influence." Carefulness and thrift were shown by what was to me a novelty. All along the river shore people were fishing from rocks with nets, for straws, twigs, and bits of wood to use for their cooking fires.

I reached Chung-king, the westernmost of the

¹ Among the trees and plants behind Peh-Shih, which were interesting as growing in one locality, were : the orange, pommelo, pomegranate, apricot, peach, apple, pear, plum, persimmon (*Diospyros virginiana*), loquat (*Eriobotrya japonica*), date-plum (*Diospyros kaki*), the Chinese date tree (*Rhamnus theeans*), walnut, Spanish chestnuts, the *Ficus religiosa*, palms, bamboos, cypresses, pines, the "varnish tree" (*Rhus vernicifera*), the Tung oil tree (*Aleurites cordata*), mulberry, oak, the *Cudrania triloba*, much used for feeding young silkworms, a hibiscus, plane, the *Sterculia platini-folia*, and *Paulonia imperialis*, three varieties of soap trees (*Acacia negata*, *Gymnocladus sinensis*, and *Gleditschia sinensis*), the tallow tree, and very many others, my specimens of which were so destroyed by damp as to render subsequent botanical identification impossible. Hemp was considerably grown, and of two economic shrubs, both new to me, there were several patches, the *Boehmeria nivea*, from the fibre of which grass cloth is manufactured, and the *Fatsia papyrifera*, from the pith of which rice paper is made.

treaty ports, and the commercial metropolis of SZE CHUAN early the next morning (June 1st), after coming slightly to grief in a rapid above it, and remained there during three grey, steamy, misty days, in which the mercury was almost steady at 87°. Between Chung-king and Sui Fu, if not higher, steam navigation at that season appeared perfectly practicable. The junk and raft traffic is very large. Coal and lime are found in abundance near Chung-king and at Pa-Ko-Shan, five miles below Sui Fu, and also twenty miles above it. Specimens of this coal brought to England have been pronounced to be suitable for steam purposes.¹

¹ The estimated distance to Cheng-tu by the windings of the rivers is :

Chung-king to Luchow . . .	125 miles.
Luchow to Sui Fu . . .	87 "
Sui Fu to Chia-ling Fu . . .	130 "
Chia-ling Fu to Cheng-tu Fu . . .	133 "
Total,	475 miles.





CHAPTER XXXVII

THE JOURNEY'S END

WHETHER Chung-king (altitude 1050 ft.) is approached from above or below, it is a most striking city. It is surprising to find, 1500 miles inland, a town of from 400,000 to 500,000 people, including 2500 Mohammedans, as the commercial capital of Western China, one of the busiest cities of the empire. Its founders chose a site on which there is no room for expansion, and its warehouses, guildhalls, hong, shops, and the dwellings of rich and poor, are packed upon a steep sandstone reef or peninsula lying between the Yangtze and its great northern tributary, the Chia-ling, and rising from 100 to 400 feet above the winter level of these rivers. As I descended upon it down a somewhat turbulent rapid, which half filled the boat and drowned a fowl, it reminded me of Quebec, and made me think of the packed condition of Edinburgh when it was yet a walled city.

A noble-looking, grey city it is, with towers,



pavilions, and temples rising above its massive, irregular, crenelated grey wall, with broad, steep, and crowded flights of stone stairs, twenty feet broad, leading up from the river to the gates, with an amphitheatre of wooded and richly cultivated hills rising steeply 1600 feet from the water for its background ; the fleets of big junks, and craft of all descriptions, which lie crowded along its shores and in every adjacent bay and reach, and the life movement on land and water, combining to form a noble and most striking spectacle. Nor is Chung-king as a city "alone in its glory," for on the Yangtze, just below its junction with the Chia-ling, which divides it from Chung-king, stands the walled city of Limin-fu, its white houses covering a number of hills and cliffs, and at its feet hundreds of junks. Another city, Kiang-peh, completes the trio. These cities, with their commercial organisation owing nothing to Europe, I think more than all others, gave me an idea of what China *is* and *must* be.

Chung-king Fu has often been described in detail, and I will only give a few impressions of it. Passing to the Taiping gate up a flight of stone stairs, always sloppy from the passage of water carriers, and crowded with cotton-laden coolies, I reached the house of the Commissioner of Customs by steep streets cut in the rock. The Customs



CHUNG-KING SOLDIERS, CUSTOMS GUARD

House, infinitely picturesque, is on a small rock plateau, with only four feet of space between it and the rock behind. The view is ideally picturesque, with the pagoda and gardens of a Guild of Benevolence below the plateau, and the great flood of the Yangtze, then two-thirds of a mile wide, rolling between the city and the fine hills on the farther shore. But space is lacking. The Chinese soldiers who guard the Commissioner seemed to block up the little that there is, and trees and trailers there and everywhere in the hot, moist climate of Chung-king, choke up every foot of ground. The mercury stood at 88° during my three days' visit; there was no sunshine for the dogs to bark at, and the moist air was absolutely still. As compared with many or most, the "grounds" of that house are spacious!

Chung-king was opened as a treaty port in 1891, but the China Inland Mission rented a house there in 1877, and were followed by missionaries of other societies, who, however, all had to fly from a severe riot nine years later. Mr. Archibald Little settled there as a merchant eight years before the opening—a rare instance of mercantile pluck with few imitators—and now, besides the foreigners on the Consular and Customs' staffs, there are other "venturers," chiefly "transients," and about thirty missionaries of

different societies, with mission chapels, schools, and hospitals. The English and German steamers, which are to be placed on the route from Ichang next year (1900), will doubtless stimulate foreign settlement, and will bring Chung-king within the globe-trotter's sphere. If specially-built gunboats, can "patrol" the upper Yangtze, outbreaks of hostility to foreigners will doubtless cease, and the quarrels will be among the foreign nationalities, each anxious to circumvent the others in the matter of concessions.

Below the huge reef on which Chung-king stands, is a town of mat and bamboo houses outside the wall. As the Yangtze rises some ninety feet in summer above its winter level, and was rising fast when I arrived on June 1st, this town had mostly disappeared, and the highest remnant was being carried away hurriedly on men's backs, each hour of removal giving an added dignity to the grand, grey city, looking down on the grand, yellow-ochre flood. In Chung-king, as in many another city of the Upper Yangtze, the harmony between man's work and nature is yet unbroken, and the evil day of foreign inartistic antagonisms, incongruities, and uglinesses has not yet dawned.

This commercial capital has a great present, which we are hoping to improve upon to our

advantage.¹ It is connected by water with nearly every considerable town in the province, and wholesale trade is by boat. Exports bound east must pass it, and also the imports brought up to pay for them. For foreign goods it is the sole wholesale market in SZE CHUAN, and is so for provincial trade to a great extent, and the province, it must be repeated, is as large as France, and vastly more populous. To it the merchants and shopkeepers of the whole population of from 55,000,000 to 70,000,000, which includes Tibetan tribes, Lolos, and a few so-called "dog faces," resort to make their purchases.

Mr. A. J. Little is the only British merchant

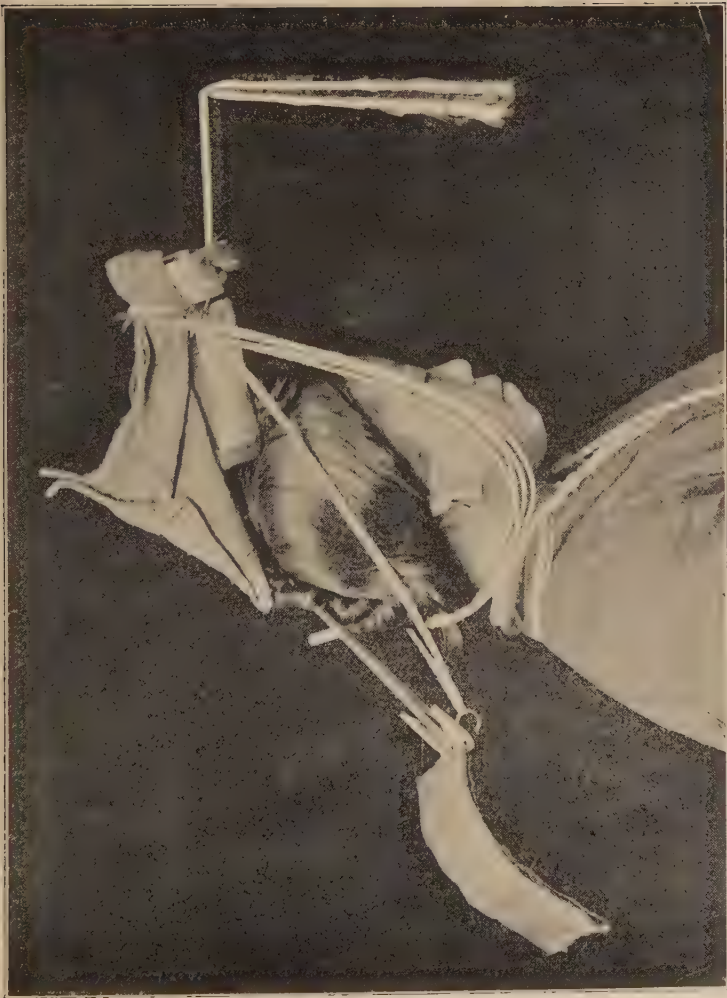
¹ Mr. Bourne estimates the imports of cotton and cotton goods as follows :

Raw cotton	£500,000
Native piece goods, home spun . . .	1,000,000
Indian yarn	600,000
Lancashire cottons	300,000
	£2,400,000

And the exports, which are chiefly raw or half-manufactured produce, as follows :

Opium	£1,800,000
Salt	300,000
Drugs	400,000
Silk	200,000
Miscellaneous articles, insect wax, tobacco, sugar, musk, wool-skins, hides, feathers, bristles, etc.	600,000
	£3,300,000

The returns for 1898, not yet out, are expected to show a very considerable increase.



resident in Chung-king. The Chinese merchants deal directly with Shanghai through their own men. More than half of the buyers sent down have an interest in the business. They deal with the Chinese importers, and pay ready money in Shanghai, but sell to the provincial merchants on long credit, the rate of interest being $14\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. per annum on foreign cotton goods. The seller naturally wishes payment to be deferred, and the buyer desires to hasten it, as he receives the same percentage as discount. Exchange between Chung-king and Shanghai is always in favour of Chung-king, and when the Yangtze is in its summer flood, 1000 taels in Shanghai can often be bought in Chung-king for 880.

The intricacies of Chinese business at Chung-king are appalling. Excessive subtlety and ingenuity characterise all the trade rules and customs, and even the "Blackburn Commission," aided by the experience of Mr. Bourne, found it a work of much labour to master their complications! It is scarcely wonderful that the average British merchant, who knows nothing better than *Pidgun*, instead of following in the steps of our bold "Merchant Venturers," sticks at Shanghai.¹

¹ Readers are referred to sections 28 to 33 of Mr. Bourne's report on *The Trade of Central and Southern China*, May, 1898. (Eyre and Spottiswoode.)

At Chung-king, more almost than elsewhere, I was impressed with the completeness of Chinese commercial organisation. It may be too complex, and lacking in initiative, to serve our purposes, but it serves their own, and I heard there, as elsewhere, that the high standard of commercial honour and probity which has been worked out, renders dealings with Chinese merchants very satisfactory.

Eight of the other provinces are represented by guilds in this great trading city, with their handsome guildhalls, and rigid laws of association. There are an abundance of exchange banks (banks selling drafts on distant places), seventeen of which are in the hands of men from SHAN-SI, which has a specialty for banking talent, and there are over twenty large *cash* shops or local banks, which exchange *cash* against silver and *vice versa*. These banks do not make advances on goods, but lend on personal security at from ten to twelve per cent. per annum, and employ agents who hang about the business quarter, learning the proceedings of customers, so as to gauge their credit. A bank would lend as much as 200,000 taels to a merchant on personal security only. They have very rigorous methods of ensuring the honesty of *employés*.

It was with great regret that I left Chung-king on my last *wupan* voyage. There were few, if any, small

house-boats on the berth, and the big ones would go down only at an enormous price, because of the difficulty and profitlessness of the return. Foreigners of the two services, as well as merchants, regard a *wupan* as we regard a steerage passage, and even



THE AUTHOR'S LAST *WUPAN*

my kind host declined to connive at my proceedings, but Mr. Willett, of the China Inland Mission, befriended me ; the *wupan* was engaged, and I left Chung-king on a sultry June afternoon, with the mercury at 88°, and never regretted my firmness on the subject of a boat, for I was thoroughly

comfortable, could create draughts at will, and my boatmen were quiet and most obliging, and were ready to land me at any place where landing was practicable.

The force and volume of the river, which had then risen about forty-five feet above its winter level, were tremendous. Its low-water width at Chung-king, according to Blakiston, is 800 yards, but it was then about two-thirds of a mile wide, a swirling, leaping, yellow flood, laden with the mud with which it enriches the Great Plain. Caught in its torrent, the *wupan*, with two men rowing easily, descended at great speed. When we reached rapids, five men pulled frantically with yells which posed as songs, to keep steerage way on her, and we went down like a flash—down smooth hills of water, where rapids had been obliterated ; down leaping races, where they had been created ; past hideous whirlpools, where to have been sucked in would have been destruction ; past temples, pagodas, and grey cities on heights ; past villages gleaming white midst dense greenery ; past hill, valley, woodland, garden cultivation, and signs of industry and prosperity ; past junks laid up for the summer in quiet reaches, and junks with frantic crews, straining at the sweeps, chanting wildly, bound downwards like ourselves ; and still for days the Great

River hurried us remorselessly along. There was no time to take in anything. A pagoda or city scarcely appeared before it vanished—a rapid scarcely tossed up its angry crests ahead, before we had left it astern; one fair dissolving view was all too rapidly exchanged for another; and we were tying up among the many hundred junks which fringed the shore of the “Myriad City,” which is as beautiful from above as from below, before I realised that we were half-way thither.

But in this delirious whirl there were episodes of rest, when I landed on green and flowery shores above the submerged boulders, or below picturesque cities and temples, and had leisure either to enjoy detail or to loathe it. The latter was my mental attitude when I landed with my *chai-jen* (rather an infliction in a small boat) at the important town of Fu-chow, where a clear stream, about 200 yards broad and navigable for 200 miles, joins the turbid Yangtze. There are many queer crafts on the branches of the Yangtze. The navigation of some of these rivers is so intricate and dangerous, that the owners of these risky constructions are obliged to consent to provide coffins for their crews in case of disaster, and there are colliers built for *one* down-river voyage, after which they are broken up; but the queerest of all crafts are



“STONE PRECIOUS CASTLE,” SHIH-PAO-CHAI

the *wai-pi-ku*—the “twisting stern” junks used for the navigation of the Fu-ling, locally known as the Kung-tan Ho, or “River of the Rapid of Kung.” I saw one of these at Wan, and thought it was a junk which had had a severe accident! The sight of forty or fifty large junks at Fu-chow, each one with her high stern twisted a quarter round, so that the stern deck is at right angles to the quarter deck, was absolutely laughable. The stern deck is nearly perpendicular, and is climbed by rungs. These extraordinary boats are without rudders. My boatmen said that none but “twisted stern” junks could twist through the whirlpools and reefs of the river. It was not very wise for me to enter Fu-chow, and as I was followed by an immense and not over polite crowd, I did not dare to use my camera on the *wai-pi-ku*.

Fu-chow is perhaps the most picturesque city on the Yangtze, built on ledges of rock, tier above tier, at the head of a reach so enclosed by steep hills as to look like a lake. There is a fine pagoda on a height near it, and it abounds in large temples in commanding positions. The deep gateway in the thick wall is scarcely more than eight feet high. The narrow street into which it leads was thronged, and even women were carrying creels, either loaded with coal dust or small children. I

managed to dodge the fast accumulating crowd, and get on the wall, from which the view up the Fu-ling is magnificent. My visit, however, was rather "a fearful joy."

The city appears full of temples, literary monuments, and public buildings, but it has an air of neglect and decay, and it and its suburbs are dirty and malodorous. It is a great junk port, and at times, though not, I think, increasingly, the Fu-ling is used for the transit of goods both to Hankow and Canton. The latter city can be reached by this method with only two portages (?). There are large mat and bamboo suburbs below one part of the wall, but very little of them was left, owing to the rapid rise of the river, which also had led to the removal of many of the mat villages of the trackers. Fu-chow again looked glorious from below. A tremendous whirlpool, in which, sometimes, descending junks are caught to their destruction, is formed in summer near the city. We went uncomfortably near its vortex.

I landed also at Shih-pao-chai ("Stone Precious Castle"), a place of pilgrimage. The south-east side of the rock (not given in the illustration) has a nine-storeyed pavilion, resting on a very strikingly decorated temple built against it, through which access to the summit is gained. On the flat top

there is a temple of three courts. The pavilion building has curved and decorated roofs, and looks like a magnificent eleven-storeyed pagoda. A large village lies at its feet. My films were spotted with damp, and would have failed anyhow, owing to the overpowering curiosity of the people. This rock and its talus are about 300 feet in height.

A glorious sunset and a morning of crystalline purity in a bay above the "Wind-Box" gorge; a rapid swirl through the solemnity and grandeur of the gorges which I ascended slowly and toilsomely six months before; the Yeh-tan, fierce and perilous, the Hsin-tan, a mere water-slide, down which my *wupan* slipped easily; a lovely walk up the Nan-po glen, and in fifty-six hours from Chung-king, exclusive of stoppages, the boat emerged from the Ichang Gorge upon the broad reach of eddying water, on which the pleasant treaty port of Ichang is situated.

After receiving hospitality for a few days at the British Consulate I left Ichang, and found the mirrors, enamel, and gilding of one of the fine river steamers very distasteful after a thousand miles in a *wupan*. Hankow, though by no means at its worst, was damp and sultry, with a temperature over 90°, and alive with mosquitoes. Even on the voyage down to Shanghai, which was devoid of

any incident,—except that five minutes after leaving Chin-kiang we cut the anchored steamer *Hai-how*, tea-laden for Canton, down to the water's edge—the damp heat was severe, and even the breeze was hot.

It was the end of June when I reached Shanghai, to find it sweltering in a “hot wave,” sunless and moist. My journey on the whole had been one of extreme variety and interest, and I was truly thankful for the freedom from any serious accident which I had enjoyed, and for the deep and probably abiding interest in China and the Chinese which it had given me, along with new views of the physical characteristics of the country, and of the resourcefulness and energy of its inhabitants.





CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE OPIUM POPPY AND ITS USE¹

MY acquaintance with the opium poppy began in the month of February on the journey from Wan Hsien to Paoning Fu. It is a very handsome plant. It is expensive to grow. It has to be attended to eight times, and needs heavy manuring. It is exposed to so many risks before the juice is secured that the growth is much of a speculation, and many Chinese regard it as being as risky as gambling. Besides its cultivation for sale, on a majority of farms it is grown for home use, as tobacco is, for smoking. It is a winter crop, and is succeeded by rice, maize, cotton, beans, etc. Certain crops can be planted between the rows of the poppies. Much oil, bearing a high price, is made from the seed. The lower leaves, which are abundant, are used in some quarters to feed pigs, and also

¹ In order to avoid the fragmentariness of references to the Opium Poppy and Protestant Missions, at intervals throughout this volume, I have adopted the more convenient arrangement of giving a chapter on each of these subjects.

as a vegetable. They were served up to me as such twice, and tasted like spinach. In some places the heavy stalks are dug into the ground ; in others they are used as fuel, and after serving this purpose their ashes provide lye for the indigo dyers. It appears, from much concurrent testimony, that in spite of heavy manuring the crop exhausts the ground.

The area devoted to the poppy in SZE CHUAN is enormous, and owing to the high price of the drug and its easy transport its culture is encroaching on the rice and arable lands. The consequences of the extension of its cultivation are serious. It is admitted by the natives of SZE CHUAN that one great reason of the deficient food supply which led to the famine and distress in the eastern part of the province in 1897, was the giving of so much ground to the poppy that there was no longer a margin left on which to feed the population in years of a poor harvest.

I shall not touch on the history of the growth and use of opium in China. The authorities evidently regarded the introduction of both as a grave peril, and they were prohibited under Imperial decrees. I learn on what I regard as very reliable authority, that sixty years ago, when Cantonese brought opium cough pills into KWEICHOW and YUNNAN, and the consumers found themselves

unable to give up the medicine, that the authorities were most active in suppressing its use, and even inflicted the punishment of death on many of the refractory in YUNNAN. It was then and later smuggled about the country in coffins !

Now on many of the SZE CHUAN roads opium houses are as common as gin-shops in our London slums. I learned from Chinese sources that in several of the large cities of the province eighty per cent. of the men and forty per cent. of the women are opium smokers ; but this must not be understood to mean that they are opium "wrecks," for there is a vast amount of "moderate" opium smoking in China. In my boat on the Yangtze fourteen out of sixteen very poor trackers smoked opium, and among my chair and baggage coolies it was rare to find one who did not smoke, and who did not collapse about the same hour daily with the so-called unbearable craving.

The stern of my boat was a downright opium den at night, with fourteen ragged men curled up on their quilts, with their opium lamps beside them, in the height of sensuous felicity, dreaming such Elysian dreams as never visit the toiling day of a Chinese coolie, and incapable of rousing themselves to meet an emergency until the effect of the pipe passed off. Farther astern still, the *lao-pan* and

his shrieking virago of a wife lay in the same blissful case, the toothless, mummied face of the *lao-pan*, expressive in the daytime of nothing but fiendish greed, with its muscles relaxed, and its deep, hard lines smoothed out. Some of these men, whose thin, worn, cotton rags were ill-fitted to meet the cold, sold most of them at Wan, rather than undergo what appeared to be literally the *agonies* of abstinence. On my inland journey I heard incidentally of many men who had sold both wives and children in order to obtain the drug, and at Paoning Fu of a man and his wife who, having previously parted with house, furniture, and all they had, to gratify their craving, at the time of my visit sold their only child, a nice girl of fourteen, educated in the Mission School, to some brutal Kansuh fur traders, who were returning home. It is quite usual, when a man desires a house and land which are the property of an opium smoker, for him to wait with true Chinese patience for one, two, or three years, certain that the owner will sooner or later part with it for an old song to satisfy his opium craving when he has sold all else. It is common for the Chinese to say, "If you want to be revenged on your enemy you need not strike him, or go to law with him—you have only to entice him into smoking opium."

The Chinese condemn all but most moderate opium smoking and gambling as twin vices, and not a voice is raised in defence of either of them, even by the smokers themselves. The opium habit is regarded as a disease, for the cure of which many smokers voluntarily place themselves in opium refuges at some expense, and at a great cost of suffering, and in the market towns, thronged with native traders, there is to be seen on many stalls among innumerable native drugs and commodities a package labelled "Remedy for Foreign Smoke," "foreign smoke" being the usual name for opium in Western China. I was impressed with the existence of a curious sort of conscience, if it can be called such, among the devotees of opium, which leads them to consider themselves as moral criminals. The Chinese generally believe that if a man takes to the opium habit it will be to the impoverishment and ruin of his family, and that it will prevent him from fulfilling one of the first of Confucian obligations, the support of his parents in their old age. The consensus of opinion among smokers and non-smokers, as to the crime of opium smoking and its woeful results, leads me to believe that it brings about the impoverishment and ruin of families to an enormous extent. Chinese said several times to me that the reason the Japanese

beat them was that they were more vigorous men, owing to the rigid exclusion of opium from Japan.

In May I saw the crop harvested. Women and children are the chief operators. In the morning longitudinal incisions are made in the seed vessel, the juice exudes, and by the evening is hard enough to be scraped into cups, after which it turns black, and after a few days' exposure is ready for packing. Heavy rain or a strong west wind during this process is very injurious. Maize, tobacco, and cotton have been previously planted, and make a good appearance as soon as the poppy stalks have been cleared away.

Eight years ago it was rather exceptional for women and children to smoke, but the Chinese estimate that in SZE CHUAN and other opium-producing regions from forty to sixty per cent. are now smokers. Where opium is not grown the habit is chiefly confined to the cities, but it is rapidly spreading.

Its existence is obvious among the lower classes from the exceeding poverty which it entails. Millions of the working classes earn barely enough to provide them with what, even to their limited notions, are the necessities of life, and the money spent on opium is withdrawn from these. Hence the confirmed opium smoker among the poor is

apt to look half starved and ragged. Still I am bound to say that I did not encounter any of those awful specimens of physical wreckage that I saw some years ago in the Malay States from the same cause.

Among the well-to-do and well-nourished classes the evils of opium are doubtless more moral than physical ; among the masses both evils are combined. The lower orders of officials and "*yamen* runners," with their unlimited leisure, are generally smokers. Among my official escorts in SZE CHUAN, numbering in all 143 men, all but two were devotees of opium, and I was constantly delayed and inconvenienced by it. My coolies frequently broke down under the craving, and that at times as inconvenient to themselves as to me. In two towns I had to wait two hours to get my passport copied because the writers at the *yamen* were in the blissful haziness produced by the pipe.

So far as I have seen, the passionate craving for the drug, called by the Chinese the "*Yin*" (which appears to be the coming on of severe depression after the stimulant of the pipe has passed off), involves great suffering, and total abstinence, whether voluntary or enforced, produces an anguish which the enfeebled will of the immoderate smoker is powerless to contend with. The craving grows,

till at the end of eighteen months from the commencement of the habit, or even less, the smoker, unless he can gratify it, becomes unable to do his work.

He feels disinclined to move, miserable all over, especially at the stomach and between the shoulders, his joints and bones ache badly, he perspires freely, he trembles with a sense of weakness, and if he cannot get the drug, he believes that he will die. I cannot learn how soon a man comes to consider himself a victim of the habit. Those who place themselves in opium refuges with the hope of cure, endure agonies which they describe to be "as if wolves were gnawing at their vitals," and would, if permitted, tear off their skin to relieve the severe internal suffering.

On my SZE CHUAN journey we were benighted on a desolate hillside, and had to spend the night in the entrance to a coal-pit, cold, wet, and badly fed. My coolies had relied on being able to buy opium, and though they were comparatively moderate smokers, they suffered so much that some of them were rolling on the ground in their pain. Dr. Main, of Hangchow, thinks that very few can be cured in opium refuges, which they enter for twenty-one days, for the debility, stomachic disorder, and depression which follow the disuse of

the drug are so great, that six months of tonics and good feeding would be necessary to set them on their feet again. On the contrary, the poor wretch, low in purse, depressed, feeble, trembling, leaves the shelter of the refuge to be tempted at once to a smoke by old associates, while in cities like Hangchow and Fuchow from eight hundred to a thousand registered opium shops display their seductions and he turns aside to the only physical and mental comfort that he knows.

I have little doubt that in the early months of the habit there is a widespread desire to abandon it. Opium refuges, in spite of the fair payment which is asked for, are always crowded. The shops and markets abound in native and foreign remedies for "foreign smoke." The native cures all contain opium, chiefly in the form of ashes, and the foreign, which are white, contain morphia. The attempts at self-cure number tens of thousands, and are very piteous, but in many cases it is merely the exchange of the opium habit for the morphia habit, and at this time morphia lozenges are making great headway in China, as an easy and unsuspected means, especially in travelling, of obtaining the sensations which have become essential to existence. The importation of morphia into China is now enormous—135,283 ounces

in 1898. It is sold everywhere, and in the great west, as well as nearer the seaboard, shops are opened which sell a few articles as a blind, for the lucrative sale of the much-prized morphia pill or lozenge. Among the native cures which I have heard of the only one which seems at all efficacious is the so-called "Tea Extract," *Scutellaria viciidula*. The *Ƴsai li* sect, which makes abstinence from opium one of its tenets, uses this cure invariably, but the ordinary smoker is unwilling to face the severe suffering which it entails.

Smokers, I have learned, may be divided into three classes: first, the upper class, not driven by failure of means or sense of duty to abandon an indulgence which they can well afford, and which they do not enjoy to excess; second, the respectable class of small merchants, innkeepers, shopkeepers, business men, and the like, who find their families pinched and themselves losing caste by reason of their habit; third, the class—which the Chinese estimate to consist of forty per cent. of the whole in the cities, and twenty per cent. in the country—which has drifted beyond hope, and is continually recruited from those above it. In this are found thieves, beggars, actors, the infamous, the lost and submerged, the men who have sold lands, houses, wives, and children, and live for

opium only, much as the most degraded of our dipsomaniacs live for spirits.

Besides these, there are many who are not obliged to have recourse to selling and pawning to get along, but who curtail such things as the education of their children, and flowers for their wives' heads, and who, from having eaten meat twice daily, eat it only once, or substitute for it a purely vegetable diet, which must contain much honey and sugar to relieve the heat and dryness of the mouth which the pipe produces. Then there are large numbers of smokers who have barely enough to feed themselves upon, who must eat in order to work, and who have not one *cash* left for opium. These borrow right and left, and part with all they can pledge for anything, borrowing every year from fresh lenders, and paying back a fraction of the old debts till they can borrow no longer, and drop into the submerged class aforesaid. Among these are seen the ragged, mummied wretches, who *kotow* to former acquaintances, and beg from them the ashes of their opium pipes, even drinking these with hot water to satisfy the craving.

Rich smokers smoke what is known as "Canton opium," the import from India, which they compare to a coal fire, and the native drug to a wood one. But the manufacture of the latter is improving

rapidly; and as it is increasingly used to mix with the Indian, a generation is growing up in the upper class which knows only the mixed drug, and apparently only the old, rich smokers use pure Indian opium, the consumption of which has fallen off enormously, though in 1898 the value of the Indian import was £4,388,385.

The mysteries of the preparation and the varieties of the product baffle the non-smoker. Both Chinese and Indian opium are now largely prepared with the ashes of the drug already once smoked, much of it flowing, only imperfectly burned, into the receiver of the pipe. In the strongest prepared opium, four ounces of ashes of the first degree are added to every ten of crude opium. Ashes of the second, and even the third, burning are also used. Many of the poorer classes have to content themselves with a smoke of opium ashes only, and the lowest of all users of the drug have to satisfy themselves with eating or drinking the ashes of the third burning.

There is a class which can afford to buy the pure drug, but which finds that it does not satisfy the craving, but this is merged in a far larger one of old and inveterate rich smokers of one tael's weight per day, who smoke not even the very best prepared Indian drug, for their craving needs far stronger

stimulation, but ashes of the first degree. Such men give the prepared extract, weight for weight, value for value, for the ashes, and contract with the opium shops to be supplied with all their ashes of the first burning. For the rich, inveterate smoker an ounce of prepared extract is mixed with six ounces of ashes of the first degree. This habit has in Chinese a specific bad name.

Pure opium appears to be seldom sold, as it fails to satisfy the craving of the practised smoker. It is not only that ashes are mixed with the fresh drug, but that they are reboiled, and after being made up with treacle to the proper consistence are resmoked, and their ashes are then eaten by the poorest class.

Morphia, the active principle of opium, not being consumed in the smoke owing to its lack of volatility, the eating of the ashes, which contain seven per cent. and upwards of it, has a very serious effect. The fact that opium is smoked three times makes it impossible to estimate either the quantity consumed or the amount spent on the indulgence; but these are, of course, greatly in excess of that indicated by any possible returns.

Among the adjuncts of opium smoking used by rich smokers is what is called "water tobacco," supposed erroneously to be washed in the water of

the Yellow River. It is retailed in thin cakes of a brick-red colour, and is said to be mixed with arsenic, and that its excessive use, with or without opium, is dangerous to health.¹ This tobacco is invariably smoked in "water-pipes" by the upper classes in SZE CHUAN.

In the chapter on the Hangchow Hospital I have mentioned the impetus given to suicide by the painlessness of death by opium, and will not refer to it again. In this chapter I have only touched upon such mysteries and results of opium smoking as I have seen in my limited experience, or have heard of directly from Chinese through my interpreters, or facts stated in a careful paper, *The Use of Opium*, by Dr. Dudgeon, of Peking. Except for the quotation of a remark of Dr. Main, of Hangchow, on opium refuges, I have not obtained any of my material from missionaries.²

From all that I have seen and heard among the Chinese themselves, I have come to believe that even moderate opium smoking involves enormous risks, and that excessive smoking brings in its train commercial, industrial, and moral ruin and

¹ *Report of a Journey to North Sze Chuan*, 1898. By Mr. G. J. L. LITTON, of H. B. M.'s Chinese Consular Service.

² This is not from any distrust of the accuracy of their facts, for no foreigners know the lives and ways of the Chinese so well as they do, but simply because many people think that they are prejudiced.

physical deterioration, and this on a scale so large as to threaten the national well-being and the physical future of the race.

The most common reasons which the Chinese give for contracting the habit are pain, love of pleasure, sociability, and the want of occupation. They say that a moderate use of the pipe "advances the transaction of business, stimulates the bargaining instinct, facilitates the striking of bargains, and enables men to talk about secret and important matters which without it they would lack courage to speak of."

It is strangely true that in this industrial nation there are hundreds of thousands of people with little or nothing to do. There are the wives of the wealthy, retired, and expectant mandarins, leisured men of various classes, *litterati* waiting for employment, the great army of priests and monks, and the hangers-on of *yamens*, besides which there are Government officials whose duties occupy them only one day in a month. These remarks apply chiefly to urban populations.

Outside of commercial pursuits an overpowering shadow of dulness rests on Chinese as upon much of Oriental life. The lack of an enlightened native press, and of anything deserving the name of contemporary literature; the grooviness of thought and action; the trammels of a rigid etiquette; the

absence of athletics, and even of ordinary exercise; the paucity of recreations, other than the play and the restaurants, which are oftentimes associated with opium shops and vicious resorts; and the fact that the learned having committed the classics to memory, by which they have rendered themselves eligible for office, have no farther motive for study—all make the blissful dreams and the oblivion of the opium pipe greatly to be desired.

It is obvious that opium has come to “stay.” So lately as 1859, in SZE CHUAN, which now exports opium annually to the value of nearly £2,000,000, the penalty for growing it was death, in spite of which the white poppy fields were seen in conspicuous places along the Great River; and in 1868 an Imperial edict against its cultivation was supplemented by a proclamation to the same effect by the Viceroy of the province, and both have remained dead letters.

At all times the beautiful *Papaver somniferum* has been regarded as the enemy of China. There are no apologists for the use of opium except among foreigners. The smokers themselves are ashamed of their slavery. All alike condemn it, and regard opium as a curse as well as a vice, and from all which came under my own observation in fifteen months, I fully agree with them.

I will conclude this chapter with a few extracts from officials whose knowledge of the evils which are following the constantly increasing use of the drug, cannot be gainsaid. The first quotation is from the British Consul at Tainan, Formosa. Consul Hirst says :

“As long as China remains a nation of opium-smokers there is not the least reason to fear that she will become a military power of any importance, as the habit saps the energies and vitality of the nation.”

The next is from Consul Bourne, who accompanied the “Blackburn Commission” to the west and south of China, in the winter and spring of 1896-97. Mr. Bourne believes that the provinces of YUNNAN and KUEI-CHOW raise opium annually to the amount of about three millions sterling.

“There is no doubt,” he writes, “that here (Kuei-chow) the officials tried to stop the cultivation of the poppy, but this must have been very difficult, because an export such as opium, light in weight for its value, is just what these provinces, with their wretched means of communication, want. To-day, without opium, Yunnan and Kuei-chow would have no means of paying for imports. Unfortunately,” he says writing of YUNNAN, “opium has become almost the medium of exchange in this province, as I explained in a former report.”

Writing on the deplorable condition of YUNNAN (p. 58), he says :

“After Yang-kai, poppy fills the whole cultivated area,

covering the valley with white and purple (this is in the province of Yunnan), a gorgeous spectacle to the eye, though not agreeable to the mind, for one must attribute chiefly to opium, I think, the extraordinary failure of this province to recover from the devastation of the rebellion.

“The drug is so cheap and handy that the men almost all smoke, and most women, especially among the agriculturists, who tend the poppy and collect and sell the juice—the class that is elsewhere the backbone of China, if, indeed, China can be said to have a backbone. I was assured by an English missionary who has long resided in the province, and in whose judgment I have great confidence, that in eastern and western circuits (Tao) of the province, which embrace more than two-thirds of its area, 80 per cent. of the men and 60 per cent. of the women smoke opium. In the southern circuit the habit is not quite so general. He had no doubt that the vice had a very bad effect on the race. At all events, every traveller must be struck by the great extent to which the fertile valleys—the only land well cultivated—are monopolised by the poppy; by the apathy and laziness of the people; and by the very slow recovery, during twenty-five years, from the losses of the rebellion. Another bad result of opium being so ready at hand is the frequency of suicides, especially among women.”

At the close of 1898, a book was published by H. E. Chang Chih-tung, who is described by foreigners long resident in China as having been for many years one of the most influential statesmen in the country, and as standing second to no official in the empire for ability, honesty, disinterestedness, and patriotism. He has filled in succession three of the most important Viceroyalties in the empire. He deals with the opium habit as

with a huge national evil. Under the heading "The Expulsion of the Poison," he writes thus :

(1) "Deplorable indeed is the injury done by opium ! It is [as] the Deluge of the present day or [an invasion of] some fierce beasts, but the danger [arising from it] is greater than [the danger arising from] those things. . . . The injury done by opium is that of a stream of poison flowing on for more than a hundred years, and diffusing itself in twenty-two provinces. The sufferers from this injury amount to untold millions. Its consequences are insidious and seductive, and the limit has not yet been reached. It destroys men's abilities, it weakens the vigour of the soldier, it wastes their wealth,¹ until it results at length in China being what she is to-day. This destruction affects the ability of civilians and soldiers alike. The injury is worse than any waste of wealth. Men's wills are weakened, their physical strength is reduced. In the management of business they lack industry, they cannot journey any distance, their expenditure becomes extravagant, their children are few. After a few tens of years it will result in China becoming altogether the laughing-stock of the world."

(2) "Shanghai and Yangchow both have associations for breaking off the opium habit. Their general object may be said to be that each member should control his dependents. As for the opium-smokers, masters will not employ them as servants, teachers will not have them as scholars, generals will not take them as soldiers, farmers will not use them as labourers, merchants will not employ them as assistants, foremen will not have them for workmen."

¹ "This year the value of foreign goods imported amounted to more than eighty million [taels]. The export of Chinese products might be about fifty million [taels] or more. The foreign drug [*i.e.*, opium] was valued at more than thirty million [taels]. Thus there was a leakage. China is not impoverished by commerce, but the impoverishment comes from the consumption of opium."

The writer concludes by saying :

“ If Confucius and Mencius were to live again, and were to teach the empire . . . they would certainly begin by [teaching men] to break off opium.”

How is China to emancipate herself from this rapidly increasing habit, which is threatening to sap the hitherto remarkable energy of the race ?





CHAPTER XXXIX

NOTES ON PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN CHINA

TWO thousand four hundred and fifty-eight Protestant workers (including wives) represent the missionary energies and the many divisions of Christendom. The native Protestant communicants number 80,632.¹

The shock which China received through her defeat by Japan has produced, among other results, a disposition to make inquiries regarding the God, faith, and learning of those "Western Barbarians" from whom Japan received the art of war. Although hostility to Christianity as a destructive and socially disintegrating power has been recently evidenced by the anti-Christian riots at Kien-ing and elsewhere, the spirit of inquiry gathers volume, and expresses itself in large gatherings in street-chapels and churches, the thronging to mission

¹ In *Les Missions Catholiques*, vol. xxiii. (1891), M. Louvets returns the number of Roman Catholic converts in Pechili, Manchuria, Mongolia, and Shantung as 73,620 in 1870, and in 1890, including 2000 in Kansuh as 155,900.

schools, and the avidity with which Christian literature is purchased. Those who profess themselves ready to abandon heathenism and connect themselves with Christianity are more than the missionaries can instruct. In MANCHURIA there are six thousand inquirers in connection with the Scotch and Irish missions. In the FU-KIEN province the movement towards Christianity is on so extensive a scale as to attract the serious attention of the provincial authorities, as well as emphatic recognition by our own consuls. In one mission alone of the American Board, in another province, the number of inquirers into the Christian religion is estimated at 12,000.

The growing influence of Christianity, however, cannot be measured either by the numbers of communicants or inquirers. For many years past, large numbers of Christian men and women have been scattered through nearly all the provinces of China, making their homes among the Chinese, with the avowed object of promulgating what is known as the "*Jesus religion*." Their methods of propagandism — preaching, conversation, schools, dispensaries, hospitals, and the circulation of Christian literature only differ slightly. Their knowledge of Chinese is necessarily imperfect, and they often make grotesque and even serious blunders. As

their methods and mistakes in the language are much alike, so too are their lives. The keenest Chinese critic finds no difference in conduct and the motives which rule it, between the Scotch missionaries in MANCHURIA, the China Inland Mission and Canadian, etc., in SZE CHUAN, the Church Missionary Society in the FU-KIEN Province, and the German and American in KWANTUNG. These 2500 men and women are seen under the "fierce light" of criticism which beats upon them, whether at home or abroad, to lead pure, just, truthful, kind, honest, virtuous, patient lives, restraining temper and suffering long. These lives preach a higher standard of living than is inculcated by the highest Chinese teaching, and by slow degrees produce results which cannot be tabulated. The fame of the foreign teacher's payment of wages agreed upon, without drawbacks, his truthfulness, justice, kind treatment of servants,¹ control of temper, and accessibility, travels far, and each life so lived is an influence making for righteousness in the neighbourhood, exciting inquiry into the "Jesus religion" and foreign learning, and exercising a distinct influence on surrounding morality in certain directions.

¹ A servant of my own, not a Christian, gave a quaint reason for liking to serve missionaries—"I never get boots at my head in the foreign teachers' houses."

The direct part of missionary work need scarcely be touched upon. It consists in awakening the conscience to a sense of sin, by the preaching of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." It dwells upon the justice and love of God, on the atonement of Christ, on that Divine Fatherhood before whose infinite compassions there is not a stranger, an alien, a foreigner; on the "one sacrifice for sin once offered"; and teaches that the purpose of the sacrifice, and of law and gospel, is, that men may live "soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world," in preparation for a stainless and endless life. It teaches that the morality of the Great Teacher is but a "shadow of good things to come"—of the higher and perfect morality demanded by the Divine law, and that the power outside ourselves which "makes for righteousness" and "helps our infirmities," is the power of God; that "God is love," and yearns over His wandering children; that He has "showed man what is good," and that "His only begotten Son," who in some mysterious manner "bore our sins in his own body on the tree," is "He who is alive for evermore," and "ever liveth to make intercession," and that He "hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through His Gospel."

This, in brief, is the teaching of all Protestant missionaries in China, to whatever church they belong, and with one or two exceptions all regard baptism as an obligatory confession of faith, and as the evidence of a complete break with the beliefs and practices of heathenism.

Under such teaching eighty thousand Chinese, in 1898, were making a public profession of the Christian faith. Many annually lapse; the greater number owing to family influence, and difficulties in the abandonment of the time and custom-honoured social observances connected with idolatry; some because they find the moral restraints of Christianity too hard for them, and others because they hoped for worldly advantages which they failed to obtain. A large number of professing converts are employed by missionaries as servants, gate-keepers, teachers, printers, translators, and writers, of whose sincerity it may not always be possible to judge, as foreign employment is much coveted.

But after putting these and other dubious converts aside, there remains a large body of native Christians, gathered into societies, which after long and careful inquiry I believe to be fully up to the average mark of our churches at home in essential knowledge, and above it in practice, especially in

propagandist zeal and liberality—societies of men and women, in which the virtues of purity, honesty, self-denial, and charity are apparent. These converts contribute liberally out of their poverty to Christian objects, especially for the advancement of Christianity in their own country, in some regions contributing 6s. per head per annum. These Christian societies are constantly showing an increasing disposition to help themselves by the building of church edifices, as at Paoning Fu and elsewhere, and by contributing the entire support of not a few of their own pastors.

A large number of these converts are earnest and successful propagandists, and the very large increase in the number of Christians during the last five years is mainly owing to the zeal, earnestness, and devotion of Chinese converts, both men and women, who owe their conversion and instruction, as well as guidance and inspiration, to the foreign teachers. In Manchuria, a few years ago, the senior missionary told me that out of between three thousand and four thousand converts, he estimated that not more than twenty had received Christianity directly from the European missionaries, and the same proportion holds good with regard to the six thousand inquirers at the present date. In Che-kiang, the present Bishop of Victoria

estimated the number of converts through the work of Chinese as eighty per cent. of the whole.

These societies, in the beginning very small, and numbering from ten up to over four hundred members, are gradually crystallising into brotherhoods, with a very strong bond of union and definite aims of their own. They show, in a marked degree, the strong Chinese tendency to combination and association, and may be regarded as guilds. At present, among the communicants, there is a strong desire to conserve the purity of the churches by a careful exercise of discipline. Members who fall back into evil ways, as many do, are "suspended," and if incorrigible are sloughed off, and it certainly would not be possible for such abuses as disgraced the Church of Corinth to exist in the infant churches of China.

In brief, these Christian societies are earnest in propagandism, zealous for purity and discipline, liberal in their contributions, desirous for instruction, docile and teachable, and apparently increasingly anxious to translate Christian doctrine into righteous living. These bodies, in very many places, are slowly exercising an influence in favour of righteousness, and are thus among the many influences which are tending to undermine the old superstitions.

If China is to be Christianised, or even largely leavened by Christianity, it must inevitably be by native agency under foreign instruction and guidance. The foreigner remains a foreigner in his imperfect, and often grotesque, use of the language, in his inability to comprehend Chinese modes of thinking and acting, and in a hundred other ways, while a well-instructed Chinese teacher knows his countrymen and what will appeal to them, how to make "points," and how to clinch an argument by a popular quotation from their own classics. He knows their weakness and strength, their devious ways and crooked motives, and their unspeakable darkness and superstition, and is not likely to be either too suspicious or too confiding. He presents Christianity without the Western flavour. It is in the earnest enthusiasm of the Chinese converts for the propagation of the faith that the great hope for China lies.

Until now Christianity has made very slow progress. Among the special obstacles are : First, the national vanity, and the contempt for anything introduced by the foreign barbarians. Second, the posthumous influence of Confucius, whose moral teaching, negative and defective as it is on some points, is regarded as final, and his maxims as perfect in their adaptation to the needs of society and

government for all time. Third, the Chinese language itself, with its absence of an alphabet, the peculiar inflections and tones, the guttural and aspirated modulations which must be carefully observed, and the necessity of creating a vocabulary which shall rationally express the Christian ideas, and yet not be offensive to a critical and literary people. Fourth, the carefulness and universality of home education in superstitious and idolatrous beliefs and practices, children being taught from early infancy that reverence for the divinities of the Chinese Pantheon, shown according to established forms, is necessary to success in life.

Fifth, greater than all these special obstacles combined, is that of ancestor-worship, the actual and universal cult of the empire. To abandon idolatrous worship and practices is easy, but withdrawal from the worship of the ancestral tablets, with its rites and sacrifices, brands a man as a reprobate and a brute. These rites represent reverence, sacredness, and filial piety; they have the sanction of immemorial usage and of the earliest memories of home, and the first act of worship recorded is the worship of ancestors by the Emperor Shun on his accession, in the dawn of Chinese history.

The practice probably took its rise in a tender

and beautiful filial feeling, but apparently it has come to be largely inspired by fear. A Chinese truly "passes the time of his sojourning here in fear," and is in slavery, not only to the terror of a dim and demon-haunted future, but to the present dread of the evils wherewith he may be afflicted in this life by the malevolence of the dissatisfied spirits of his ancestors. Dr. Yates, a very careful student of things Chinese, in an able paper on ancestor-worship, states that, including the cost of the festivals for the destitute dead, the enormous sum of 151,752,000 dollars is annually expended by the Chinese in quieting the spirits of the departed, and securing the living from their malignant action. If this worship ever dies, it will die hard.

Islam is absolutely intolerant of every form of ancestor-worship. The Roman Catholic missions, as my readers are aware, were agitated by a controversy as to concessions on this subject from 1610 to 1758, when Pope Benedict XIV. rejected all compromise. Protestant missions take the same course.

While making careful inquiries into mission work, both from the workers and from outsiders, and comparing the present status and conduct of Chinese converts with what they were when I was in China

twenty years ago, I formed certain opinions on Protestant missions in China which I now place briefly before my readers. At this time missions constitute so important a factor in the awakening of the empire, that no sensible or thoughtful person can ignore them without sacrificing his reputation for both sense and thoughtfulness. If I venture to write of myself at all in connection with the subject, it is but to say that I am not an enthusiast regarding foreign missions, but soberly believe that to "teach all nations" is the path of duty and of hope.

During the earlier period of my eight years of Asiatic travel the subject was of little or no interest to me. I may even have enjoyed the cheap sneers at missions and missionaries which often pass for wit in Anglo-Asiatic communities, among persons who have never given the work and its methods one half-hour of serious attention and investigation, and in travelling, wherever possible, I gave mission stations a wide berth.

On my later journeys, however, which brought me often for months at a time into touch with the daily life of the peoples, their condition even at the best impressed me as being so deplorable all round, that I became a convert to the duty of using the great means by which it can be elevated. To pass on to

these nations the blessings which we owe to Christianity—our eternal hope, our knowledge of the Divine Fatherhood, our Christian ideals of manhood and womanhood, our best conceptions of the sanctities of domestic life and of the duties involved in social relationships, our political liberties, the position of women, the incorruptible majesty of our equal laws, the reformatory nature of our punishments, the public opinion permeated by Christianity which sustains right and condemns wrong, and a thousand things besides, which have come to us through centuries of the “Jesus religion”—is undoubtedly our bounden duty. It is surely the height of unchristian selfishness to sit down contentedly among our own good things, and practically to regard China merely as an area for trade. Is it not also the height of disloyalty and disobedience to our nominal Master, whose last command, ringing down through centuries of selfishness, we have been satisfied to leave unfulfilled?

I was influenced not so much by seeing the good work done by missionaries, as the tremendous need for it and the hopelessness of the religious systems of Asia. Several of the Asiatic faiths, and notably Buddhism, started with noble conceptions and a morality far in advance of their age. But the good has been mainly lost out of them in their passage

down the centuries, and Buddhism in China, aiming at eclecticism, absorbed so much of the dæmonism, nature-worship, and heathenism of the country, that in the number and puerility of its superstitions, its alliance with sorcery, its temples crowded with monstrous and grotesque idols, the immorality of its priests, and the absence of the teaching of righteousness, it is now much on a level with the idolatries of barbarous nations. There is nothing to arrest the further downward descent of these systems, so effete, and yet so powerful as interwoven with the whole social life of the nation. *There is no resurrection power in any one of them*, and to the men who here and there are athirst for righteousness, and are groping after Him "who is not far from every one of us," they offer neither guidance nor help.

That there are such seekers is certain. Among the many "secret societies" of China, a "good few" are mainly religious, and a great number of the Christian converts in North China have been in their membership. An attempt to attain righteousness is their characteristic, and something may be learned from them of self-denial and aspiration. Their efforts all take more or less of an ascetic direction.

Among them are "Vegetarians," who abstain

from meat with the object of "rectifying the heart, accumulating merit, and thus avoiding calamities in this world and retributive pains in the next." Several others are pledged to abstain from gambling and the use of opium, wine, and tobacco. The chief teaching of another is the duty of maintaining a patient spirit under injuries.

The books of the religious secret societies contain the best maxims and the highest moral teaching of "The Three Religions." They exhort to chastity, benevolence, carefulness in speech, self-denial, good works, the *conservation of the mental energies by rest and reflection*, the cultivation of the heart, and to much besides which is good. In alliance with the good are idolatrous rites, incantations, divination, and many grossly superstitious and puerile practices. It is believed that even the best among these societies are not altogether free from seditious tendencies, *i.e.*, the accomplishment of reform by destruction. But, after making due allowance for what is foolish and evil, it is evident that in these unsatisfied spiritual instincts and cravings after righteousness, and above all in the substitution of a dissatisfied and earnest spirit for the self-satisfied complacency of the Confucianist, and the stolid materialism of the average Chinese, Christianity has allies not to be despised.

Up to this time (1899) the slow success which has been won has been almost entirely among the lower classes, and it has not been possible, by the methods hitherto pursued, to reach the *literati*, who in China are the leaders of a people whose reverence for letters is phenomenal.

Of the 2458 Protestant missionaries, including wives (many of whom are incapacitated for work by maternal duties), accredited to China, a large number are always at home "on furlough." Promising Christian work is often broken up by the departure of the missionary. A substitute may or may not be appointed, but the "personal equation" counts for much in China as elsewhere. The force available for actual work ought not to include the large number of new missionaries, who must inevitably spend the first year or two in learning to speak Chinese, during which period they are useful chiefly by lives of consistent righteousness. Throughout my long journeys I never saw a mission station, except perhaps Paoning Fu, which was not undermanned, *i.e.*, in which mission work was not seriously crippled and denied its natural expansion by lack of men.

In this time of inquiry into Western religion and science it becomes more and more important that missionaries, both men and *women*, should study

the difficult language carefully, so as to fit themselves for conversation with the *literati*, and not be content with a limited command of the colloquial speech of coolies. It is being recognised in most influential quarters that if our trade is to expand, clerks and others going into mercantile life in China must begin the study of Chinese here under competent Chinese teachers. It might possibly be desirable for intending missionaries to do the same, and it would have the advantage of testing in each case the capacity for learning a difficult language, the incapacity being under present methods only discovered when it is too late to draw back. It appears very important that medical missionaries should have an undisturbed year after arriving in China for the study of the language.

Women's work has grown, and is growing so rapidly in China that its regulation needs serious consideration. Admirable as much of it is, and might be, it is beset with special difficulties. The fact of a young unmarried woman living anywhere but under her father's roof, exposes her character to the grossest imputations, which are hurled at her in the streets, and which can only be lived down by scrupulous carefulness. The Chinese etiquette, which prescribes the conduct seemly for women, and limits the freedom of social intercourse

between the sexes, certainly tends to propriety, and though to our thinking tiresome, no young foreign woman attempting to teach a foreign religion can violate its leading rules without injury to her work.

For instance, it is improper for a woman to "ride" in an open chair, to receive men visitors at her house, or to shake hands with men, or to walk through the street of a town or village or to visit at native houses unattended by a middle-aged Chinese woman. It is not only improper but scandalous for a woman to be seen in a tight bodice, or any other fashion which shows her figure, and a foreign girl lays herself open to remarks which I scarcely think she would like to hear, when she appears in a fly-away hat, bent up and bent down, on which birds, insects, feathers, grasses and flowers have been dumped down indiscriminately! The mission board of one large and successful mission has found it desirable to issue rules for missionaries regarding dress and etiquette, and the China Inland Mission everywhere, and the Church Missionary Society missionaries in SZE CHUAN have solved the difficulty by adopting Chinese costume, the only Oriental dress which Europeans can wear with seemliness and dignity. I think it would add much to the safety of female missionaries, and to the respect in which

they are held, if those missionary societies which object to Chinese costume would agree upon neat, simple uniforms for summer and winter, fulfilling the Chinese demand for propriety, and the European demand for tastefulness, and which should indicate at once that the wearer belongs to a large and important international union, and cannot be insulted with impunity.

Again it is necessary for young women to remember that a yellow skin makes no difference, and that any familiarity of manner or carelessness in deportment, which would be unsuitable here, is ten times more unsuitable in the case of Chinese men, such as servants, teachers, and "native helpers." In one province in which lady missionaries are especially numerous the violations of etiquette by some of them have been regarded as so likely to lead to outbreaks that the attention of our Foreign Office has been called to the subject. The openings for the work of sensible "godly" women are very great, but as a large proportion of those who go out are young and inexperienced, and the number is increasing, it is desirable that the whole subject should be reconsidered, and that women's work and general conduct should have the advantage of experienced and effectual supervision for the protection of the workers, and the

prevention of those hindrances to the work which arise out of ignorance and inexperience, and in a few cases out of self-conceit and self-will.

Having ventured on these criticisms and suggestions, I must add that much of the wisest, most loving, most self-denying, and most successful work that I saw done in China was done by women.

My earliest ideas of missionary work were taken from a picture which represented a white man standing under a tree, preaching to an earnest, quiet, and dark-visaged crowd. Crowds gather round the foreign preacher in China, but this is often a temporary phase, with curiosity for its leading motive. His appearance, mistakes in speech, and attitudes are satirised, jeered at, and mimicked. One of the most popular theatrical performances in Shanghai a few years ago was a clever farce, representing a foreign missionary preaching to a crowd of Chinese.

Preaching is not a Chinese mode of instruction. Confucianism, still the great force in China, never had a preacher, and was propagated solely by books. It is said that there is not a lecture-hall in the empire. The Chinese methods of influencing are chiefly literary, catechetical and conversational. The results of preaching have not been what was once hoped for, nor what they have been in some other countries. Many missionaries have told me

that even the Chinese preaching in the "street chapels" is not fruitful in results.

It is possible that the introduction of Western modes of evangelising, not applicable to China, was at least premature, and has been the cause of much failure and disappointment. The foreign element, whether in methods, church architecture, house building, or the ignoring of Chinese custom, though partly inevitable, must always tend to represent Christianity as a "foreign religion," and to perpetuate it but as a sickly exotic. It is, I think, of great importance that Christianity should ally itself with all that is not evil in the national life, that it should uphold Chinese nationality, that it should incorporate Chinese methods of instruction with our own, and conserve all customs which are not contrary to its spirit. The teachings of experience have not been thrown away, and many missionaries have come to see that these are the lines of progress.

Those competent to judge have no doubt that Christianity is about to make great progress in China. With this, many questions already emerging will come to the front, and among the foremost is that of native agency in foreign pay. There is on one side the certainty that China can only be Christianised by the Chinese, and the other the risks connected with the worldly or mercenary

element, which have been fatal to many such persons whose sincerity had not been suspected. Here again experience is teaching useful lessons, one being that Christianity is never so extensively and rapidly propagated as by the spontaneous efforts and renovated lives of private Christians.

Among other questions are : How far the differences between Western churches are to be perpetuated in China ; the place of the Chinese classics and of English in missionary schools ; the obligation of the Sabbath ; the attitude of Christianity to certain Chinese customs, and to any modified form of ancestor-worship ; social intercourse between foreigners and Chinese ; the social and pecuniary position of a native pastorate ; the self-government of churches ; and in Anglican missions the retention of the Prayer Book, as it at present stands, as the sole manual for public worship.

In conclusion, I think that there is now an "open door" for the Gospel in China, and that the prospect for Christianity is fairer than at any former period, but that if the Christian nations fail to realise their obligations to enter that door promptly and in force, with an army of earnest and well-equipped teachers, China may follow the example of Japan, and accept Western civilisation, while rejecting the Christian religion.

“Talk,” said Mr. Gladstone on one occasion, “about the question of the day; there is but one question, and that is the Gospel. It can and will correct everything needing correction.”

It may be that the Gospel will yet bring about the regeneration of China.





CONCLUDING REMARKS

THE subjects of our political and trade relations with China have been so ably and exhaustively treated by Lord Charles Beresford, M.P., and Mr. Colquhoun, and have been threshed out by so many other writers, that in these brief remarks I shall chiefly confine myself to the Chinese people and to my impressions of them, received in fifteen months of journeyings in three of the most important years in modern Chinese history.¹

I doubt very much whether China is "breaking up." *If* she breaks up it will be owing to the policy of the great European nations in making her "lose face," and thereby weakening the authority of the Central Government over the provinces, local risings and possible disintegrations being the result. The "sphere of influence" policy, if pursued in earnest, would undoubtedly break up the empire.

In the three years in which I was travelling, off

¹ If I seem to pronounce opinions *ex cathedra* on very insufficient bases, it is owing to the avoidance of the constant repetition of the modest phrase "I think," which in nearly all cases must be understood.

and on, in China, the Dragon Throne reeled, but righted itself, and the Government survived the Japanese war, the heavy indemnity, the loss of the suzerainty of Korea, and the aggressions of Russia. It extinguished, in blood, the serious Mohammedan rebellion in KANSUH, and has lately brought about the collapse of the rebellion in SZE CHUAN. The bond of union which connects the provinces with each other and with Peking has survived all these mishaps, and if it is broken, I believe it will be by foreign interference, and by the shifting and opportunist policy, enormous ambitions, and ill-concealed rivalries of certain foreign powers.

Nor do I believe that China is "in decay." I have travelled more than 8000 miles in the empire, and have seen, in some regions, roads, canals, temples,¹ and some ancient public works, falling into disrepair. The Oriental throughout Asia prefers construction to renovation, and alongside of these decaying works there are new temples, new pagodas, new and handsome bridges, new *pai-fangs*, new bunds, and new works, rather of private than public origin.

The reader who has followed the foregoing chapters with any degree of interest can scarcely think

¹ Hundreds of temples, however, had undergone recent and thorough repair.

that SZE CHUAN, at least, is in decay. Commercial and industrial energy is not decaying, the vast fleets of junks are not rotting in harbours and reaches; industry, thrift, resourcefulness, and the complete organisation both of labour and commerce, meet the traveller at every turn. Mercantile credit stands high, contracts are kept, labour is docile, teachable, and intelligent, its earnings are secure, and, on the whole, law and order prevail.

Nor is it like "decay" that in 1898—in spite of a political situation full of menace, of sporadic rebellions which largely checked business in their localities, of the serious news from Peking in September, which disorganised the trade of the northern ports, and of the disasters in connection with the Yellow River—the elasticity was such that the value of the import trade exceeded all previous records, while that of the export trade exceeded that of every previous year except 1897, the total volume of trade being the highest on record.

There was no export of silver, but a net import of Hk. Tls. 4,722,025, and there was no scarcity of it in any part of the country. China met the whole of her obligations without any depletion of her currency, and imported nothing that she did not obtain in exchange for exports.¹ The importance

¹ See Appendix B.

of stimulating the Chinese export trade is apt to be overlooked. China will only purchase from foreign countries that for which she can pay with her own products. The verdict of the Inspector-General of Maritime Customs in China on the commercial situation for 1898 is, "No doubt the Government is hard pressed for funds, but *the country grows wealthier every year.*"¹

Among the reasons given for the alleged "decay" of China is its "over-population." It is true that there are seriously congested areas, even in SZE CHUAN, but if we take 400,000,000, the extreme estimate of the population, it is but ten times that of Great Britain, while the area of the empire is from sixteen to eighteen times as great.

What is "in decay" is the administration of government. The people are straight, but officialism is corrupt.²

The subject has been fully dwelt upon in other books, with which I suppose my readers to be acquainted. The theory of the Chinese Government is one of the best ever devised by the wit of

¹ *Imperial Maritime Customs. Report on the Trade of China for 1898.* King & Son, London.

² A couplet from a well-known anonymous lampoon, largely current as an expression of popular opinion, is translated thus :

" Three hands has every magistrate,
And every officer three feet."

(The hands to clutch at bribes, the feet to run away from the enemy !)

man. Against every possible abuse apparent safeguards were provided. The enjoyment of property and life was secured to the people. The laws in the main were just, concise, and of equal pressure. The right of rising against a corrupt and oppressive official was guaranteed. Literary examinations were made the entrance to official life. Inferior birth was no bar to the attainment of high position. The laws of the country embodied the highest teaching of political ethics which it had received. The patriarchal theory of government was never so systematised, or acted upon for so long, and with so much consistency. The ethical teaching and the laws based upon it remain, and the strongest power in China to-day is Confucius; but the admirable theory of government has proved weak in presence of the neglected factor of the downward tendency of human nature in a pagan nation. The infamies of Chinese administration to-day have been riveted upon China by centuries of political retrogression, and the gradual lowering of the standard of public virtue in the absence of a wholesome public opinion. Certain forms of bribery, corruption, and peculation have obtained the force of custom, seven-tenths of the revenue is arrested by the "three hands" of officials, all sums allotted for public works, repairs, and military and naval equipment,

suffer enormous depletion *en route* to their destinations ; so that in the Japanese war “a straight people with a corrupt Government ” were easily subdued by “a corrupt people with a straight Government.”¹

One of the heaviest indictments against the system is, that under it it is hardly possible for a good man to be rigidly honest, and there are good men ; and there are mandarins who, after a long and laborious period of office, actually live and die poor. A well-meaning man, finding himself entangled in the meshes of this system, is greatly to be pitied. Custom is all in favour of peculation and, however much such men would welcome a way of escape, to break with custom is as hard as to break off the opium habit. Another difficulty besets the well-intentioned man—his knowledge that his best efforts will certainly be frustrated by the unscrupulous clerks and retainers of his *yamen*.

¹ In Mukden, early in that war, I saw Chinese regiments of remarkably fine physique marching to their doom, armed with matchlock and “Tower” guns, and pikes, the money which should have provided them with modern rifles having enriched the officials who had the spending of it. The modern rifles with which some of the rank and file were armed were of all patterns, so cartridges of a dozen different makes and sizes were dumped down on the ground in a vacant space in the city, without any attempt at classification, and the soldiers fitted them to their arms, sometimes throwing eight or ten back on the heap before finding one to suit the weapon. The commissariat officials were grossly dishonest, and where stores had accumulated sold them for their own benefit. It is a common practice for a military mandarin to draw pay for 800 men, having only 400 with the colours, and, on an inspection day, to impress 400 coolies of the city, put them into uniforms, and parade them with the soldiers.

In Chapter XXIII. I just touched on the very laborious life of a mandarin, who has to perform the work of six men, and rarely gets a holiday. For this amount of work he is virtually unpaid, far more than his wretchedly insufficient salary being expended on the necessary state of his office. These nominal salaries are the deadly upas tree, which has cast its fatal shadow over Chinese official life. They are the *crux* of the situation. They make speculation and corruption all but an absolute necessity. Short periods of office, paying for appointments, the evil custom of making presents to official superiors, the practice that, after paying into the Imperial Exchequer the fixed quota of taxation for his district, the magistrate can appropriate all that he can squeeze beyond it, subject to liberal gifts to the high officials of his province, are only a few of the evils of the Chinese administrative system. It is chiefly out of this margin squeezed out of the people that the fortunes of the higher officials are made.¹

Every writer on China exposes the iniquities of the system, and they come more or less to the ears and under the observation of every traveller. They affect a fourth of the human race, and have

¹ Mr. Meadows states that the highest mandarins get about ten times and the lowest about fifty times the amount of their legal incomes by means of "squeezes."

brought the most ancient of existing empires into the position of a "sick man"—helpless, appealing, with voracious Western nations gnawing at his extremities, and prepared to prey upon his vitals.

But China bristles with contradictions. The "sick man" ought to be "in decay," but he is not. His innate cheeriness is scarcely clouded by our repeated assertions that he ought to be dead, and he faces the future which we prophesy for him without misgiving! On the whole, peace, order, and a fair amount of prosperity prevail throughout the empire. The gains of labour are secure, taxation, even with the squeezes attending it, is rarely oppressive in the country, and in the towns is extremely light. The phrase "ground down" does not apply to the Chinese peasant. There is complete religious toleration. Guilds, trades unions, and other combinations carry out their systems unimpeded, and the Chinese genius for association is absolutely unfettered. The Chinese practically, in actual life, are one of the freest people on earth!

The reader may be staggered by what appears a monstrous paradox, in face of the opinions regarding the infamies of administration previously expressed, but if a single statement is applicable to the whole empire it is this, that freedom is

the birthright of the people, that they possess "inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and that China is one of the most democratic countries on earth. The Government, feeble and evasive in its dealings with foreigners, when it sets its mind on something among its own people, is quite capable of carrying out its will, and is not nearly so impotent as many suppose. Yet it habitually plays only a most minute part in the economy of national life, and a Chinese may live and die without any other contact with it than the payment of land-tax. He is free in all trades and industries,—to make money and to keep it; to emigrate and to return with his gains; free to rise from the peasant's hut to place and dignity; to become a millionaire, and confer princely gifts upon his province; free in his religion and his amusements; and in his social and commercial life.

I have not space, knowledge, or ability to enter into the inwardness of these extraordinary contradictions, and would only remark that we have to deal in China not with a mass of downtrodden serfs, but with a nation of free men.

I may be permitted, however, very diffidently to point out a few of the reasons which, in my opinion, militate against the evils of administration, and tend

to the stability of the country. First among these is the village system. In China the unit is not the individual but the family, indivisible and sacred, the members of which are bound to each other in life and death by indissoluble ties, of the strength of which we cannot form a conception. Villages consist of groups of such families, with their headmen and elders, who are responsible for each individual, the step above them being the *hsien*, or district magistrate, who may be regarded as the administrative unit. The Chinese have a genius for self-government, and are by no means the "dumb, driven cattle" which some suppose them to be. The villages are self-governing, and no official dares to trench on their hereditary privileges. Every successive dynasty has found itself bound to protect them in these, and no "Son of Heaven" who called them in question could occupy the Dragon Throne for six months.

These privileges, which by established custom have become actual rights, consist primarily in the complete control of local affairs, the possession of lands, and absolute freedom for trade and industry. Among the many advantages of the village system is, that it enables villagers in countless civil cases to avoid the serious evils of litigation in the *yamens* by the simple

method of referring them to arbitration before their headmen and elders.

Among other causes which tend to counterbalance the evils of the administration, is the system of strict surveillance and mutual responsibility, under which no man stands alone, and which as a vast network holds China together. This has its own evils, one of which is *mutual distrust*, which has, however, the good result of preventing men from combining intelligently against the Government. The system makes government easy, and certainly does not tend to disintegration.

Besides these there are the recognised right of rebellion when grievances become intolerable ; the execution of a species of lynch law on culpable officials, which often takes the place of memorials to the Throne, and courts of appeal ; a certain dread on the part of magistrates of being reported for corruption or inefficiency by the many spies of the Central Government, or by the Censors, who, though said not to be altogether free from venality, can, on occasion, be most remarkably outspoken ; the general education of the people in the principles on which government is based ; the genius for association which gives strength to the weak ; and the universal training both at home and school in "The Five Duties of Man," which are : (1) Loyalty

to the Sovereign, (2) piety to parents, (3) submissiveness to elders, (4) harmony between husband and wife, (5) fidelity to friends.¹

This is the empire which we speak of "partitioning" and "breaking up," with as little emotion as if it were an ant's nest, with all its singular contradictions, and emphatic antagonisms of good and evil.

There is a wide difference between bullying, in diplomatic language "applying strong pressure," and making righteous and politic demands upon China. Nothing could be better for herself than the drastic reforms suggested by Lord C. Beresford, but some of them involve what I think would be an unwarrantable interference with her internal organisation. Among righteous demands may certainly be placed the fulfilment of treaty obligations—the giving security to the lives and property of foreigners throughout the empire, which can only be attained by the formation of an efficient army,

¹ Since writing the above pages I have read Mr. A. R. COLQUHOUN's chapters on "Government and Administration," "The Chinese People," and "Chinese Democracy," in which I find views similar to my own stated with great force, breadth, and intimate knowledge. The last chapter concludes with these important words: "It is only fitful glimpses which strangers are able to obtain of the inner working of Chinese national life—quite insufficient to form a coherent theory of the whole. . . but the data ascertained seem sufficient to warrant the inference of a vast, self-governed, law-abiding society, costing practically nothing to maintain, and having nothing to apprehend save natural calamities and national upheavals."

or *gendarmérie*, well disciplined, drilled, armed, and paid, and *mobile*—giving foreigners the right to live for trade purposes in the interior (a right only conceded by Japan in July, 1899), and an equable re-arrangement of *likin* and *loti-shui*.¹

Likin and *loti-shui* are obnoxious taxes, and hamper trade effectively, and the abuses of the system are very great, but abrupt and sweeping changes would be very dangerous. It must be remembered that the provincial governments have lost seriously through the operations of the Imperial Maritime Customs (see p. 227), and rely mainly on *likin* for their revenue, that its abolition would involve a resort to direct taxation, which would be intolerable to a people accustomed to indirect, and would certainly lead to very serious risings in the West River and Yangtze Valleys. Official needs, established custom, and the relations of the masses to custom, render the forcing of abrupt fiscal changes of this nature upon the Chinese most impolitic, risking the disorganisation and break up of China.

¹ Many people think that *likin*, an inland tax, levied by the provincial authorities on foreign goods in transit (*loti-shui* being a terminal tax), is an illegal blackmail, but it rests on precisely the same foundation as every other Chinese ordinance—an Imperial Decree—and its legality was certainly recognised by the British and German Governments when they accepted seven *likin* collectorates as collateral security for the last Anglo-German loan.

By bullying the Central Government it is made to "lose face" with its subjects, and its authority is by so much weakened. The value of our treaties absolutely depends on the power of the Government to give effect to them. The sole security of the Chinese bondholder, and for the sums invested, or to be invested in the railroads of the future, is the integrity and cohesion of the Chinese Empire. Touch this integrity, whether by active claims for "spheres of influence," with consequent disintegration, the enforced abolition of *likin*, or any policy of pressure, and our treaties will be but waste paper. With regard to most arrangements, however desirable in the way of reform they may be, the word "insist," pointing to coercion, should be blotted out of the vocabulary of discussion.

I am still a believer in the justice and expediency of the "open door" policy, as opposed to what I think is the fatal alternative policy of "spheres of influence." Many who would "rush" reforms in China, and are impatient of delay, and are perhaps bitten by the "lust of domination," assert that it is too late for it, but I fail to see the reasons for such a "counsel of despair." The Marquess of Salisbury, at the end of June, 1898, said: "If I am asked what our policy in China is, my answer is very simple. It is to maintain the

Chinese Empire, to prevent it falling into ruins, to invite it into paths of reform, and to give it every assistance which we are able to give it, to perfect its defence or to increase its commercial prosperity. *By so doing we shall be aiding its cause and our own.*"¹ This announcement of policy has not been recalled.

In the meantime it is impossible for China, pressed on every side, and vaguely conscious that she stands at the "parting of the ways," that "the old order" is changing, and that she is in the grip of new forces, to collect herself with a view to the reforms from which she cannot hope to escape, and she falls back on her old idea of statesmanship—the playing off one foreign country against another. After a career of empire of two thousand years, in which she has increased in wealth and population up to the present time, she finds herself at the dawn of a new century, confronted by problems of which her classics and her experience offer no solution, and the greatest of these is the FOREIGNER.

In concluding this chapter, it is worth while to consider whether there are any indications of reform from within, and whether the phrase "The awakening of China," represents fact or not.

Our mechanical inventions—steamers, railroads,

¹ The italics are my own.—I. L. B.

gas, telegraphs, electric light, steam machinery, dredgers, artillery, torpedoes, arms of precision, submarine telegraphy, steam printing, photography—our surgery, the beauty and “up-keep” of our foreign settlements, and their admirable municipal government, and our obvious wealth, have all been emissaries knocking the conceit out of those who come in contact with them. Chinese now work telegraph lines, own and run steam launches in large numbers, enter our hospitals as medical students, and take admirable photographs, nearly perfect in *technique*, only lacking in artistic feeling. Factories owned and run by Chinese are springing up here and there, and may eventually be successful. One of the great passenger lines on the Lower Yangtze belongs to the “Chinese Merchants’ Company.”

Inland, for many years, foreign families have been living lives elsewhere described—of different nationalities, but all worshippers of one invisible God. Such persons have introduced into remote regions kerosene lamps—which are doing much to alter social life in China, soap, lucifer matches and vesta lights, condensed milk and tinned provisions, sewing machines,—enormously adopted by tailors,—and much else, the utility of all of which has been recognised, and which have compelled the Chinese to admit the ability of the “barbarians.”

It is known, at least to the Chinese within fifty miles of the coast, and up the Yangtze, on which Japanese steam lines are now running, that the Japanese, who received from themselves the Chinese classics centuries ago, have adopted the political and legal systems, industries, and naval and military methods of foreigners; that they have a straight Government which no foreign power dares to bully; that they have been received on equal terms into the family of nations, and that their methods of warfare, before which China collapsed, were foreign methods. The fact that a yellow people, venerating and teaching their own classics, with a social order founded on Confucian principles, and with Chinese as its official language, has adopted, to a great extent, Western civilisation, and with manifest advantage, has produced a remarkable effect since the war.

Last, but very far from being least, as it affects the brain of the country and its natural leaders, is the circulation of the scientific, historical, and Christian literature of the West. This is the Western ferment which may "leaven the whole lump." This circulation received an enormous impulse when the reform edicts of the Emperor were promulgated, making a knowledge of Western learning imperative on students, and has not been

greatly affected by the subsequent retrograde movement. It cannot be doubted that those edicts, premature and unwise as some of them were, were the direct result of the foreign literature which the Emperor had previously been reading with avidity.

The larger portion of this literature, which I believe is destined to reform and transform China, has been published by a society founded twelve years ago by some of the leading men in China, and named the "Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge." Sir Robert Hart, G.C.M.G., is its president in China, and Mr. Timothy Richards, an enthusiast about the language and people, and an optimist about the future of the empire, is its secretary and inspiring spirit.

The literature, for which the demand is now greater than the supply, consists of distinctly Christian books, such as *Butler's Analogy*; a *Life of Christ*; *Christianity, and the Progress of Nations*; scientific books, as on *Agricultural Chemistry* and *Astronomy*; books on economic subjects, such as *Productive and Non-Productive Labour*, *The Relation of Education to National Progress*, etc., and some of our best standard books are now in circulation, together with such special literature as *Essays for the Times*, *The Renaissance of China*, *Progress*

of *China's Neighbours*, a periodical called *A Review of the Times*, and various others. The drift of the desire for knowledge is shown by the very large sale of Mackenzie's *History of the Nineteenth Century*, and of a *History of the Japanese War; Sixty Years of Queen Victoria's Reign* being also much in demand.

These books and many others, circulating largely among the *literati*, at once creating and expressing aspirations, all present in some form or other that higher ideal which produced those reformers, greatly led by Kang Yen-Wei, who advocated political, commercial, educational, and religious reform in 1898, rendering it memorable in Chinese history as a year in which men showed that the welfare of their country was dearer to them than life itself.

A few instances taken at random show how the Western leaven is working. Large sums have been subscribed by the Chinese for the object of teaching Western languages and learning, especially in the ports. Two wealthy Chinese offered to raise 10,000 dollars for the enlargement of the Women's Hospital in Shanghai, if Dr. Reifsnyder, the lady medical missionary, would consent to teach Western medicine to Chinese girls. A Cantonese, one of the managers of the China Merchants' Co., was so

impressed by Mr. Richards' translation of Mackenzie's *History of the Nineteenth Century*, that he bought a hundred copies, and sent them to the leading mandarins in Peking.

A Hunan gentleman, visiting Shanghai two years ago, met with the "C.L.S." magazine, *Review of the Times*, and was so impressed with its helpfulness to China that he ordered two hundred copies, and distributed them monthly in Hunan to those who had specially opposed foreigners and Christianity. These men, in their turn, ordered a complete set of the "C.L.S.," books, and read them for two years in order to be sure of their contents. Recently the Literary Chancellor of the province wrote to the "C.L.S.," to the effect that China must reform, and on the lines indicated in the Society's publications, and in the name of the governor and gentry of Hunan invited the Chinese editor to become a professor in the college of the provincial capital.¹

The volume on *Agricultural Chemistry* has been very largely read. Early in 1899 the Viceroy of Nanking and others raised £50,000 for

¹ It was what are known as the "Hunan Tracts," an infamous literature circulated throughout the empire, which accuses Christians of the vilest crimes, and urges the populace to expel them, which have been the cause of several of the anti-foreign riots. Now Hunan is welcoming Western learning and Christian teachers.

an agricultural college, and invited Mr. Bentley, the author of the book, an American missionary, to be its head. The Viceroy in Central China, Chang-Chih-Tung, whose views on the use of opium I have previously quoted, actually sympathised with the Yangtze anti-foreign riots in 1891, but by 1894 had been so profoundly influenced by the study of Western literature that he sent a large donation to the "C.L.S.," and has lately published a book in which he strongly advocates the immediate adoption of a modern system of education.

It is not alone among the older men that our literature is producing marked effects here and there, but the literary students in considerable numbers are fired with the desire for Western learning. Fifteen hundred applied for entrance to the new Peking University, of which the learned Rev. W. Martin, author of *A Cycle of Cathay*, is principal. Occasionally foreign literature produces almost grotesque effects. A *Hsien* magistrate, having read Dr. Faber's *Civilisation, East and West*, was much impressed by the chapter on our Western treatment of prisoners, and at once set his own to work at spinning, weaving, and basket-making, to the intense amusement of the retainers of the *yamen*.

In the SZE CHUAN I saw few, if any, indications of the awakening which undoubtedly exists. A

foreign traveller, whether he speak Chinese or not, does not see below the surface, and the province is far away from the centres in which the Western leaven is working most energetically, but in several places where I halted the mandarin sent to inquire if I had any "foreign books?" Kuei-chow is one of the most anti-foreign of the provinces, and it is noteworthy that lately her governor has sent to the "C.L.S." for 1000 dollars' worth of Western literature.

I think that there is no doubt that the leaven of Western thought is working surely though slowly among the literary class, and that the reform movement, scotched, but not killed, by the strong measures of the Empress Dowager, grew out of it.

Two causes favour the spread of Western literature; first that the four hundred millions of the empire possess one written language, and second, that there are 200 examination centres in China, and that at each, from 5000 to 10,000 students, the mandarins, lawyers, and leaders of the future, a million in all, are under examination every year. Our best literature, and our Christian literature, supplied to these centres reaches the most influential homes in the country. Mr. Archibald Little, the pioneer of steam navigation on the Upper

Yangtze, and himself a Chinese scholar, strongly urges the supply of "C.L.S." literature to all these centres. He considers that the mental revolution now proceeding, and the reform movement, are largely due to the influence of books, and even says that in the circulation of Western literature he sees the great hope for the "open door!"

That irresistible forces are beginning to drive China out of her conceit and seclusion is evident. Ten years ago there were only two or three papers in the vernacular besides the official *Peking Gazette*. To-day there are over seventy, and native journalism is actively developing. Through the press the Young China Party—the creation of Anglo-Chinese schools and foreign influence, chiefly in the ports—gives expression to those feelings of unrest and discontent which its wider outlook on affairs produces. Through it the younger *litterati*, awakened to a new conception of patriotism by contact with Western thought, denounce the ignorance and corruption of the magistracy, and urge as a remedy the introduction of mathematics and political economy into the provincial examinations! The Viceroy, Chang-Chih-Tung, not only founded a paper "which was to engage the sympathies of the literary class in the work of progress and reform, and to interest its readers in questions of international

and general importance,"¹ but made its support compulsory in all the *yamens* and libraries in the *Hu* provinces. Its staff is said to be composed of men who combine broad views with classical scholarship, and it is reputed to have great influence with the upper classes, even though the reforming Viceroy has had to withdraw his official support from it.

It is too early to write of the probable influence of the coming railroads. It is easy to take an exaggerated view, but undoubtedly rapid communication is a great foe to darkness and ignorance. Everywhere there are indications of a change in the "classes" which lead the "masses." There is a Chinese saying, that "if you wish to irrigate a piece of land you must first carry the water to the highest level ; so, if you wish to enlighten a nation, you must begin with its leaders." Very important and valuable inquiries have been made into all subjects connected with trade ; but this mental change, which will probably exercise an enormous influence on trade and our relations with China, has been singularly overlooked.

It is perhaps best that there should be no abrupt rupture with the past. The reform edicts, though abrogated, have kindled a flame ; and though there

¹ *Times'* Shanghai correspondent.

may be suspended progress, China can never really go back any more, for the forces which have been set in motion have never yet suffered defeat. "The mills of God grind slowly," but they grind inexorably. Let us be patient with our ancient ally, and "invite" rather than bully her into "paths of reform." I fear much that the desperate determination of the European nations to secure her potentialities of trade by fair means or foul, may be driving her to her doom, and that in the clash and turmoil the symptoms of an increasing desire for reform from within—a reform which would slowly give us all we can righteously ask—are being overlooked or ignored.

Into her archaic and unreformed Orientalism the Western leaven has fallen for good or evil. Rudely awakened by the Japanese victories out of her long sleep, China, half dismayed and wholly dazed, with much loss of "face," and shaken confidence in the methods of diplomacy which have served her so well in the past, finds herself confronted by an array of powerful, grasping, ambitious, and not always over-scrupulous powers, bent, it may be, on over-reaching her and each other, ringing with barbarian hands the knell of the customs and polity which are the legacy of Confucius, clamouring for ports and concessions, and

bewildering her with reforms, suggestions, and demands, of which she sees neither the expediency nor the necessity.

In this turmoil, and with the European nations thundering at her gates, it is impossible for China to attempt any reforms which would not, from the nature of the case, be piecemeal and superficial. The reform of an administration like hers needs the prolonged and careful consideration of the best minds in the empire, with such skilled and disinterested foreign advice as was given by Sir Harry Parkes to Japan when she embarked on her new career.

It must be remembered that the remodelling of the administrative system of China is beset with difficulties which have not existed in any other country, and which are accentuated by the vast population and area of the empire. Chinese statesmen (if there could be such) have to consider what reforms could be carried out with the approval of the masses, *i. e.*, without bringing about a revolution. The very abuses of administration have gained something of the sanctity which attends on custom among this singular people. It is most important that those who have to deal with Chinese affairs should be able to obtain such information as would enable them to make a just estimate of the

strength and probable diffusion of the desire for reform among the *literati*, at whose feet the masses lie with a genuine reverence.

China is certainly at the dawn of a new era. Whether the twentieth century shall place her where she ought to be, in the van of Oriental nations, or whether it shall witness her disintegration and decay, depends very largely on the statesmanship and influence of Great Britain.





ITINERARY

	<i>Li.</i> ¹
Wan Hsien to San-tsan-pu	65
Ting-tsiao	63
Liang-shan Hsien	50
Wen-kia-cha	60
Chai-shih-kiao	60
Hsia-shan-po	73
Kiu Hsien	60
Ching-sze-yao	60
Siao-kiao	65
Sha-shih-pu	55
Hsieh-tien-tze	75
King-kiang-sze	65
Heh-shui-tang	65
PAONING FU	65
Hsia-wu-li-tze	40
Sin-tien-tze	90
Mao-erh-tiao	90
Tien-kia-miao	70
Wu-lien	115
Tze-tung Hsien	80
Cheng-hsiang-po	80
Mienchow	43
Lun-gan (?)	90
Mienchuh	70
Shuang-tu-ti	45

¹ The Chinese *li* is 1814 English feet, but the mountain and the plain *li* differ in length.

Peng Hsien		80
Kuan Hsien		70
Sin-fan Hsien		105
Sin-tu Hsien		30
CHENG-TU FU		40
Kuan Hsien		120
Fu-ki		30
Sin-wen-ping		60
Shuo-chiao		40
Wei-cheo		60
Li-fan Ting		65
Tsa-ku-lao		60
Chuang-fang		60
Chu-ti		45
Miao-ko		50
Matang		105
Somo		60

Cheng-tu Fu to Shanghai by water, 2000 miles.





APPENDICES

APPENDIX A.

THE Rules of the Chinese Guilds are too long and elaborate for insertion in this appendix, and condensation would do them an injustice.

APPENDIX B.¹

I. NET VALUE OF TOTAL TRADE OF PORTS IN THE YANGTZE BASIN, 1898.

Shanghai	.	.	.	.	.	£13,296,643
Chungking	.	.	.	.	.	2,614,031
Ichang	.	.	.	.	.	194,359
Sha-shih	.	.	.	.	.	25,666
Hankow	.	.	.	.	.	8,065,717
Kiukiang	.	.	.	.	.	2,625,083
Wuhu	.	.	.	.	.	1,527,079
Chinkiang	.	.	.	.	.	3,471,532
Soochow	.	.	.	.	.	229,113
Hangchow	.	.	.	.	.	1,199,022
						<u>£33,248,245</u>

¹ These tables were kindly prepared for this volume by W. H. Wilkinson, Esq., H. B. M. Consul at Ningpo, from the Trade Report for 1898 of the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs. The Haikwan tael, in which the Customs accounts are kept, has been taken at 3s., as a fairer current equivalent than the 2/10⁸ average, by the advice of Mr. Jamieson, C.M.G., late Consul-General at Shanghai.

2. TRADE OF SHANGHAI, 1898.

<i>Foreign Goods—</i>		£	£
Total import	.	.	19,073,534
Less re-exported—			
(a) To foreign countries and Hong-	.	.	
kong	.	.	745,000
(b) To Chinese ports (chiefly to	.	.	
northern and Yangtze	.	.	
ports)	.	.	13,914,558
			14,659,558
Making net total foreign imports			4,413,976
<i>Native Produce—</i>			
Imported (chiefly from northern and			
Yangtze ports, Ningpo, Swatow,			
Canton, and Hangchow)	.	.	11,413,637
Less re-exported to foreign coun-			
tries and Chinese ports	.	.	9,724,673
Making net total Native imports	.	.	1,688,964
Native produce of local origin			
exported to foreign countries	.	.	4,676,674
Ditto to Chinese ports	.	.	2,517,029
			7,193,704
Gross value of trade of Shanghai	.	.	£37,680,875
Net “ “ “			£13,296,643

3. TOTAL NET IMPORT OF OPIUM INTO CHINA FOR 1898.

Quantity	.	.	.	6,638,333 lbs.
Value	.	.	.	£4,388,365

4. TOTAL VALUE OF FOREIGN TRADE OF CHINA IN 1898.

$$= \text{Hk. Taels } 368,616,483 = \text{£}55,292,472.$$

5. SHARE OF ENGLAND IN CHINA'S TRADE FOR 1898.¹

¹ Note that these figures include trade conducted by Chinese, or under the Chinese flag, passing through the Maritime Customs.

I. *Shipping.*

Flag.	Entries and Clearances.	Tonnage.	Percentages of Tonnage.	
			(A.) Including Chinese.	(B.) Excluding Chinese.
British	22,609	21,265,966	62.12	81.65
Chinese	23,547	8,187,572	23.92	—
Other nationalities .	6,505	4,780,042	13.96	18.35
	52,661	34,253,580	100	100

II. *Trade.*

Flag.	Total Values Foreign & Coast Trade.	Transit Trade.	Total.	Percentages of Value.	
	£			(A.)	(B.)
British . .	76,236,290	2,695,437	78,931,727	51.88	79.40
Chinese . .	50,163,445	2,410,663	52,574,108	34.56	—
Other nationalities	19,385,235	1,217,343	20,602,578	13.56	20.60
	145,784,970	6,323,443	152,108,413	100	100

6. PRINCIPAL IMPORTS INTO CHINA FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES, 1898.¹

	Quantity.	Value.
Opium	6,638,000 lbs.	£4,388,385
Cotton goods	—	11,642,824
Raw cotton	30,534,000 lbs.	425,959
Woollen Goods	—	478,525
Metals	—	1,468,061
Matches (mainly Japanese)	11,352,304 gross	389,561
Oil (Kerosene)	96,882,126 gallons	1,787,205
Sugar	10,793 tons	2,029,267
Other imports	—	8,827,113
Total		£31,436,900

¹ These tables, giving an excess of imports over exports, will be seen not to tally with my statement in the final chapter. In other years similar tables have given rise to the belief that China is being denuded of silver to

VOL. II.—23.

7. PRINCIPAL EXPORTS FROM CHINA TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES, 1898.¹

	Quantity.	Value.
Silk, of all kinds	35,651,333 lbs. .	£8,415,584
Tea " "	205,146,667 lbs. .	4,331,922
Other Exports .	. — .	11,108,066
Total		<u>£23,855,572</u>

pay for the balance, and is drifting towards bankruptcy. But the Inspector-General, in the Customs Report for 1898, from which these figures are taken, points out that, taking into account the value of the gold exported from China, of the tea sent to Siberia and Russia *via* the Han River, of the twenty million pounds of tea exported annually to Tibet, of the junk traffic to Korea and the South, and of other exports of which the Customs take no cognisance, there is an actual excess of exports over imports, as was shown by careful statistics in 1897. He also points out as a positive proof that the nation is well able to pay its way, that the Government remittances to Europe for the service of loans, amounting in 1898 to about Hk. Tls. 18,000,000, were made through foreign banks by the medium of bills of exchange against exports.—I. L. B.

¹ See preceding footnote.





INDEX

A

- Aconite, Trade in, ii. 72
 Albumen factories, i. 101
 Allen, Consul Clement, his report
 on mission hospitals, i. 69
 Altar of Incense, An, ii. 175
 American Baptists, The, ii. 246
 Ancestor worship, ii. 308
 An Hui, North, i. 11
 An-shun Bridge, The, ii. 231

B

- Baber, Mr., i. 5, 385; ii. 219; his
 papers on Western China, i. 228;
 on rock-dwellings, ii. 238
 Baggage coolies, i. 288
 Baian Kara range, The, i. 4
 Baker, Mr., ii. 172
 Bamboo suspension bridges, ii. 124
 "Barbarians," Villages of the, ii.
 121, 122, 128-134
 Barbers, Itinerant, i. 120
 Be-dien, The author's interpreter,
 i. 84, 228; his character, i. 301
 Beggars, Treatment of, i. 271, 272
 "Bellows" gorge. See Feng
 Hsiang.
 Benevolent guilds, i. 264
 Benjamin, Bishop, i. 149, 151, 153
 Blakiston, Captain, his description
 of the "Pillar of Heaven," i. 160;
 of trackers, i. 207

- Bourne, Consul, i. 202, 207, 216
 (note); ii. 268 (note); ii. 270; on
 opium smoking, ii. 296
 Brick-tea factories, i. 100
 Bridges, i. 336, 338, 367
 British Merchant, Dependence of
 the, upon the Chinese compradore,
 i. 35; decrease of his trade, i. 99
 Buffalo, The water, i. 339-341
 Bullock, Mr. and Mrs., i. 25

C

- Callum, Mr., ii. 84
 Canadian Mission, The, ii. 302
Canons of Filial Duty, The, i. 402
 "Canton opium," ii. 290
 Carles, Consul, i. 274 (note); his re-
 port on mission hospitals, i. 69
 Cassels, Bishop, i. 409; ii. 6
 Census, The taking of a, i. 394
Century of Surnames, The, i. 402
 Chai-jen, i. 309; ii. 142, 144, 148
 Chair-travelling, i. 296
 Chang, ii. 183
 Chang Chih-tung, H. E., on opium
 smoking, ii. 297
 Chang-fei, The temple of, i. 244-246
Chang-wo, The s.s., i. 123
 Chapel of Meditations, The, ii. 96
 Che, i. 209
 Che kiang, Province of, i. 2; use of
 paks or locks in, i. 53; Christian
 converts in, ii. 306

- Chengtū, i. 4, 13, 86, 88 ; ii. 228, 234 ; musk trade of, ii. 71 ; canals and bridges of, ii. 90 ; population of, ii. 80 ; temples of, ii. 88 ; wall of, ii. 94
- Chengtū plain, The, i. 284 ; ii. 54, 58, 68, 81, 228 ; products of, ii. 77, 84
- Chia-ling Fu, i. 5 ; ii. 236, 249
- Chia-ling river, The, i. 6, 396, 408, 409 ; ii. 41 ; affluents of, i. 6 ; walls on, i. 128
- Chiang-Ku, ii. 234
- Ch'ien Tang river, The, i. 55
- China, Travelling necessities in, i. 84 (note)
- "China ink," i. 89
- China Inland Mission, The, ii. 5, 10, 246, 248, 266, 302, 316
- Chinese brutality, ii. 178 ; Buddhism and Western civilisation, i. 21 ; charities, i. 263-282 ; civilisation, i. 21 ; classics, i. 401-406 ; cotton factory, i. 91 ; curiosity, i. 307 ; currency, i. 138 ; delicacies, ii. 18 ; divinities, i. 282 ; drinks and food, ii. 22-27 ; education, i. 397 *ff.* ; energy and skill, i. 11, 17 ; guest-room, i. 254 ; inns, i. 297-300 ; justice, i. 314 ; medicines, i. 78 ; mob, i. 320, 363 ; proverb, i. 12 ; roads, i. 351 ; social and commercial organisation, i. 23 ; theatricals, ii. 58 *ff.* ; towns, i. 363 *ff.* ; trading instincts, i. 22 ; views of humanity, i. 264 ; women, i. 349, 393
- Chinese Gazetteer*, The, i. 15
- Ching-chou Fu, i. 130, 132
- Ching-sze-yao, i. 356
- Chinkiang, i. 10, 15 ; benevolent institutions in, i. 270 *ff.* ; British concessions at, i. 86 (and note) ; grand canal at, i. 10 ; guilds and trade of, i. 88 ; influence of the Yangtze river at, i. 12 ; situation of, i. 86
- Chin Sha river, The, ii. 244 ; source of, course of, i. 3 ; junction with the Min, i. 4 ; navigable portion of, i. 4
- Chin-shuan river, The, ii. 192
- Chin-tai, i. 327
- Chipa*, i. 174, 186, 213
- Chod-tens*, ii. 183
- Cho-ko-ki tribe, The, ii. 206, 207
- Christian converts, ii. 312
- Christianity, Influence of, i. 71 ; ii. 301, 307
- Chuang-fang, ii. 167
- Chungking, i. 6 ; ii. 235, 260 ; effect of opening as a treaty port, i. 208, 227, 262 ; importation of cotton into, i. 14 ; Mr. Little's voyage to, i. 198 ; position of, ii. 260 ; products of, ii. 261 ; rapids near, i. 14 ; rise of the Yangtze at, i. 7, 8, 13 ; trade of, ii. 71, 267, 270 ; union of Chia-ling and Yangtze at, i. 407
- Chung-ku-lo temple, The, i. 260
- Church Missionary Society's Mission, ii. 5, 302, 316
- Chusan archipelago, The, i. 83
- Chu-ti, ii. 171, 173
- Classics, Chinese school, i. 400, 401
- "Cloudy Province," The, ii. 231, 235
- Coal-mine, A visit to a, ii. 252
- Coffins, i. 40
- Confucianism, i. 19, 21 ; ii. 318
- Cores di Vries*, The s.s., i. 271
- Cormack, Mr. and Mrs., ii. 52
- Cottons, English, ii. 33
- Couching Dragon, Gorge of the, ii. 70
- "Cross Beam" rapid, The, i. 195

D

- Davies, Mr., i. 256
 Dudgeon, Dr., ii. 293
 Dust storms, Agency of, i. 9
Dzai-zen-pusa, or the God of
 Wealth, ii. 91
 Dzo, Herds of, ii. 180, 187, 224

E

- Educated, Ignorance of the, i. 257-
 259
 Education in China, i. 397 *ff.*
 "Eight Cliffs," Gorge of the, i. 249
 Elephantiasis, A case of, ii. 206
 Elgin, Lord, his visit to Hankow,
 i. 94
 "Emily Clayton Memorial," The,
 ii. 50
 Endacott, Mr., i. 124, 168, 217;
 rock-dwellings in his garden, ii.
 238
 Erh-Wang temple, The, ii. 76
Esé, the gunboat, Accident on, i.,
 147

F

- Fans, Export and manufacture of,
 i. 61; ii. 252; use of, ii. 250
 Feng Hsiang gorge, The, i. 166,
 221, 228; ii. 278
 Fire wells, i. 396
 "Five Hundred Disciples," Temple
 of the, i. 62
 Foot-binding, The practice of, i.
 346-349
 "Foreign smoke," ii. 284
 Fou river, The, ii. 46-48
 Fox, Mr., escorts the author over
 Chinese Shanghai, i. 43
 Fu river, The, i. 407
 Fu-chow, i. 6; ii. 274, 276
 Fuh-ri-gan pass, i. 328, 331

- Fu-ki, ii. 103
 Fu-kien, Christianity in, ii. 301
 Fu-ling river, The, i. 6; ii. 276, 277
 Funeral ceremonies, i. 41 *ff.*
 Fung Shui mystery, The, i. 146

G

- Gandar, Père, i. 11
 Gardner, Consul, i. 168
 Gerard, M., i. 152
 "Get-down-from-horse" rapid,
 The, i. 221
 Gill, Captain, i. 207; ii. 93 (note);
 ii. 123, 138; ii. 143 (note); ii. 185,
 226 (note).
 "Glorious Rapid," The, i. 202
 "Glory of Buddha" temple, Pil-
 grimage to the, ii. 238
 Goitre, Prevalence of, ii. 206, 215
 "Goose-tail" rock, The, i. 221
 Gowers, Miss, ii. 11
 Grainger, Mr., ii. 72, 76
 Grand Canal, The, i. 5; at Chin-
 kiang, i. 10; between Hangchow
 and Chinkiang, i. 50
 "Great Gold River," The, ii. 185,
 199, 295
 Great Plain, The, i. 7; character-
 istics of, i. 8; dust storms in, i.
 9; annual inundations on, i. 18;
 ii. 273
 Guilds, i. 102

H

- Han river, The, i. 6; trade on, i.
 10, 16; at Hankow, i. 114
 Hangchow, i. 47-82; the entrance
 to, i. 54; silk looms at, i. 60;
 situation of, i. 61; the "bore," i.
 62; wall of, i. 64; population
 of, i. 64; Japanese settlement in,
 i. 64; the Medical Mission Hospi-
 tals at, i. 66-82

Hankow, i. 6; ii. 278; rise of the Yangtze at, i. 7, 13, 95; communication with, i. 16; first impressions of, i. 91; the Bund, i. 93; Lord Elgin's visit to, i. 94; chief buildings in, i. 94; foreign community in, i. 94; climate of, i. 95; currency in, i. 97; trade in, i. 98, 99; loss of English trade in, i. 99; trade of, i. 100, 101; guilds of, i. 102; native quarter, i. 104; the wall and streets of, i. 104-107; coffin shops of, i. 110; the harbour of, i. 117, 118; English Wesleyan missionaries in, i. 122; charities at, i. 276

Hankow Times, The, i. 95

Han Yang, i. 93

Heng-liang-tze rapid, The, i. 186

"Henrietta Bird" Hospital, The, ii. 11

Henry of Canton, Dr., i. 264

Hicks, Mr., i. 157

Hill, Rev. David, i. 122, 264

Hing-lung-t'an rapid, The, i. 202

Hirst, Consul, on opium smoking, ii. 296

Hoang Ho, The, i. 11

Ho, Admiral, i. 216

Ho-chow, i. 6

Holland, Mr., i. 147

Honan, Province of, i. 2, 11

Hongkew, the American settlement of Shanghai, i. 28

Hong-kia, ii. 187, 188, 196

Honton, or Fu river, The, i. 6

Horsburgh, Rev. Heywood, ii. 51, 54, 97

Hsai-shan-po, i. 345

Hsiang river, The, i. 7; trade on, i. 10

Hsin-tan rapid, The, i. 174, 175, 180, 183; ii. 278

Hsin-tan village, i. 176

Huai and its tributaries, Commercial routes on the, i. 11

Huang-pu river, Trade on the, i. 27, 41

Hunan, Province of, i. 2; possibilities for Lancashire trade in, i. 100

"Hunan Tracts," The, i. 375

Hunan "braves," i. 132

Hupei province, i. 2

— ranges, The, i. 14

I

Ichang, i. 6; ii. 278; cotton imports into, i. 15; first view of, i. 143; foreigners in, i. 147; junks at, i. 144; mission buildings at, i. 143; rapids near, i. 13; Roman missions at, i. 149-152; the Yangtze at, i. 13

Ichang gorge, The, i. 160-163; ii. 278

Idols, Dealers in, i. 108

Indian opium, Use of, ii. 291

Inland mission work, ii. 5 ff

— sanitarium, ii. 11

Iren, The. See Mantze

"Iron Coffin Gorge," The, i. 218

J

James, Mr., ii. 249

Jamieson, Consul-General, i. 324

Japanese commercial activity, i. 101, 136

Ja-ra Peak, The, ii. 226

Jardine, Matheson, and Co., i. 30

John, Dr. Griffith, i. 92

Jesai li Sect, The, ii. 289

Junks, i. 117, 144, 199-217; at Fuchow, ii. 276

Juvenile Instructor, The, i. 403

K

Kanpo, Towers at, ii. 131
 Kan river, The, i. 7; junction with the Yangtze, i. 10
 Kansu, S. E. drainage area of, i. 2, 6; trade of, i. 408
 Kay, Mr., ii. 97, 100, 143, 144, 148, 178, 179, 187, 191, 203
 Kelly & Walsh, Book store of, i. 34
 Kerosene oil, Import of, i. 102
 Kiang-peh, ii. 264
 Kiangsi china, i. 102
 — Province of, i. 2
 Kiangsu, Province of, i. 2; influence of the Yangtze on, i. 12
 Kien-ing, Anti-Christian riots at, ii. 300
 Kimber, Dr., i. 66, 82 (note)
Kin hwa, or "golden flowers," i. 236
 King Ho stream, The, i. 363
 King-kiang-sze, i. 392
 King-mién-sze, i. 363
 Kin-ta river, The, ii. 198
 "Kitten" rapid, The, i. 221
 Kiu-ho river, The, i. 354
 Kiu Hsien, i. 354
 Kiu-kiang, i. 16, 90
 Koko Nor, The, ii. 71
 Ku river, The, i. 6, 407
 Kuan, ii. 228
 Kuang Yuen, i. 408
 Kuan Hsien, i. 4; ii. 70; the city temple of, ii. 101; hostility to foreigners, ii. 81
 Kueichow, i. 52, 185; import of opium into, ii. 281, 296
 Kuei-chow, Province of, i. 2; dust storm in, i. 9
 Kueichow Fu, or Kuei Fu, i. 14, 223-242; inhabitants' hostility to

foreigners, i. 224; value of *Likin* at, i. 226; New Year's Day at, i. 234-242
 Ku-erh-kio, ii. 171, 225
 Kukiang, Benevolent institutions at, i. 276
 Kung-tan Ho river, ii. 276
 Kwan Yin, the goddess of Mercy, i. 83
 Kwa-tung rapid, The, i. 175
 Kyin-pan-si pass, i. 354

L

Lamas, Earnings of, ii. 211
 Lao-ma, or "Old Horse" rapid, i. 243
 Lao-min-tze, i. 171
 Lao-pan, or skipper, The, i. 156, 159, 183, 204, 209, 215
 Lawton, Rev. W., i. 264, 274 (note)
 Liang-shan Hsien, i. 319, 324
 Li-fan Ting, ii. 97, 123, 130, 132, 138, 226; a custom at, ii. 140
 Likin, i. 140; at Kuei Fu, i. 226
 Limin-fu, ii. 264
 Li Ping, Temple of, ii. 72, 76; irrigation works of, ii. 80
 Literati and Christianity, The, ii. 314
 Literature, The god of, ii. 38, 39
 Little, Mr. A., at Chung-King, ii. 266; his description of the "Pillar of Heaven," i. 160; estimate of volume of water in Yeh-tan rapid, i. 189; his voyage on the Yangtze, i. 198; estimate of the loss of junks, i. 202; on Sze Chuan, ii. 249; on trackers, i. 207
 — Mrs. Archibald, i. 347 (note)
 Litton, Mr., i. 408; his report on Sze Chuan, i. 20 (note); i. 284; on the use of "water-tobacco," ii. 293 (note)

Lo-kia-chan, ii. 62; assault of the author at, ii. 63 *ff.*
 Lolo tribes, The, ii. 244
 Longevity, The temple of, i. 244
 Louvets, Mons., ii. 300 (note)
 Lu, Dr., i. 72
 Lu-chien, ii. 258
 Lu-chow, i. 5
 Lu-fang, ii. 36
 Lu Yew, the traveller, i. 51, 52

M

Main, Dr., i. 55, 68, 70, 72, 75, 82 (note); ii. 287, 293
 Maitreya Buddha, Figure of, ii. 238
 Malcolm, Dr., i. 78, 81 (note)
 Manchuria, Scottish and Irish missions in, ii. 301
 Mandarins or Kuans, i. 370
 Mantze cultivation, ii. 181; custom, ii. 171; dwellings, ii. 122, 128-136, 139, 146, 161, 166, 167, 171; hospitality, ii. 170
 Mantze, The, absence of disease amongst, ii. 206; burials amongst, ii. 211; character of, ii. 217; customs of, ii. 208; dress of, ii. 219; language of, ii. 216; maladies and morals of, ii. 215; position of women amongst, ii. 212; religion of, ii. 210; trade and commerce of, ii. 216 *ff.*
 Mao-erh-tiao, ii. 28
 Matang, ii. 72, 194, 223; beauty of Mantze women at, ii. 195
 Matang river, The, ii. 197, 198
 Medical missions, i. 66-82
 Meichow, ii. 235
 Mei-ling pass, The, i. 10
 Meitel, Bishop, i. 152
 Melon seeds, Games with, ii. 20
 Mia-ko, ii. 180, 182, 186

Miao Chitze, or "Temple Stairs" rapid, i. 243
Middle Kingdom, Dr. W. Williams's, i. 401 (note); ii. 41 (note)
 Mien-chow, ii. 47; temple of Confucius at, ii. 50
 Mien-chuh Hsien, ii. 56; C. M. S. House at, ii. 57
 "Military Code," Gorge of the, i. 185
Millenary, The, i. 402
 Min, or Fu river, ii. 69-73, 231: source of the, i. 4; navigable waters of, i. 4; junction with the River of Golden Sand, i. 4; importance in the eyes of Chinese geographers, i. 4; affluents of, i. 5; traffic on, i. 13; junction with the Yangtze, i. 14; bamboo bridges over, ii. 101; character of, ii. 103; branches of, ii. 117, 234; villages on, ii. 119; junction with the Ya and Tatu, ii. 236; rock-dwellings on, ii. 239-244; junction with the Chin-Sha, ii. 244
 Min gorge, The, ii. 106
 Mission hospitals, i. 66-82; Dr. Christie's at Mukden, i. 72 (note); patients in, i. 78
 Missionaries, Attitude of Chinese towards, ii. 317 *ff.*; protection afforded to, i. 376; troubles of, ii. 50
 Mitau gorge, The, i. 166, 185
 Money annoyances, i. 310
 Morphia, Importation of, ii. 288
 Morrison, Dr., of the *Times*, i. 252
 Mosquitoes, ii. 250
 Mou-kung Ting road, The, ii. 116
 Moule, Bishop, i. 68
 Mount Omi, ii. 235
 Mukden, Suicides in, i. 76

Musk trade, ii. 71

N

Nan river, The, ii. 234

Nanking, i. 16, 91

Nan-mu-yurh, i. 218

Nan-po glen, The, ii. 278

Nan-pu, i. 397, 407

Nan-to, i. 166, 171

Nganhui, Province of, i. 2; manufacture of "China ink" in, i. 89

Nganking, i. 16, 91

Niang-tze-ling pass, ii. 103

Ningpo, i. 83

— varnish, i. 68, 112

Nitrate of soda, ii. 127

Niu-kan gorge, The, i. 166, 175

Niu-kan-tan rapid, The, i. 186

O

Odes for Children, i. 402

Official visiting, ii. 229

Omi-shan precipice, The, i. 7; pilgrimages to, ii. 104, 238

Opium poppy and its use, ii. 85, 280-299

Orphan rocks, The, i. 91

P

Pah, The, or artificial waterways, i. 7, 53

Pai-fangs, i. 292, 317, 367

Pai-shui Chiang, i. 407

— river, The, i. 6, 407

Pa-ko-shan, ii. 261

Paoning Fu, i. 128, 407; ii. 1; solitary journey to, i. 283; result of using opium at, ii. 283; church building at, ii. 305; mission stations at, ii. 314

Passport difficulties, ii. 150, 151

Passports, i. 308; ii. 203, 222

Peh-shi, Trade in coal at, ii. 254; trees at, ii. 260 (note)

Peh-teo-shan pass, ii. 140, 158, 159

Pei-shih, i. 219

Peking Government, Weakness of the, i. 23, 24

Peng Hsien, ii. 65, 66

Peng-shan Hsien, ii. 234

Phillips, Mr. and Mrs., ii. 57

Photographic difficulties, i. 230

Pigou, Mr., i. 42

"Pillar of Heaven," The, i. 160

Ping Shan, i. 3; ii. 244

Ping-shu gorge, The, i. 176, 183

Poyang, The s. s., i. 85; runs down a junk, i. 90

Poyang lake, The, i. 7; area of, i. 10

Prayer-flags, ii. 210

— wheels, ii. 161, 182, 210

"Prince's Temple," The, i. 94

Prjevalsky, Colonel, his exploration of the Yangtze, i. 3

Protestant missionaries, i. 153; ii. 300 ff.

Pruen, Dr., ii. 11

Putu, The Island of, i. 83

Pu-tung Point, i. 29

Pyramid Hill, i. 146

R

Ramsay, Miss, i. 254-257

"Red Basin," The, i. 26, 96, 358-360, 384

Reed-beds of the Yangtze, i. 127

Religious dramas, ii. 58

Rhubarb, Importation of, ii. 72

Rice-fields, i. 11

River of Golden Sand, Captain Gill's, ii. 93 (note)

Rock-dwellings, ii. 239-244

Roman missions, i. 149-155; ii. 309

- Rong-Kia river, The, ii. 196, 198
 Rope bridges, ii. 109
 Rosthorn, Mr. Von, i. 5, 14; ii. 146, 204
- S
- Sai-pei-tu pass, i. 333
 Salt boilers, i. 223
 —wells, i. 396
 Sampans, i. 126, 182, 203
 San-tsan-pu, i. 297
 Sar-pu, i. 327
 Schjölitz, Mr., i. 146
 Secret societies, ii. 312
 Shan-Shang-Ren. See Mantze.
 Shanghai, Astor House at, i. 37;
 author's return to, ii. 278; Benevolent Society at, i. 38; British and American settlements in, i. 33, 39; Chinese element in, i. 31, 42-46; country round, i. 8, 25, 27; French settlement in, i. 40; hospitality in, i. 36; impressions upon landing at, i. 29; Ladies' Benevolent Society at, i. 37; missions at, i. 38; why called "the model settlement," i. 32; Royal Asiatic Society's branch at, i. 39; Sailors' Home of Rest at, i. 37
 Shang-wa-li-tze market-place, ii. 15
 Shanjin, i. 52
 Shang-ran Ho river, The, i. 388
 Shan-rang-sar, i. 328
 Shan-si, Banking talent in, ii. 271
 Shantung, S. E. drainage area of, i. 2
 Shao Hsing, i. 83, 236
 Sha-shih, i. 127, 128, 130; character of the Yangtze at, i. 9; commercial routes from, i. 139; cottons of, ii. 34; fish market at, i. 135; missions in, i. 135; pagoda at, i. 133; population of, i. 132; refugees at, i. 134; trade of, i. 136-139
 Shen-kia-chao, Pass of, i. 313
 Shensi, Trade route to, i. 140
 Shensi, S. E. drainage area of, i. 2
 Shih-men, ii. 257
 Shi-Tze-Ping pass, ii. 184
 Shih-pao-chai, ii. 277
Shni Li Fu, or "Prefect of the Waterways," The, ii. 81
 Shun, The Emperor, ii. 308
 Shuo-chiao, ii. 117; scarcity of food at, ii. 118
 Shu river, The, i. 7
Siao Hioh, The, i. 403
 Siao-Ho, The, ii. 97, 104, 123, 132, 146, 156, 162, 184, 225; gorge of, ii. 124
 Siao-Kiao, i. 363
 Sifans, The, ii. 208, 215
 Si-hu, i. 73
 —lake, i. 61
 Silk, Manufacture of, i. 60
 Silver Island, i. 86
 Sing-an hamlet, ii. 239
 Sing-fang-Hsien, ii. 84
 Sing-king-pa Hsien, i. 388
 Sin-tien-tze, ii. 11, 15
 Sin-tu Hsien, ii. 34, 82
 Sin-wen-ping, ii. 111
 "Sleeping Buddha," Temple of the, ii. 244
 Small River, The, ii. 186
 Smith's *Chinese Characteristics*, Rev. Arthur, i. 264, 267, 281
 Snowstorm, A blinding, ii. 190
 "Snowy Mountains," The, ii. 185
 Soil, god of the, Shrines to the, ii. 78
 Soldiers, i. 121
 Somo, ii. 123, 203; absence of bird-life in, ii. 220; the people of, ii. 207; product of, ii. 216

- Somo Castle, ii. 222
 Soochow creek, i. 30, 39, 47
 Spearmen, An escort of, ii. 196
 Squibb, Dr., ii. 50
 Stevenson, Mr. Owen, i. 156, 193, 195, 246
 Suicide in China, i. 76
 Sui-fu, i. 4, 5; ii. 192, 244; rapids between Kueichow Fu and, i. 14
 Su-ma-tou, ii. 234
 Sun Bridge mountain, The, i. 3
 Sundius, Mr., i. 64
 Sung-pan-ting, ii. 72
 — road, ii. 115
 Sunstroke in Sze Chuan, ii. 250
 Superstitions, i. 21, 177, 237, 273
 Sze Chuan, Area, climate, population, etc., of, i. 16-20; coal-fields of, i. 6, 328, 344; cotton fabrics of, i. 14, 137; exports from, i. 217 (note); fanaticism in, ii. 249; famine in, i. 134; inns in, i. 365 (note); junks of, i. 144, 199, 217; markets of, i. 386, 387; objection to open chairs in, i. 286; oil trade of, i. 108; opium exports from, ii. 295; *pai-fangs* of, i. 292; prevalence of sunstroke in, ii. 250; poppy cultivation in, ii. 281; province of, i. 2, 284; "Red Basin" of, i. 26, 96, 358-366, 384; resources of, i. 5, 359; revenue sources of, i. 226; sale of drugs in, ii. 229; sale of girls in, i. 393; salt exports from, i. 223; silver of, i. 97; travelling in, i. 302; villages in, i. 385; women of, i. 257; women's dress in, i. 349
- T
- Ta Chin, or Ta Kin-Shuan River, ii. 199
- Ta-fan, ii. 136
 Ta-ho, The, ii. 123
 Tai-hu lake, Area of the, i. 10
 Tai-Kung, or bowsman, The, i. 204, 206, 208, 213
 Taiping Fu, i. 91
 Taiping Rebellion, The, i. 51, 90
 Tai-wan-ti, The, i. 208
 Ta-Kin Ho river, The, ii. 192
 Ta-ling, i. 220
 Ta-lu road, The, ii. 36, 39
 Ta-miao, Temples of, ii. 46
 Tang-pa mountain, The, ii. 185
 Taoism, i. 19, 21
 Ta-nan rapid, The, i. 174
 Tatu, or Tung river, The, ii. 199, 236
 Ta-tien-lu, ii. 203
 T'au-lao, or head tracker, i. 204
 T'au-tai-kung, or pilot, i. 204
 "Tea Extract," ii. 289
 Theatrical companies, ii. 59
 Thompson, Mr. and Mrs., i. 252, 254, 259, 277, 285, 287, 288, 297, 301
 "Three Religions," The, ii. 313; temple of, i. 259
 "Three Water Guardians," The, i. 249
 "Throne of Snow," The, ii. 158
 Tibetan dogs, ii. 195
 — drugs, ii. 71
 Tien-kia-miao, ii. 32
 Tiger Teeth gorge, i. 141
 Tingshai, i. 83
 Ting Library, The, i. 56
 Torii of Japan, The, i. 319
 To river, i. 5
 T'ou-jen, The, ii. 209
 Towers, Ancient, ii. 129 ff.
 Trackers, i. 188-192, 203-216; clothing of, i. 208, 215; at dinner, i. 232

Trackers' villages, i. 174, 179
 Trade requirements, ii. 38
 Travelling outfit, i. 284-287
Trimetrical Classic, The, i. 401
 Tsa-ku-lao, ii. 146, 226; population of, ii. 152; situation of, ii. 151
 Tsing-pu-hills, The, i. 8
 Tsu-ku-shan pass, ii. 191, 223
 Tsung-ming, The island of, i. 12
 Tung or Tatu river, The, i. 5; ii. 1
 Tungting lake, The, i. 6; junction of the Hsiang and Yuan at, i. 10; traffic on, i. 100, 126
 Tung Yangtze cataract, i. 243
Tu-tze, The, ii. 207
Twenty-four Filials, The, i. 403
 Tze-tung Hsien, ii. 38, 46

U

Use of Opium, by Dr. Dudgeon, ii. 293

V

Vale, Mr., of Chengtu, ii. 100, 113
 Vegetarians, ii. 312

W

Wai-pi-ku boats, ii. 276
 Wan-cheng Ti Dyke, i. 128
 Wan Hsien, i. 156; charities of, i. 276; China Inland Mission house at, i. 251; cotton trade of, i. 262; first sight of, i. 250; junk-building at, i. 199, 262; population and trade of, i. 251, 259; temple of, i. 259, 260; the Yangtze at, i. 8
 War, the God of, ii. 38
 "Water tobacco," The use of, ii. 292
 Water-wheels on the Min, ii. 234
 Weichou, ii. 103, 104, 106, 122, 124, 130; nitre works at, ii. 127
 Wei-gua, ii. 147

Wen-chuan Hsien, ii. 120
 Wen-shu-Yuan Temple, ii. 93
 Went-Zu, Temple of, ii. 4
 Wesleyan missionaries, i. 154
 Wheelbarrow traffic, ii. 56
 Widows, care of, i. 272, 273
 Widows' arches, i. 292
 Willett, Mr., ii. 272
 Williams, Rev. Mr., i. 409; ii. 4, 15
 — Dr. Wells, i. 241 (note), 264, 347, 401 (note)
 "Wind box" gorge. See Feng Hsiang.
 "Witch's Mountain" gorge, The, i. 218, 220
 Women's work in China, ii. 315
 Woodruff, Mr., i. 147
 Woo-sung, i. 26, 27
 Wu-chang, i. 91, 93
 Wuhu, i. 16; trade of, i. 89; benevolent institutions at, i. 274
 Wu-lien, ii. 38
Wupans, i. 182, 203; ii. 231, 254, 272
 Wushan, i. 220
 — gorge, The, i. 166, 218
 Wu-sueh, i. 10

Y

Ya, The, i. 5; ii. 236, 258
 Ya-chow, the centre of the brick-tea trade, i. 5
 Yak, Herds of, ii. 187, 224
 Yamen runners, i. 121, 287, 308
Yamens, i. 46, 120, 379
 Yangchow, i. 16, 91
 Yangtze Kiang, Mouth of the, i. 27
 Yangtze river, alluvial deposit of, i. 12, 27; annual rise and fall of, i. 7, 8; ii. 267; ascent of British fleet up, i. 12; change in character of, i. 11; craft on, ii. 274; a flood on, ii. 273; at Ichang, i.

Yangtze river—(*Continued*)

144; influence of the tide on, i. 12; junction with the To, ii. 248; length of, i. 2; navigable affluents of, i. 4, 6; ii. 244; navigable portion of, i. 14; reed-beds in, i. 127; source of, i. 2; at Sui Fu, ii. 244-247; trade on, i. 13-17; various names of, i. 4; volume of water in, i. 13

Yangtze, The Lower, trade on, i. 15
 — The Upper, bed of, i. 172; coal workings on, i. 188; life on, i. 198; perils on, i. 217; rapids of, i. 168 *ff.*; steam navigation on, i. 8; trackers on, i. 174 *ff.*; trade on, i. 13-17; travelling on, i. 156 *ff.*

Yangtze Pilot, The, i. 217

Yangtze valley, Bridges in, i. 18; British treaty rights in, i. 24; commerce of, i. 25; drainage area, i. 2; inhabitants of, i. 18, 19; as a "sphere of interest," i. 23

Yao-tsai village, i. 176

Yates, Dr. ii. 309

Yeh-tan rapid, The, i. 186, 189; ii. 278

Yellow river, Outbreak of the, i. 51

Yellow Sea, The, i. 26

Yen-tun, or "smoke towers," i. 250
 "Yin," The, ii. 286

Ying-san Hsien, i. 369, 379

Yo-chow monastery, i. 126

Yo-chow Fu city, i. 126

Yokohama Specie Bank, Shanghai, i. 35

Yuan Ho, The river, i. 6; trade on, i. 10

Yulows, i. 164, 209

Yungtze, i. 141

Yun-i, i. 344

Yun-Yang Hsien, i. 243; Roman Christians at, i. 246

Yunnan, Province of, i. 2; valleys of, i. 359; importation of opium into, ii. 281, 296



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